THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible] Weekly
Founded A[o] D[illegible] Benj. Franklin

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Beginning

THE KEY OF THE FIELDS—By Henry Milner Rideout

The Mark of Bearing Quality

Quality is superiority.

Quality in a bearing explains its dependable performance.

The work that Hyatt Roller Bearings do in millions of automobiles, in thousands of motor trucks, in farm tractors, in line shafting—wherever there is a wheel that turns—is the most practical demonstration of bearing dependability.

This mark, therefore—the mark of the Hyatt Roller Bearing—is the sign of bearing quality wherever it appears.

HYATT

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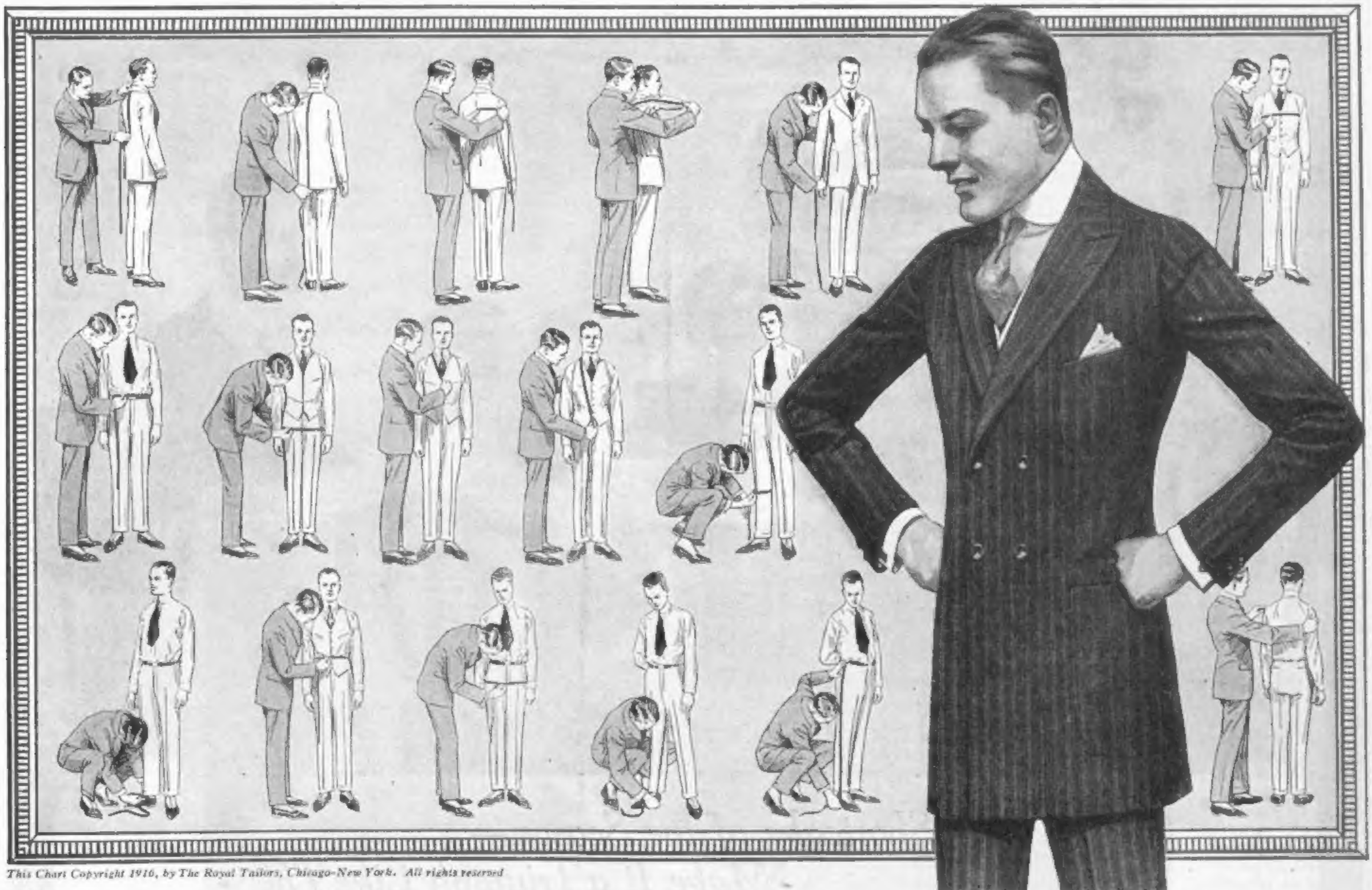

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Drafted to 17 of your dimensions

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PERFECTION is seldom an accident. It is the result usually of careful planning and calculation. The parts of a great machine are made to dovetail, not by guesswork, but by exacting draftsmanship.

It is so with a Royal Tailored suit of clothes. It fits the body it covers because it is cut to the specifications of that body. It is "*made-to-measure*" with all the mathematical accuracy that this term can possibly imply.

The chart above shows the 17 dimensions taken by the Royal dealer for every Royal suit we build.

Royal Tailoring does not mean an "approximate" fit; it means a precise fit—or no sale.

* * *

And after all, isn't this matter of good fit the biggest attribute to good looks in men's clothes? Good style, good tailoring and good materials are important, of course. But these cannot endure in a suit that does not fit.

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Please don't say you can't afford "made-to-measure" clothes. For if you feel that way, Royal advertising has been feeble indeed.

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THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK

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Occupying 10,000 Cities and Towns

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CHICAGO — NEW YORK

The First Shortcake of the Season— Make It a Triumph Like This

YOUR family is eagerly waiting for the first strawberry shortcake of the season. From youngest to oldest they all expect a real treat.

Don't disappoint them. Get the biggest, sweetest, most luscious berries you can buy; then make the crust with Crisco so you can be sure that it is the flakiest, lightest, tastiest possible.

A Crisco shortcake is good through and through. The crust, no less than the berries, makes it a real delicacy.

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For Frying—For Shortening For Cake Making

All baking is improved by using Crisco. It is a real pleasure to work with this purely vegetable shortening so surely does it aid in the production of appetizing, tasteful, wholesome foods. Crisco is given exclusive preference in millions of homes because of its unfailing purity and uniformity.

Strawberry Shortcake

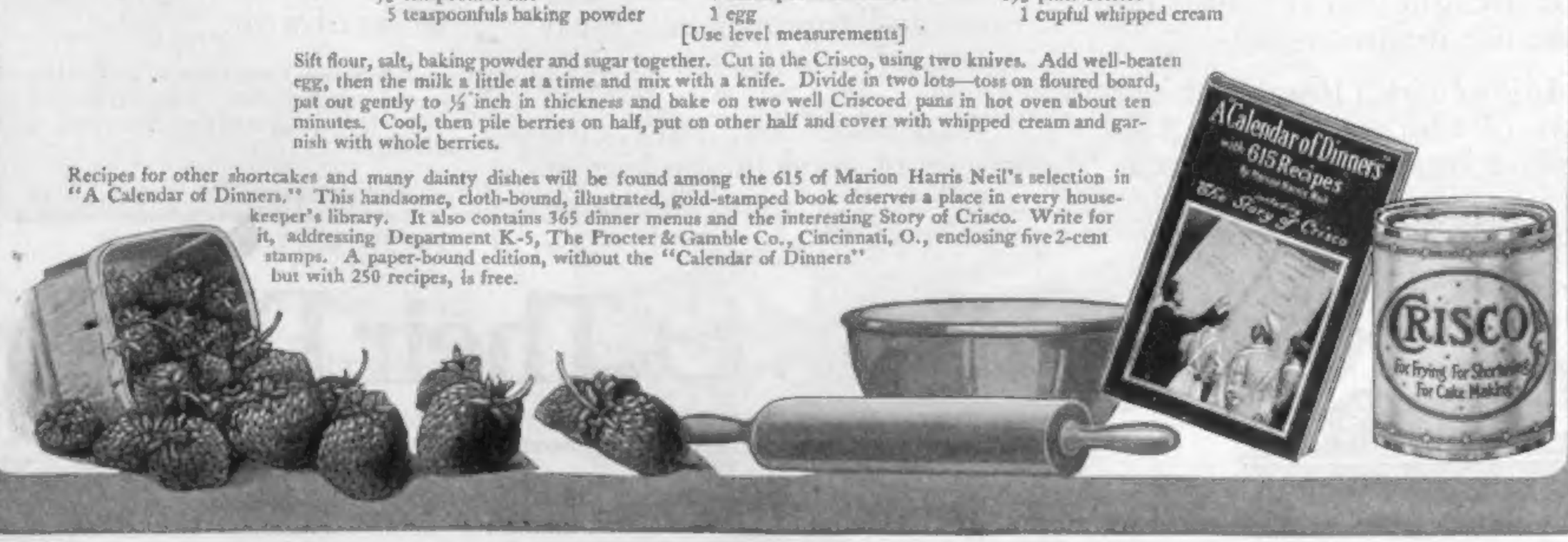
How to Make the Wholesome and Appetizing Crisco Kind

3 cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
5 teaspoonfuls baking powder
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
3 tablespoonfuls Crisco
1 egg
1 cupful milk
1½ pints berries
1 cupful whipped cream

[Use level measurements]

Sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar together. Cut in the Crisco, using two knives. Add well-beaten egg, then the milk a little at a time and mix with a knife. Divide in two lots—toss on floured board, pat out gently to ½ inch in thickness and bake on two well Criscoed pans in hot oven about ten minutes. Cool, then pile berries on half, put on other half and cover with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries.

Recipes for other shortcakes and many dainty dishes will be found among the 615 of Marion Harris Neil's selection in "A Calendar of Dinners." This handsome, cloth-bound, illustrated, gold-stamped book deserves a place in every housekeeper's library. It also contains 365 dinner menus and the interesting Story of Crisco. Write for it, addressing Department K-5, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing five 2-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition, without the "Calendar of Dinners" but with 250 recipes, is free.



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THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AFTERNOON drowsiness, early spring warmth, covered the ancient stone ramparts of Aigues-Mortes. Through heavy embrasures, from which long-forgotten sentinels had watched Saint Louis and his Crusaders marching to their ships, the sunshine now cast broad stripes and wedges of light over the deserted platform. In one of the brightest of these, under a turret, Jackdabos sat cross-legged, refitting a block of stone into the floor. A big brindle cur—his friend Puig's dog—lay snoring beside him. The young man's trowel made the only other sound, as it clinked on the aged stone or scraped mortar neatly into the cracks.

"There!" sighed Jackdabos, when he had made all smooth. "Now let us put our seal on this work."

Why he should have pried that particular loose stone out of place, looked under it and put it back, one cannot say. Jackdabos himself could hardly have told. He was born to pry and to search, without knowing just what his fancies meant.

"How shall I write it?" he mused, taking out from his rusty brown velveteen clothes a carpenter's pencil. "Let me think."

"My Son, You are Following Beauty With Your Eyes Shut"

Thinking came lightly and pleasantly to this young man. He smiled, and flourished his carpenter's pencil, composing imaginary words on the sunlight above the smooth edges of the mortar. As he sat there cross-legged, his shining black eyes all ready to catch an idea, he seemed the living brother of that Egyptian scribe in the Louvre who waits forever, so intent and knowing, to write down somebody's next word, foreseen but not yet spoken. Jackdabos had the same clear, elfin shrewdness in his brown face, the same upward quirk of the lips, the same alert, compact, muscular body. There, however, the resemblance ended; for he was no terra-cotta statue, but a youngster of flesh and blood—lean flesh and hot blood—who could do anything with his quick little hands except manage a pen.

"*Et zou!*" he muttered, and wrote on the mortar. First he wrote in modern Greek. It proved a rather illiterate performance. Jackdabos knew that much, and frowned.

"Kif-kif for the Greek!" said he, and erased it.

Again he wrote, this time in English:

"My trowell is the scourage of god, where shee goes, nobody ——"

Once more he paused, frowned, and erased the words.

"Kif-kif for the English!"

He sat staring down over the bare inner edge of the ramparts, letting his thoughts rove across the sleepy, encircled town, the huddling pattern of Aigues-Mortes, a dull red-and-chestnut mosaic in tiled roofs. Then he gripped his carpenter's pencil afresh, bent down and carefully printed on the mortar:

"*Ma truelle est le fléau de Dieu; où elle est passée, l'herbe ne pousse jamais.*"

He pored fondly over this inscription.

"Ah, magnificent!" he cried. "They will understand that!"

Throwing down the pencil he clapped his hands. Puig's brindle dog woke at the noise, yawned, stretched, and gazed with bleary eyes along the ramparts.

"It is not without magnificence, my child?" said Jackdabos.

The dog did not answer even by a look.

"Perhaps you are right," sighed the young man, and fell to studying his work more critically. Gloom settled over his face. It was a face that easily changed from brightness to melancholy. "You are right," he concluded. "My grammar's bad somewhere. That is always the trouble, Jackdabos. You can read, you can speak languages, you can understand. But you know nothing. Nothing at all. And you never find what you are looking for."

He rose, went to the battlements, and leaning there fell gradually into a day-dream. From the southwest blew a warm vernal wind, bringing to his nostrils a faint smell of Mediterranean sea water, mingled now and then with sharper whiffs of phosphate from Camargue vineyards. Creeks of the Little Rhone, canals, inlets of the gulf, wriggled in silver threads across a pale-green, melancholy expanse of marshland, sparkling as though they were the only things alive. Above this drowsy present King Louis the Crusader's ramparts, massive and forlorn, reared their long flanks as yellow as wood ashes. A feeling of desolation, mild like the sunshine, vague like the spring breeze, came over Jackdabos. He leaned, watched, and grew still as any part of the old walls.

"We dream but a little while," thought the young man. "What is our dream? Building, destroying, building up again—and *pouf!* we are gone. But Nature dreams forever, and knows the signification of the dream."

Then he woke and snapped his fingers.

"Ah, the devil!" he scoffed. "Let us sign our work, at least."

Returning to where his trowel lay, he squatted once more, took pencil and began to write:

"*Jackdabos a travaillé ci-dessous, le. . . .*"

Puig's dog suddenly growled and rose by one half—that is, to the height of his front legs. The hair bristled on his powerful neck and shoulders.

"Quiet, my child!" cried Jackdabos angrily. It seldom happened—and it never pleased him—that another pair of ears, on man or beast, should prove quicker of hearing than his own. "*Hé! Arrive!* Lie down, thou devil of mustard hue!"

He turned as he spoke, and saw, at the height of his first glance, two pretty little feet just clearing the topmost stair of the turret. Admirable feet, they wore tidy brown boots with red rubber soles, and on them stood a girl. The sight of red rubber pleased him, for it showed that his hearing had not been at fault.

"Ah!" said the girl, taken by surprise.

Jackdabos refrained from looking up. He did not stare at women, though he observed them well enough.

"Good doggie," said this one in a pleasant low voice. "Good old boy!"

"Take care!" cried Jackdabos. "*Prenez garde, mademoiselle, il n'est pas flatteur!*"

She foolishly reached forward to pat the beast, who made ready for a spring. Just in time Jackdabos let drive a hard little fist, which crashed on the dog's muzzle and sent him sprawling to the verge of the platform.

"Oh, cruel!" cried the girl. "Sir, that was cruel!"

"Bow," He Ordered. "Bow to the Prettiest"

Jackdabos rose and bowed low. He knew the brindle cur much better than she; full well he knew that in one more second, but for his blow, the girl's hand would have learnt how teeth can tear; nevertheless, he bowed, accepting her rebuke in silence.

"Are you always cruel?"

He bowed again.

"Always, mademoiselle, in the service of beauty and innocence." A grave smile flickered about his eyes. "It is not often so—necessary."

She looked at him, ill pleased to meet such grace in a shabby figure. He returned her look quietly, with due respect. Beautiful, he called her; and for the matter of beauty he had a quick eye. Young, slight, proud, dressed in blue-gray homespun, she overtopped him by a head—a blond head, confidently poised. In one hand, like a wand to indicate her will, she carried a stick of polished yellow rattan, bright as her hair. Dark-blue eyes, wide open and set rather widely asunder, sparkled in disapproval.

"With permission," said Jackdabos; and he sat down to finish the legend on the mortar. While he collected his wits to recall the date, Puig's dog came slinking back, nuzzled his ear, and lay down beside him again in the sun.

"At least," the girl declared, "your dog bears no grudge."

"No." Jackdabos thoughtfully sucked his pencil. "He is good at bottom, only a fool on top. 'Kind enough, but a huge feeder; and he sleeps by day more than the wild cat.'"

Remembering the date, he began to write, meanwhile conscious that his visitor stood watching him closely.

"That's odd," she said. "I never heard that of wild cats; though when you think, it must be true, if they are like tame ones."

"Mademoiselle," returned the writer carelessly, "is not then a student of the natural history?"

"No," she admitted.

"Of poetry, perhaps? No?"

"Why, of course!" she replied indignantly, as though shocked. "I love poetry."

"Ah, ah!" Jackdabos mumbled his pencil without looking up. "And the drama?"

She flicked her boot impatiently with the rattan stick.

"How silly!" was her answer. "Everybody who has any sense at all adores the stage."

"Ah, ah!" repeated her questioner. "Yes, yes. Poetry and—the stage."

He tossed a flying glance in her direction. She caught the barest glint of wickedness in his black Egyptian eyes, and was tempted, for a moment, to fancy that this little velveteen vagabond, who squatted there so tranquil and preoccupied, had secretly been laughing at her. It was an odd fancy. Indeed, she must have been mistaken; for there he sat, lost in contemplation, tapping a march with his pencil on the stone floor.

"Is it your trade," she asked, "to keep ruins in repair?"

"Yes, that is what I do," he answered—readily and with a charming smile, because he did nothing of the sort. "As you observe. It is perhaps not interesting work, but"—he sighed—"harmless."

This modest melancholy had begun to please her, when he spoiled it by suddenly adding:

"I can do anything."

Her dark-blue eyes opened wider than ever, and more scornfully.

"Can you, indeed?"

"That is to say," he explained, "anything with my hands."

"For example?" she suggested mockingly.

Jackdabos put away both pencil and trowel in one capacious pocket with his right hand, which he drew forth apparently empty.

"For example," said he, unperturbed, "the calling of dead things to life; the laying of a charm, a spell." He held out his left hand. "Will you do me the honor to lend your rattan for a moment?"

The girl seemed doubtful, as though considering whether her talk, begun by chance, had not gone much too far with this stranger; but in the act of turning away she paused, and then, curiosity conquering, gave him her walking stick with the air of one who humors a child.

"Thank you," said he. "Now kindly watch."

Placing the stick upright on its brass ferrule, he held it between his flat palms—a plain yellow stalk of rattan with a small bulbous root for its head.

"The jockeys used to buy this kind at Bangalur," he murmured. "A good stick. It will obey."

Slowly, with a soothing motion, he began to stroke it gently, his hands parallel, his eyes following them up and down, up and down, his lips moving in a whisper.

"Obey! Obey!"

Of a sudden he let go. His hands, rigid and still parallel, sprang half a yard apart. Between them, as if magnetized, the yellow rattan stood by itself on end, all aquiver. "Bow," he ordered, smiling. "Bow to the prettiest."

The stick trembled, reeled slightly, then with a queer effect of almost animate dignity swayed forward in her direction, once, twice.

"Oh! What ——" The girl started back in dismay against the battlements.

"Have no fear," he answered; and even while he spoke the rattan fell clattering on the stone platform.

"What is that?" She stared like a dreamer.

He laughed quietly as he brushed his hands.

"It is nothing, mademoiselle. A kind of charm—magic, if you like—a very old trick. Moses could turn 'em into a serpent, but he had no monopoly of that skill, for the magicians of Egypt did the same likewise, you remember."

He returned the stick to her casually, and sat thinking. As for the girl, she took back her property with visible repugnance, handling it in a gingerly way, scanning it from root to ferrule, ready to drop it at the first sign of misbehavior. It made none. The rattan was only a lifeless rattan.

"How queer!" She gave a doubtful laugh. "You are very—clever."

Jackdabos, musing, shook his head mournfully. Just then he was trying to remember where he had seen another face modeled like hers—broad below the temples, tapering down toward the chin, and refined a little too fastidiously, too perfectly, along each delicate edge of nose and lips.

"Ah, bah!" said he, snapping his fingers, impatient and baffled. "Bah! Dia! My memory is no good. The sunburn has colored you so wholesome, and then your eyes, mademoiselle, are so lovely dark sea blue. They drive the resemblance out of my head, or I should make you a compliment. Diable, diable, diable! Ass of a memory!"

She looked down, and saw him beating his round pate in despair with both fists. It was not a reassuring pantomime. Confounded also by the frankness of his words, she drew silently away and left him to sit there by the snoring dog. Aigues-Mortes lay under her left hand, a picture puzzle of tiled squares all fitted together, red and russet, in the afternoon sun; round them curved the ramparts of the saintly Crusader, tremendous, forlorn; and she followed their curve toward the Porte de la Gardette, hurrying to reach the custodian's house, for her way seemed dangerous and long.

Stillness, desolation of the past, a feeling as of one gone astray, surrounded and frightened her. She smiled at these terrors, but did not once look behind.

"I am awfully silly," she thought. "I had better come back into my own world."

Jackdabos remained very still, watching her blue-gray figure dwindle across the gigantic arc of battlements. When she had disappeared he rose.

"Foul donkey!" he cried, his cheeks flaming with anger. "Tiny cabbage!"

He ran to the nearest embrasure and flung his trowel spinning into the sunlight toward the melancholy marshes veined with glittering creeks.

"You, the scourge of God! You, to make a charm! Snout of infamy!"

He watched the trowel fall and bury itself in the spring grass below. Ramming both hands into the pockets of his velveteen, he shook his head ferociously at the landscape and ground his teeth. For a moment he remained thus, leaning out, wedged in the parapet, like a gargoyle or a little brown goblin left behind to guard that medieval fortress. Then he laughed.

"Ah, bosh! You are no good!" he informed himself. "A trickster. A mountebank. Always showing off, Monsieur Jackdabos."

He turned, to stare along the ramparts toward the Porte de la Gardette.

"But she was very pretty," he sighed. "Come, dog. Let us go. Come, awake! Yes, my friend, my dirt-brindle savage, that lady was of another circle from ours; but she was very, very, very pretty!"

II

A SMALL white donkey, wearing a bridle of scarlet leather, stood hitched to an iron ring within the ramparts, pensively flicking her ears in time to Puig's hammer. The forge and anvil lay just behind her heels. It was a portable smithy—a handful of worn tools, a bag of charcoal and a bucket of water—set up or thrown down by chance under a vaulted arch near the town gate. Puig's hammer went cling-clang, but lazily, at long intervals, for he was talking. The little white ass had plenty of time to doze and wake again.

"Why do you think so?" said Puig in his quick, harsh way. A sturdy, grimy, freckled rascal, with a tight little reddish mustache, he stared at the bit of iron cooling between his tongs. A leathern apron covered him like armor from neck to ankles. No cat had paler, greener eyes than Puig's, or half so full of calculation. His face wore a puckered smile, not of good humor but rather of muscular habit. "Do you think at all, Barjavel, or are you talking in your sleep? Why should we go to Arles? Is it then at Arles?"

He sat uncomfortably on an old paving stone and snapped the questions over his shoulder. Behind him, where sunshine brightened the bluish films of his forge smoke, Barjavel, the giant, lay stretched along the back wall of the vault.

"Why not?" demanded Barjavel without stirring his rotund body. He spoke through a black felt hat which covered his face, but the rampart arch echoed barytone music. "Why not there? I remember a certain text of the Emperor Honorius—Hm! Yes, roughly about four hundred Anno Domini. Official text." He yawned. "It says: 'All that the Orient, all that Araby with her perfumes, all that Assyria boasts of opulence, all that Africa, or fair Spain, or fertile Gallia can produce, all these are found in as great abundance at Arles.'" He yawned again. "Ah, gods of mankind, what a memory I have! What a brain I bear!"

With a sigh of admiration Barjavel stretched, and folded his enormous hands again to sleep.

"Bah!" sneered Puig. "You always quote some devilish book and tell a useless fact. If I ask you the time of day, my colossus, you answer me that the Rhone is full of water,

They Moved Like Burglars and Seemed the Only Creatures Alive in Arles

Henri Quatre is dead, and the Dutch have taken Holland. How you manage this learning I don't know. Where do you read, and when? Never yet have I seen your bulb of a nose stuck into a book, or anything but the neck of a bottle. Bah! Four hundred Anno Domini? Four hundred thousand Bulgarians of turnips!"

Barjavel lay breathing peacefully under the black hat.

"I study," came his drawling, muffled voice. "I do my reading in the library of the locusts."

"Ah, bosh!" Puig, returning to work, thrust the iron into the fire. "Where is that library? Is it open to great fat ones?"

"It is not open to many," sounded the musical voice under the hat. "Indeed, it is locked. To enter one must have the key of the fields, my friend."

Puig made a wry face and began pumping the handles of a leaky bellows. The fire glowed faintly in the sunlight and his iron was slow to heat. The little white ass gazed round, along her dusty flank, wondering at the wheeze and the eddy of ashes.

"And I was telling you a thing," complained the blacksmith, "of importance! A thing which might fetch us all great sums of money."

"Money?" droned Barjavel, between snores. "Money is not important."

Puig dropped his bellows with a quick snort of irritation.

"You need not be so godlike! I, for my part, I also do not crave money. But other people do!"

The giant in the vault uncrossed his legs, recrossed them, and groaned with comfort.

"That is true," he murmured. "Unluckily for the world. That is where it pinches, as the scorpion said."

While they spoke, through the deserted square came a sinewy, light-stepping youngster in brown velveteen, with an ugly dog at his heels. It was Jackdabos, exceedingly wide awake, and rather breathless from hurrying across the diameter of Aigues-Mortes. Quiet, smiling, he drew near the forge and plumped down on the ground between the two disputants. The brindle dog curled alongside his master's anvil.

"I Shan't Forget the Magician of Pharaoh, Who Made My Stick Do Me Reverence"

"Continue, gentlemen," said Jackdabos. "Your conversation is in the highest degree interesting."

Neither workman nor sleeper so much as looked at him. The bellows puffed again, the ashes flew, the iron turned a pale red, the ass lowered her long ears and meditated, blinking.

"Money or not," said Barjavel's voice, out of an apparent slumber, "go on, my dear Puig. Tell me your entire story again. What was it you wish to unearth? Let us hear about it."

Jackdabos sat up, very attentive.

"Unearth?" he repeated. "Ah, ah! Let us hear. Recount, recount. Something to unearth?"

Puig's cat-green eyes turned a baleful stare on the intruder.

"This is my concern, Jackdaw," he declared in a jealous tone. "I'm not the clever chap of our party. I can't play the romantic like you, or the poet like our fat friend. But when I do talk it's clear and to the point. Further, you are not the only man who can discover and unearth anything. Remember that. And yet again, I know what I'm looking for, me."

Jackdabos, with a quirk of the lips and a sidelong sparkle of a glance, agreed. Cross-legged, alert, his round black head bare to the sunshine, he resembled more than ever the Egyptian scribe; and, like that gentleman, he waited pleasantly, with no hard feeling, for a hard word. He was still in the twenties, Puig well over thirty; toward all seniors he was inclined to be respectful; and then he liked Puig, though nothing really bound the two men in friendship or in common interest except that each had borne arms and seen fighting.

"I'm ignorant, I know little," sneered Puig, drawing out his red-hot iron and hammering it to the form of a tiny half-oval round the anvil point; "but that little I can make clear. Iron-working renders a man exact. Hold up, thou brute of atrocious habit!"

He caught the little ass by a hind fetlock and tried the glowing iron upon her hoof, amid curling smoke and the bitter smell of burnt horn. Then, poking shoe among coals again, he laid down the law with his tongs.

"Attend!" said he, frowning. "Here is my story: One day, when I wore the red bags in Algiers, behold, of a Sunday afternoon I was walking a street below the Kasbah, with nothing on my mind. There was no noise in the crowd, all sunny and tranquil as here, when by chance I turned, and lo, there wandered past me a sort of Frenchman dressed as an Arab, in long sea-green gown, with blood bursting out all over his back. I helped him home to a frightful cavern of a room; and there he died, being stabbed right under the left shoulder blade. *Bon soir!* He died badly. It was not at all diverting. I never knew his name, or why, or how."

Puig remembered his bellows and fell to blowing again.

"Attend!" he at last continued. "This dying man was grateful, though he spoke very poorly, and his eyeballs were coated with blue like an old dog's. He told me how a great gold plate, a chiseled platter of gold, lies buried in the garden of a Monsieur—Monsieur Goiffon. Now this garden lies somewhere on the Riviera."

The somnolent voice of Barjavel sounded from his hat.

"A plate of gold? That is trivial, unlikely and vulgar."

Puig sat erect, as though stung. His freckled face grew all of a knot with rage; his tight silken mustache bristled.

"Vulgar?" he cried. "Wait! It was a work beyond price, done by a fellow—— What's his name again? Ah, bah, tell me! The fellow's name sounds like something to eat. Tell me now."

Both his hearers told him at once gladly, chiming in with alternate satire:

"*Langouste à l'Américaine.*"

"Sausages of Coron the Elder."

"*Ecrevisses.*"

"*Œufs durs.*"

"Degustation of oysters."

Puig met this impudence with a lofty and forcible calm. He began punching nail holes in the little red-hot shoe. When his hammer had rung many strokes, and he had been sufficiently implored, he bethought himself and said:

"No. It was Italian. And nothing to eat, after all. What the devil's that name? Come! How do you call matches in Italian—wax vestas? You don't know."

"*Cerini*," said Jackdabos.

Puig punched another hole before the shoe became covered again with the gray scales of cooling.

"You have it," he declared, nodding. "That's the name, or next door. Cellini."

The giant sleeping in the vault rose all of a piece, sat up, and whacked both feet on the stone floor.

"Cellini?" he bellowed, catching his hat as it fell. "Benvenuto Cellini? Why under the stars couldn't you say so before? Pig of good fortune! This becomes a practical matter."

Barjavel, roused from his noonday dream, had the majesty of a lion, but a careless, unkempt, rather merry lion with black hair. His mane and beard, darker than jet, covered with tousled wilderness all his great face except a pair of ruddy cheekbones, an Olympian forehead, jovial red lips, and big, sleepy gray eyes beginning to glow. When he yawned, as now, his teeth flashed carnivorous. Of commanding size and presence, but clothed in rusty, crumpled black serge, he stretched like an Assyrian king recovering from a spree. Yet no debauchery hovered about the man; his eyes were as clear as a champion's, and his huge frame had nothing to do with corpulence.

"Benvenuto Cellini?" he sang again. "Go on. You begin to talk sense."

Puig looked shifty and doubtful.

"What's Cellini anyway?" he said. "Something good? Something fashionable? Money in him? Is Cellini fashionable, or has he been a long time dead?"

Barjavel frowned mightily.

"Don't have a petty mind, Puigo," he answered. "Good? Something good? No, the best. Cellini, king of liars, emperor of goldsmiths, god of all splendid line-workers. Cellini, *le bienvenu* ——

"Welcome he mounts, as welcome down he came
Into the flower of this good Tuscan land.

The dirty old son of a gun! If you have stumbled on the track of anything he made, allow me to accompany you!"

Jackdabos cracked his fists together.

"Omen! An omen!" he cried, and made his two friends stare at him. "Cellini? Hold hard. That was the very thing I couldn't remember. Just now on the ramparts I met a girl, and her face was like Cellini's Ganymede, that restoration of a statue."

"Oho," said Puig unctuously. "You met a girl, did you?"

He gave Barjavel a wink. The young man flushed indignantly and remained silent. For a time the flow of their talk was broken. A long, covered cart, drawn by two plump Camargue roans, rattled across the cobbles of the *Place* and halted before the Café of the Universe, where the driver, a gypsy-looking fellow, descended briskly to get a drink. A few children—solemn, brown-eyed creatures, loitering—came and paused near the forge fire to watch the shoeing of the ass. When they had passed on, disappointed at finding Puig's work so slack, and when the driver, wiping his lips, had remounted his cart and driven rumbling away, Barjavel resumed the discussion.

"My dear Jackdaw," said he with a gleam of paternal benevolence in his eyes, "pardon me. I have no doubt the young lady——" He paused, and repeated the noun with emphasis—"the young lady was of a rare and beautiful design. But now continue, my Puig, my brave donkey farrier. Where is this Cellini plate of yours to be seen? Do you know where Monsieur Goiffon's garden is? I might be of help ——"

Puig plainly felt himself to be rebuked.

"Goiffon's garden," he replied without looking up, "is somewhere past Monte Carlo, and again, somewhere beyond a place called Roches Rouges."

"Oh," said Barjavel, "I know then. It's in Italy."

Puig burst out swearing and spat on his hammer head.

"What rotten luck!" he growled. "Italy! By the four corners of hell, what luck I always break my nose against!

No use now. We couldn't get a treasure like that out of Italy, across the frontier. Good-by, gold plate! I shall stay poor all my life."

He dropped the shoe hissing into the water bucket, fished it out, and with great energy nailed it home on the ass' hoof; then, after tweaking the points off the nails, he took a long rasp and finished his job neatly, so that the hoof shone a smooth clay-blue, studded and rimmed as with silver. Then, and not till then, Barjavel spoke, combing his wild beard with sturdy fingers.

"How wrong," he meditated—"how wrong you are to despise reading, which is the antidote to despair, the medicine of hope. For example: Between 1894 and 1907 a certain man—one single man—took from Italy no less than the Chigi Botticelli and the bronze Bindo d'Antonio Altoviti. Come, Puig, you did not know that?" He turned his quizzical gray eyes toward the farrier and smiled. "No? Then see. Reading is not only pleasant, but of great profit. We learn, boys, we learn, and the past informs the future. What one man has done three men like us can do, and more."

Puig folded his fists in the lap of his leather apron and stared.

"What do you mean?" he demanded skeptically.

"I mean," replied the lazy giant, brushing his hat—"I mean what I said before: it's a practical matter. The thing can be pulled off. Let's have a run for your plate."

Jackdabos jumped up like a frog.

"Hurray!" he cried. "Come on!"

The smith rose awkwardly, stretched, removed his apron, rolled up his tools inside it, flung the water from his bucket, and with the grim look of a man in a hurry seemed ready to break camp and start at once on their enterprise.

"Wait, though!" He struck his freckled forehead with impatience. "Here stands this beastly white ass to be called for. I must wait till the owner comes."

He glanced angrily roundabout, then toward the Porte de la Gardette. His face brightened.

"Ah!" he snorted with a gesture of relief. "Pat on the hour! Here she comes now."

III

"A WONDER!" jeered Puig. "See! A woman arrives on time."

From the stone stairway by the guardian's mysterious little cavern house two persons were, as a matter of fact, arriving—a straight young man in very worldly tramping costume, belted and knickerbockered, and by his side a girl in blue-gray homespun who carried a rattan stick.

"You mean," said Barjavel, rising, "a lady. That is nothing wonderful. A lady values her word. There are many words, but few ladies. Am I not right, Jackdaw?"

The Jackdaw gaped, overcome with surprise and embarrassment. As the two strangers came near, he bowed, and was rewarded with a friendly though timid glance from that pair of sea-blue eyes which he had praised. The belted hero—a blond youth, plainly the girl's brother—gave him an ice-cold stare, before demanding:

"Well? Got the animal shod, have you?"

Puig removed his villainous cap, answered in a flow of polite words, and stooping, lifted the hoofs of the ass one by one.

"You see? We have done a serious piece of work. I hope the lady is content?"

"Humph!" said her brother, purse in hand. "Here's your money."

An umpire, had one stood by, might have decided that the shoer of the ass was more courteous than the owners. Perhaps the girl had some such thought, for she smiled at Puig, and stooping beside him carefully inspected the little iron rims.

"Thank you, monsieur. They are beautifully put on."

Puig, appeased by the word "monsieur," grinned like a lynx. It was to the girl that he bowed, even while her brother dropped a silver coin into his blackened paw, saying:

"Come, Ruth, we must be off."

She turned obediently, but not before the great Barjavel could pay her a compliment.

"Mademoiselle"—he had the best manners of them all, careless good manners; for both words and gesture came direct from the heart—"you make my friend's work a pleasure. It is not child's play to shape and fit such tiny shoes. You have seen this, mademoiselle, and therefore you give him the best praise—praise from one who looks, and sees, and understands."

Barjavel beamed down at her like a loving but highly critical father. Puig stood bobbing with delight. As for the poor Jackdaw, he had withdrawn a pace within the vaulted arch, and studied their byplay sadly, alone, aloof.

"Come along, Ruth," repeated the girl's brother sharply as he unhitched the headrope of the scarlet bridle from the ring and led their donkey clattering out upon the cobblestones. "Much obliged to you all, of course."

This time, however, his sister proved not quite so docile. Holding her ground, she prolonged the talk for kindness' sake.

"Our poor beast will be grateful," she said. "We came a long way from beyond Montpellier, and have still far to go. Many thanks for your careful repairs." She gave a nod and a smile, which suddenly included Jackdabos, toward whom, lifting her rattan with a quick, unconscious grace, she added: "I shan't forget the magician of Pharaoh, who made my stick do me reverence."

Then, as though frightened, she was away. Between her and her brother the white ass ambled across the pavement, slow and submissive, with a rope of tail swinging patiently to the clink of the new shoes. The girl's hair glistened in the sunlight as she went talking and laughing. Her brother shook his head and blurted out reproof:

"I've told you time and time again! You must not go chumming with such people. They can't understand it ——"

"Why, Ralph," she rejoined, "what else did we come to see but ——"

Her voice died away in the distance. The belted youth, turning a handsome, angry, Antinous profile, scolded her over the donkey's ears; and so, arguing in pantomime, brother and sister led their slow-footed beast round the corner and disappeared.

After they had gone the farrier and his two friends remained, still watching the corner. Puig was first man to speak. He provoked the Jackdaw with a jeering glance and a chuckle.

"Did a little magic for her, did you? Clever boy. What kind?"

Jackdabos turned red as leather.

"Say one word more like that ——" he began, stammering with wrath.

Barjavel laid his broad hand on the boy's shoulder as if by chance.

"Well," he sighed in deep soliloquy, gazing at the corner, "well, we really lost something, you know, when she took the light of her eyes away. Ah me, the world! Come," he cried, catching each man by an arm, "let's not repine. Come, leave our tools with Daddy."

And laughing, he pushed them away from the vault.

(Continued on Page 45)

DON VENUSTIANO

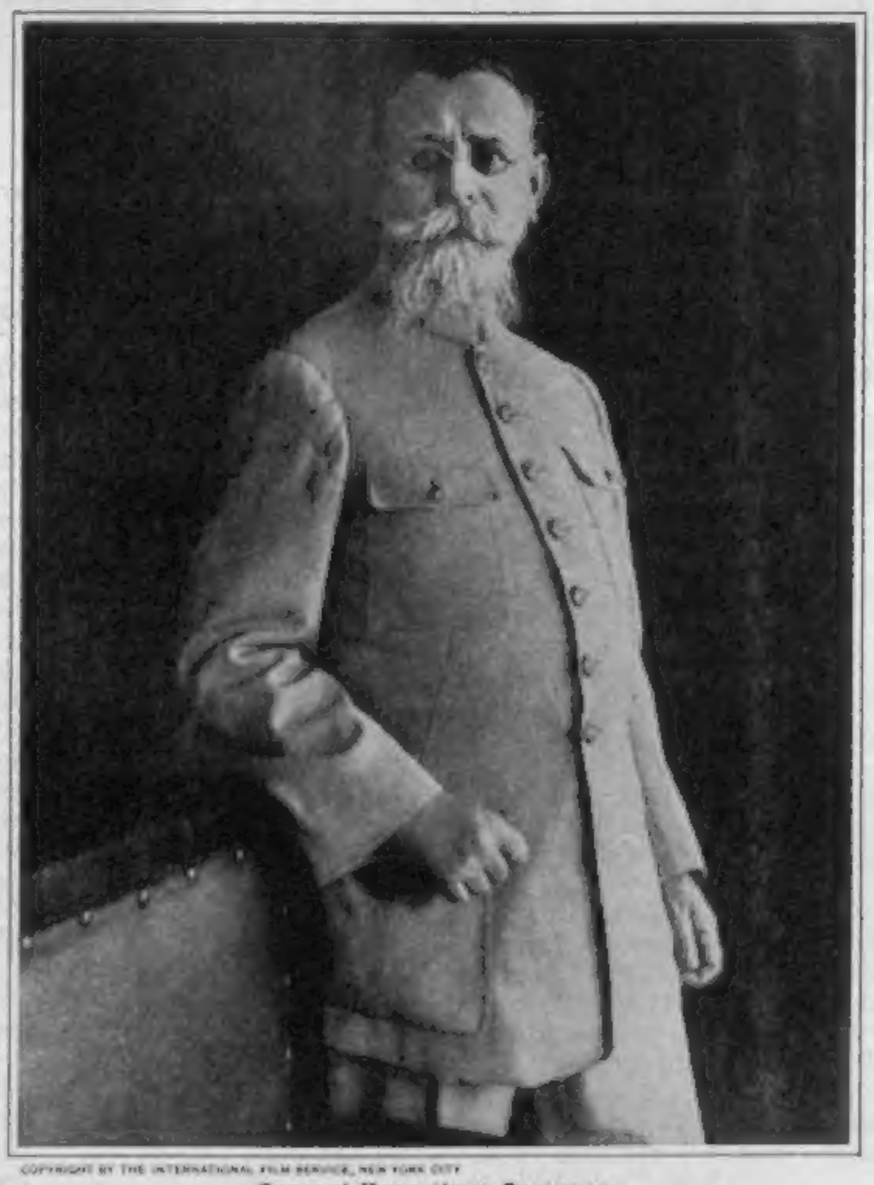
By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WE—SPEAKING governmentally and in a Mexican sense—are the haloed—by ourselves—hope-pinners of the Western World. Thrice we have pinned fresh and fragrant Mexican hopes on fresh, even if not noticeably fragrant, Mexican patriots; and twice we have observed those hopes dashed to the ground. The third set, pinned to the breast and braided into the whiskers of Don Venustiano Carranza, is held by Washington to remain intact—so held by Washington, where hope-holding and hope-pinning are the two best things they do.

The patriotic Madero, as alleged, was the first hope-bearer for us; and the patriot Villa, as affirmed by General Scott, was the second. They killed Madero and Villa killed a lot of us, the circumstances in each instance being sufficient to destroy our hopes. Then, as a third resort, we selected Carranza as the instrument to restore peace to our neighbor; and as I write Don Venustiano is engaged in that laudable enterprise.

At the present time, and for twenty days past, our Government has been engaged in a delicate and complicated diplomatic interchange with the Carranza government concerning the use of a railroad for the transportation of supplies to the American troops in Mexico in search of our former protégé, Pancho Villa. This railroad begins at Juarez, which is just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas, and spasmodically penetrates Mexico. It is the mere ghost of a railroad, because it has been the sport of revolutionists, federals, conventionists, and various other factions that for five years have been engaged in the bloody pastime of murder and destruction. It is a rusty and woebegone railroad. Its rolling stock is mostly destroyed. Its few remaining engines are falling apart. Its bridges and culverts have been burned and blown up time and again. Not a tie has been replaced in five years nor a pound of new rail laid.

However, it is the best there is; and it seemed a military necessity, to the American soldiers down in Mexico, needful of food for themselves and food for their horses, and gasoline for their motors and trucks and aëroplanes and motor cycles—mostly that—to press it into service to complement the wagon and motor-truck trains going in from the border.



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General Venustiano Carranza

We had previously agreed with Don Venustiano, after suitable diplomatic interchanges, that there should be strict reciprocity over our chase of Villa—that is, the Don held that it would be a sacrifice of the dignity and national integrity, and some other features, of the Mexican nation to grant permission to American soldiers to enter Mexico on such an errand unless Mexican soldiers were to have equal rights in the way of entering the United States. Of course Villa and his Mexican soldiers were not diplomatic about their entrance at Columbus, New Mexico, where they killed American soldiers and American civilians. They just entered. Still, we held it but just to Don Venustiano to agree; and we agreed.

That accomplished, and a few other essentials, such as getting troops which had been five years on the border preparing for just such an emergency finally prepared, we started in, dashing impetuously and gallantly in pursuit of Villa some five or six days after Villa had dashed into Columbus in pursuit of us. Diplomatically the thing was perfect. The pourparlers were in form. The protocol was agreed on. The interchanges had been made in excellent terms, and Villa had a long start toward his hiding places. Also, Don Venustiano's tender sensibilities had not been outraged—even if Columbus, New Mexico, had been.

General Pershing and his columns advanced. A line of communication was established. By the exhibition of the most intense activity in the War Department at Washington a number of motor trucks were secured. To be sure, the first lot of these trucks came without any accompanying bodies; but activity had been displayed, even though the trucks were useless for a considerable period after they first arrived. Eight—count them—aëroplanes—eight—were lined up to soar

as scouts. We took our wireless along, and many other things, but not much food. The problem of supplies pressed down on the troops and Pershing began to shout for the railroad. The motor trucks were slow. His needs were great.

So we inquired diplomatically of Don Venustiano whether we might—please—use his railroad; or, rather, the railroad that isn't his but is in Mexico. Whether the Don demanded, as a reciprocal agreement, that he should have the use of the Southern Pacific, or the El Paso and Southwestern, or the Texas Pacific, or the Pennsylvania, or the New York, New Haven and Hartford, time alone will tell. In any event he demurred. The use of that railroad to get supplies to American soldiers who were punitively chasing a murderer and his gang of associate murderers, though no person was using it for anything else, seemed to Don Venustiano to impinge on national dignity, sensibilities and sensitiveness, and he suggested a few diplomatic interchanges.

These occurred. We diplomatically interchanged for ten days or more, with Pershing howling over the wireless for supplies; and finally, with punctilious regard for the finer feelings of the Don and the Mexican people, we secured qualified permission to use the railroad in a "commercial" way—that is, we were given permission to ship freight over it, paying the high rates that prevail, as any other customer might ship freight in charge of Mexicans, without guard or safe conduct, and take our chances of its getting there. Also, if any of the stuff was dutiable the duty was to be paid. Also, the supplies must be consigned to merchants by merchants. Also, a lot of other restrictions—the whole amounting to permission to do what, if Carranza really has a government, any person has been at liberty to do, provided he wanted to take the precarious chances of using the railroad through that prostrate country, and the still more precarious chances of getting his freight past the Mexican looters.

Costly Courtesies

THERE were two engines in the equipment that might possibly hold together on such work as was required. One of these, it so happened, was taken over by General Gavira, in command at Juarez while the diplomatic interchanges were in progress, for military use, thus showing the ardent desire on the part of the Carranzistas to be helpful and coöperate. Washington was pleased. It was announced that a "fair" trial would be made before pressing Carranza for any further concessions; and it is reported on April first that some supply freight, red-taped in all Carranza ways, is to be offered cautiously, and with due regard for the sensibilities of Carranza. Whereupon we shall see what we shall see. The affair at Columbus, as may be remembered, was on the morning of March ninth. On March thirteenth we concluded our diplomatic interchanges with Don Venustiano and gained his permission to chase after Villa. On March thirty-first we had progressed to the agreeable diplomatic stage of having the aforesaid permission to use the railroad in a "commercial" way.

This little account of our scrupulous diplomatic distinctions with Carranza is set down here for the historical bearing it may have on what follows in Mexico. We may be using the railroad, or we may not, four weeks from now. We may have Villa, dead or alive, by that time, or we may not. Aside from the fundamentals of the future, which are plainly enough to be seen, prophecy about future Mexican-American details is the zero of mental effort. Anything may happen; and in due course everything will.

The object of this recital is to set forth the character and characteristics, the station and the status, of Don Venustiano Carranza, on whom, as I write, our official hopes are pinned. Any way this Mexican business comes out of the hopper, the American people are sure to have certain dealings with it because of, despite and concerning the Don.

The Don is the figurehead of the government this country has assented to as the *de facto* ruling power. He is the First Chief of the administration we have given the support of our official recognition; and until he is thrown into the discard by some of the second chiefs, or a combination of them, he is the man to whom this country is looking, not only for coöperation in the Villa chase but for subsequent

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Carranza Reviewing His Troops in Front of the National Palace

earnest and sincere efforts to make stable the government we recognized, and put an end to the atrocious conditions now prevailing in Mexico.

Two hundred thousand Mexicans have been killed in battle or after being made prisoners, or died from wounds since the Madero revolution began, in 1910. The best figures available show that some two hundred and seventy Americans have been murdered in that time by Mexicans. No man can do more than guess at the number of Mexicans slaughtered officially—"executed" is the term. Thousands of them have been shot by Villa, by Carranza, by the other chieftains. Moreover, Mexican women and children have been killed by the thousand. The stories—true and conservative—that are told of the outrages by these so-called patriots on their own people, to say nothing of foreigners, are incredible. The entire country of Mexico has been brutalized. There have been robbery, arson, loot, wanton destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property, both foreign-owned and owned by Mexicans. The place is rapidly becoming a wilderness, overrun by marauding bloodthirsty bands.

Since I have been on the Mexican border, and in such trips as I have made into Mexico, I have heard the most frightful stories of atrocities of all kinds; and these stories are true. They are not fakes for sensational newspaper publication, but incidents gravely described by honest, respectable American citizens who themselves have seen what they have related. The records are full of them. The reports in the various Departments in Washington reek with them. Murder, rapine, outrage, looting, pillage, arson and destruction of property are greater and more atrocious than ever before occurred in such a space of land in the history of this continent. It is as unparalleled as it is brutal. In five years Mexico has come to be a territory where no life is safe, where no property right is sacred, where murder is a pastime.

Moreover, as I have shown in a previous article, the country is bankrupt. It has no financial resources nor any real finance. Productive industry has stopped. Agriculture, save in small and isolated places, is abandoned. Typhus is epidemic in sections. The people are hungry. Mexico, as a functioning nation, has practically ceased to exist. It is merely a geographical division overrun with bandits, some of them called soldiers and some of them robbers.

Bloody Chaos

THIS was the situation that existed when the American Government recognized Carranza, holding him to be the man on whom we should depend for the establishment of order out of this bloody chaos; and it is the situation that exists now. Carranza, so far as we have been able to say so, has been the First Chief, the head of the *de facto* government. And in the five months that have elapsed since we established him by our recognition Mexican conditions have grown worse rather than better; and to-day—April first—with American soldiers in Mexico, and a report in circulation that they have engaged the Villistas and wounded Villa, we are about to venture timidly and in an experimental way to use a railroad for the transport of supplies for those troops, who are in pursuit of a bandit who invaded American territory and killed seventeen Americans, not mentioning former killings of Americans in Mexico.

The capture of Villa—if Villa is captured—will settle nothing, so far as the United States is concerned. Nor will our continued diplomatic deference to Carranza settle anything or bring Mexican conditions to a rational basis. The truth of it is that Carranza, no matter how the United States dickers with him or defers to him or looks to him, has no more chance of establishing a stable government in Mexico than Villa has, or Zapata, or any other bandit chief, unless Carranza is upheld by the actual physical demonstration of support by this country and helped to police and compose Mexico.

Roughly, as computed by Mexicans, Carranza has some seventy-five thousand soldiers. The uninformed American idea is that, as he controls the army, he thus controls the situation, with the exception of the bandit bands who are fighting him. Certainly if Carranza had his army in one place, and his opponents directly facing that army, he might be able to do something decisively. The fact is that Carranza is no more supreme in Mexico in a military way than any of half a dozen other chieftains. The whole country is in a foment of revolt against him. Villa and Zapata are not the only leaders who are against him. Almost every state has its own revolutionaries. Uprisings against him are constant. Therefore, he is forced to divide his army into sections, and seek to keep these sections of the country in a semblance of order. He may subdue a west-coast state, but while he is subduing that an east-coast state rises. He may hold things in check in the north, but it will be at the expense of peace in the south.

Mexico City is quiet enough, so reports go; but Mexico City will yell *Viva!* for anybody, provided Mexico City and those in power are allowed to work out their own

designs. That typifies another of the difficulties of Carranza, for he has no real control of his subordinates. These men are running their own districts as they see fit. They are supreme. If Carranza sends an order they obey it or do not obey it, as suits their purposes. They are out for the loot—these local chieftains; and when they get it in sufficient quantity they intend to move over to the United States and settle down. There is eloquent testimony to this feature of the patriotism of former Mexican authorities in El Paso, in San Antonio, in most of the border towns, in Los Angeles, and in many of the big hotels in New York.

Mexico isn't governed by Carranza and his Cabinet and his generals. Mexico is governed by a gang who laugh at the orders originating in the *de facto* government, and do as they please. Moreover, Carranza himself is no more the real head of the government than a man in Indiana. The real heads of the government are Obregon and Gonzales and Cabrera, and even these men are flouted by their subordinates. Obregon's safe conduct is good only so far as the subordinates choose to honor it. Obregon's orders are obeyed when it is to the self-interest of the man to whom the orders are given to obey them.

Don Venustiano comes from the State of Coahuila, where he was one of a land-owning family. He entered the Madero revolution; and since that time has had a series of adventures and experiences, ranging from an election to the Mexican Congress, a forced sojourn in a lighthouse at Vera Cruz, a defiance of Huerta, a split with Villa, and various battles and political mishaps, until we gave him the greatest strength he ever had by recognizing him as in control of some sort of government, in October, 1915.

He is a slow-moving, slow-thinking, grandiose, pompous, hair-splitting, phrase-making, obstinate Mexican of the Spanish type, full of resounding phrases of the dignity of his country and of himself. He prates of the honor of the fatherland and uses all the Mexican bombast in speaking of his troops and his compatriots. He has taken to himself, as a true description of his magnificences, all the flattery with which crafty subordinates have fed him.

The original plan of the fomenters of the revolution against Huerta, when Carranza and Villa and others were joined in the enterprise of re-freeing Mexico from the tyrant, was to send Villa ahead to do the rough work, and follow up with Carranza, who could be presented to the world as the "clean" man, entitled to become the head of the nation. This accomplished, the men who were behind the movement, knowing they could control Carranza, saw unlimited possibilities. The plan bogged down. It didn't work. Villa grew ambitious to be more than a bandit and split with the Carranzistas. Now the situation, so far as Villa and Carranza were concerned, was exactly similar. They were both flattered and both took the flattery seriously. We flattered Villa until he came to think himself the Napoleon of Mexico, and the Mexican schemers flattered Carranza until he thought himself another Diaz.

The Napoleons of Mexico

CARRANZA to-day is of the opinion that he is a great statesman; and Villa, unless he has changed his mind since coming in contact with American soldiers, thinks he can whip the United States. Villa isn't the only man in Mexico with an exaggerated ego. It is a national failing, and Carranza has it in acute form.

The credulity of the Mexican peons has long been a subject of joke on the border. Their ignorance of anything outside their own limited environment is astonishing. There isn't the slightest doubt that the Mexican generals, and others who are daily inciting the peons to stand against the gringos—to say nothing of the agitators, of whom there are many, together with the influence of the newspapers and the ballads hawked about—have caused the bulk of the Mexicans to think that, if they keep on fighting until their chance comes to invade the United States, they will get back Arizona, Texas, New Mexico and California, with all improvements thereon. All that is necessary is for them to do as their generals tell them to and they will come into this highly cultivated and prosperous territory.

Carranza has too many brains to think this. Probably he believes—in a measure at least—the bombastic proclamations he issues, which get to this side of the line in the Mexican papers, where he points out that his diplomatic dealings with our Government invariably result in great advantage for the Mexicans, and highly glorify him as a master negotiator.

This, combined with his Spanish inheritance of lack of frankness, petty craft and insincerity, together with his exaggerated idea of his own importance and power, is what makes him so difficult to deal with. Like most other Mexicans, the only thing for which he has any respect is force.

Though we take Carranza seriously, and negotiate with him as if he were a factor in Mexico, his cabinet and generals do about as they please; and there are a dozen uprisings against him. He promised great reforms, and in the five months he has had the benefit of recognition by the United States not one reform has been forthcoming. To be sure, he has put out various decrees, to say nothing of a tremendous volume of fiat money, now worth less than two cents on a fifty-cent silver peso. Constructively, however, he has done nothing save seek, by every means possible, to get sufficient real money to keep his generals from deserting him.

His legislative scheme is to impress his contemplated reforms by decree, instead of proceeding to the election of a Congress, hoping to be able to give those decrees the color of constitutionality sometime in the future. He is well aware of the precarious position in which he is placed, and has attempted to adopt the old Diaz plan of playing off his leading men against one another in order to prevent their combination against him. He has tried to weaken Obregon by making him Secretary of War, thus depriving him of the direct handling of troops and the consequent control of them. Also, he has endeavored to set Gonzales against Obregon, in the hope that the enmity of the two men may react in his favor and make one or the other loyal to him.

There is definite information in Washington, and elsewhere, of a plot between Obregon and Cabrera to overthrow Carranza. It is quite likely that this plot would have been on the way to accomplish Carranza's downfall if it had not been for the raid of Villa on Columbus. That delayed the execution of the plot and united Obregon, Cabrera and Gonzales for the moment. Cabrera is the present Minister of Finance—that is, he was Minister of Finance on April first. He has had several quarrels with Carranza and has no loyalty for him.

Obregon would be the most acceptable of these as a substitute for Carranza, for, though he is not a remarkably strong man, he has certain powers and has forced a respect for himself. Indeed, he is the strongest man in the Carranza government and the man most likely to depose Carranza when the time comes.

It is not expected, by those who have studied Mexican affairs and know them, that Carranza will last much longer than June. He has called a convention for June; and the general expectation is that when the generals get together their individual or concerted ambitions will force Carranza out and probably put Obregon at the head of the government. It is also probable that a certain proportion of the forces of Carranza will remain with him, or some of his generals—not because of any affection for Carranza, but because of hatred of Obregon and others. Thus there would be an added revolution and the turmoil would continue indefinitely. Still, the June convention may not be held. Carranza is in no hurry. He called a convention once before and postponed it.

Carranza knows his time is coming. The Columbus incident gave him a breathing spell, for it delayed the execution of the Obregon-Cabrera plot; and it forced a sort of anti-American loyalty from the plotters. But the course of these men will be in the future undoubtedly what it has been up to date—a systematic crafty endeavor to block the United States and delay us, and humiliate us in every possible way. They do not want intervention, for intervention would ruin them all and spoil the graft.

Carranza has no strength with the Mexican people. He is held where he is by the tolerance of Obregon, Cabrera and Gonzales; and mostly by the fact that the United States has recognized him as the *de facto* First Chief. The popular objections to him among Mexicans who have any patriotism, and among the Mexicans of the middle class, who have been so hard hit by the decadence of their country, may be summed up thus:

He has failed to negotiate a foreign loan; has closed all avenues of outside assistance, especially in the United States, though we have recognized him politically, and this has financially ruined the country, which is now bankrupt.

He has not preserved military discipline and has no real control over his generals and troops.

He is personally unpopular—not *simpatico*, as the Mexicans say—and has made no attempt to cement the people to him.

He has failed to initiate any reforms in a country where everything is open to reform, not only since he was recognized by the United States as heading the *de facto* government, but during the two years before that in sections of the country where he was in control. His reforms are all conversational.

Mexican Propaganda Against Carranza

HE HAS alienated the great employers of labor, the mining and other similar industries, and the agricultural interests; and has thus caused vast distress by the throwing of many thousands of Mexicans out of work, owing to the shutting down of these employing agencies.

He has made no effort to establish a government, but has endeavored to govern by decree, arbitrarily.

He has not been able to suppress the numerous rebel activities; or to curb the bandits; or to stop the lawlessness. Every section of the country is in a ferment.

The First Chief likes the job he has, and likes to be fêted and proclaimed. He has his supporters organize banquets, so he can attend them and make speeches telling of his devotion to the fatherland, of glorious history, refer to the great and heroic Aztec ancestry of the Mexicans and rattle his sword and clink his spurs and his medals.

The inside menaces for the First Chief are numerous enough and threatening enough; but they are not all. Carranza has few friends—loyal and sincere friends and supporters—among Mexicans who are still in the country. And naturally he hasn't many friends among the thousands of expatriated Mexicans who are waiting in the cities on and near the border—in El Paso, in Los Angeles, in San Antonio, in San Diego—to say nothing of those who are in New York and Washington, and elsewhere in the North. There is an active propaganda in these places against Carranza. These Mexicans are the highest class Mexicans there are, men of education, who were identified with the old régime, or with some of the earlier phases of the revolution.

Each of the leaders among these men has his ambitions and each his plan. Each represents a faction; but they have one common ground—they all are agreed that Mexico can never return to peace and prosperity under the government of Carranza. They see only one solution, and that is the elimination of Carranza. It is possible that Obregon would command a considerable support from these factions; but that, too, is of the future.

(Concluded on Page 81)

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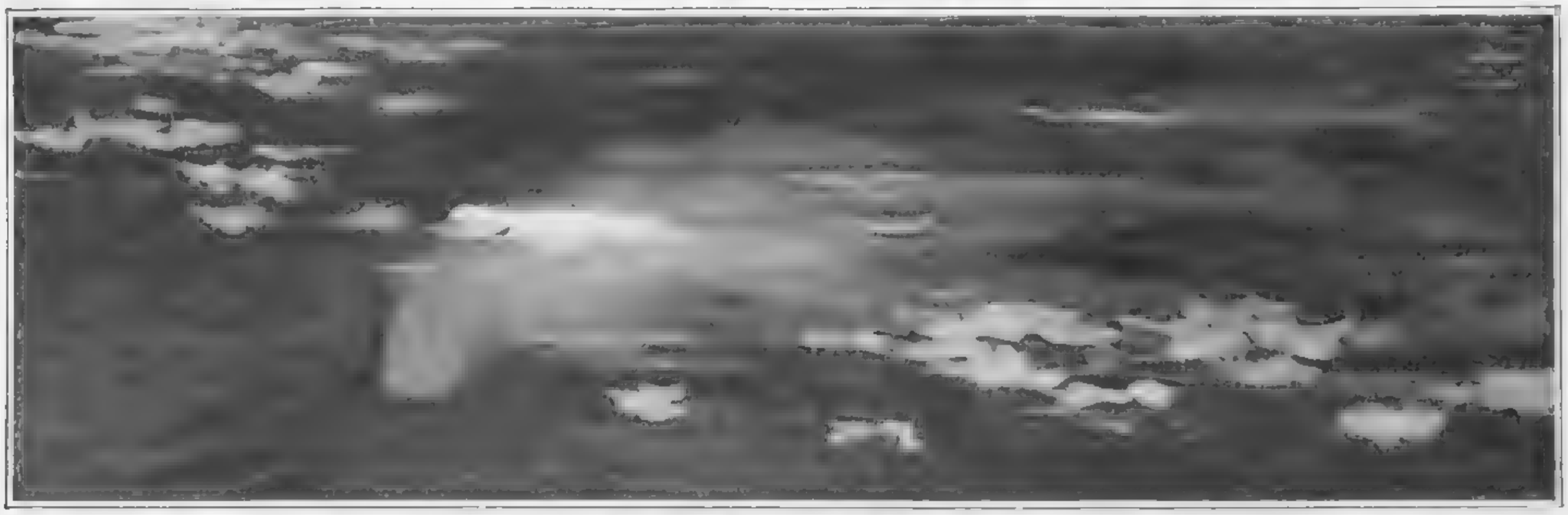
Entering Mexico City in Triumph, General Carranza is Presented With the Keys of the City

THE BRIDES OF WASTEWATER



By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

WE ARE the Venables of Wastewater, and there is something about our family that is strange and that is wrong. If I had ever been away to see any other family—but I never have!—or if guests came here—but they never do!—perhaps I should understand about the strangeness and the wrongness. I think Philip knows, I think Tante knows. Tante is old, gray-haired and wise; but she is always silent. Grandmother knows this—and everything, of course.

Sometimes, at night, when we are sitting by the fire and one of our horrible silences falls, when Tante knits and knits, and the wind howls high up in the chimney—sometimes then I know that grandmother's eyes are glittering on me; and I think that if I could only face her, could only say out loudly: "What is the matter with all of us, grandmother?"

Ah, if I could, perhaps she would tell me! But I never have dared, and now I begin to think that I never shall dare. When I was ten I said to myself that I would wait until I was twelve; and when I was twelve years old I waited to be older. I am fourteen now, and I know I never shall do it—I know I never shall do it—I know I never shall do it!

Thinking of grandmother, I often scream out that way when I am by myself. But I never scream in her room—not any more; not since the night she burned Alice. Alice was my doll. I had had her ever since I was ten. She was a rag doll, soft and big, and she always slept with me.

That night I bit Tante's hand, and tore the lace tidy from grandmother's chair, and pulled the gathers from her silk dress. But she went right on smiling. Tante put me to bed; and they sent to the city for another doll, a doll in a box. And her I drowned in the Brides' Pool.

But somebody must have written to Philip that I was ill, for he came home—one evening when I had gone to bed and Tante was reading her endless books of murder trials and celebrated cases to grandmother. Philip came straight to me and put Fuzzy into my arms. She was a thin, little, frightened kitten then, but she has since grown to be a big cat. She cuddled down in my arms and purred, and I told her of Alice; and we both cried.

I heard Philip's crutch clicking along the hall to grandmother's room, but what he said to her I don't know. She has never seen Fuzzy or asked to see her. Tante and Portuguese Maria, who cooks for us, and old Martin, who takes care of the place, and Maria's two brothers, who milk the cows, have all promised me to protect Fuzzy.

I know now that it would hurt Fuzzy to be burned—far, far more than Alice. And sometimes I wake in the night and fancy that we are all there, silent, about grandmother's fire, and that little innocent Fuzzy comes trotting in the door. Then I imagine grandmother beginning to smile again ——

Wastewater Hall, I think, is the most desolate house a child ever saw. It is not so bad in winter, when the rains sweep over us in sheets, because one knows that it is raining everywhere and gloomy everywhere. But in summer, when the tide talks and gurgles along the beach and flings little shells and pebbles about; and when a hot wind sings and drones in the garden; and when the sinking sun shines straight across the water and turns all our windows to fire—then it seems to me a sad place to live.

The Hall, with sixteen tall, dark windows, faces the water across a stretch of garden and beach. Six windows are upstairs, six on the middle floor, and two on each side of the big door. None of these front rooms is used. The shades are down, but the shutters are open, so that one sees the glitter of dark and dusty glass. I hate the windows outside and the rooms to which they belong inside—dreadful rooms full of strange gloom and stranger lights, books full of hate and murder, great folded curtains, and swathed furniture that sometimes cracks like the firing of pistols in the dead of night.

There are no flowers in the garden—only trees and bushes. There are willow trees, with bare spaces underneath them where the grass will not grow, and old, old pepper trees. There are shabby, dark, thick cone-shaped trees that we call evergreens—firs, perhaps, or spruces. They are old and almost black, and their lower branches come so close to the ground that the tall dead grass mingles with them. Some of these press so close to the house that they are darkly reflected in the windows and shadow the rooms inside.

There is pampas grass in the garden, with new white plumes showing among the old yellowish plumes, and rank rosebushes hooped into great curves higher than my head. All the rest is dead brown grass, with little pieces of cement lying in it here and there, where walks were once.

If you stand facing the house, with your back to the sea, you see the bare brown hills, climbing up to the blue sky, with fences crossing them here and there, and a long, faint scar that is the road running down from the very summit. There are no trees on our side of the range, except down here near the house; but what is on the other side I don't know. Cities, perhaps, with lights and shops, and houses all packed together, and the train that brought grandmother here so many years ago, and the hospital where Philip is a doctor.

The road is crossed by little cowpaths, running like narrow shelves over all the hills; the little red and white spots that are the cows file back and forth all the day long; and in one of the little cañons, about halfway up to the ridge, is the dairy. Maria's two brothers live there and she sleeps there at night.

Sometimes in the evenings, when I watch her buttoning on her big black coat in the hot, clean kitchen, I wish I lived at the dairy too; for there are only three rooms in Maria's house, and it is small and warm. The wind doesn't get into her little cañon, and the smell of the cows is so comfortable and sweet!

Manuel and Anton never speak to me, but they smile; and every day at milking time they sing wild, high songs to the cows—songs I can hear far below, at the Hall, when the wind blows right.

But I am never allowed to go at night to Maria's; and in the daytime I would not dare, unless someone else came too. To get there one must pass the windbreak—a double line of great eucalyptus trees marching up the hill—and the cemetery; and I am afraid of the cemetery. All the Venables lie there—and, of course, Louisette.

The oldest person in the graveyard is my grandfather, General Venable; but there are two older graves than his. One is his daughter Isabelle, "died in infancy," and the other is his son Robert, four years old. My grandmother and grandfather had two other children besides these—their oldest son, Thomas, whose grave is nearly fifteen years old, and Philip, who is living of course. I never saw Thomas, who must have died when I was a tiny baby; but I know he lived here with his wife, Mary Cutler Venable, who died in the same year. They lived, and are dead, I know; but I do not know who I am; nor who was Louisette.

Louisette's grave lies near theirs, yet nearer the sea, with a little live oak curved above it. There is nothing but her name on the slab. But Tante has told me something of her. Tante knew her when she was a tiny baby, with a cockatoo of black hair over her eyes. She always was running away, and taking off her little shoes and stockings, Tante says. She was in Paris then.

"With whom?" I ask.

"With her mother, Cecily."

"You knew her mother, Tante?"

"Well, my child. She was a widow, with this little girl. She did what she thought wise. She had never been a servant, but she became one for her child. She had never known anything but the city, and for her child's sake she went to ——"

"To ——"

"To slavery, Cecily—to hell. For it was hell!"

She falls silent and I dare not press her further.

Tante and I often go in the long afternoons to the cemetery. I love the silence under the eucalyptus trees in the windbreak, and the sweet, dry smell in the air. The tall, straight trunks of the trees are very white where the long curls of bark have peeled away, and the ground is deep with crescent leaves. Looking backward, between the trees, and along the little path up which we have come, we see our land-locked bay, with white spray breaking high in the air at the ocean's mouth a mile below, and the quick, chuckling waves on our own dark sands flinging little pebbles tirelessly about.

There is not another house in sight in all the bare, brown curves of the hills, not another roof except the dark, flat roof of Wastewater Hall.

Sometimes, in the hazy, dreamy quiet of the cemetery, Tante and I talk together—of my grandfather, and of Thomas, and of Mary. These she knew, and Robert and Isabelle. Best of all, she likes to talk of Louisette.

"You always call her 'Poor child!' Tante."

"Ah, well, yes; she was a woman of course. But always a child to me, Cecily."

"She was a lady," I persist. "Twenty-one!"

"She was a woman—poor Louisette! So proud—so innocent—so loving!"

"Would she be thirty-five now, Tante?"

She stares at me.

"How do you know that?"

"Because—it was the same year that Thomas and Mary died, Philip says."

"Never mind!"

Tante falls to musing. The leaves of the eucalpytus click and are silent; below us the little waves lip the beach. The big windmill near Wastewater Hall creaks and creaks in the long, hot afternoon; water splashes from the brimming tank.

"Louisette loved the baby, didn't she?" I asked one day.

Tante walked away from me—we had both been standing—to the old wall. When she came back she said she had heard a voice calling; but it was only a gull. I asked her again.

"What baby, my child?" she asked in French; for she sometimes speaks only French.

"I don't know," I had to answer sadly. "But—but you remember the awful night—the night grandmother ——"

She nodded, watching me.

"But you were in bed, Cecily."

"At first. And then I heard you, and then Philip, and I crept out into the hall. She called to you something about Louisette's baby, and Philip said: 'Hush!' Don't you remember?"

No, she did not remember.

"But this was only a week or two ago, Tante."

No matter; it was forgotten. She sat down as if she were suddenly tired.

"Your grandmother was a great beauty and a great belle," she said to me after a while. "But cold, Cecily—hard! She would not be broken. Break easily, my little girl, when your time comes; for come it must. Even as a girl she was cruel to her slaves, cruel to her own nearest ones. She loved passionately, was married, was widowed at twenty-two. She loved again, jealously, madly. She loved poor little Robert here," said Tante, laying her hand on the little grave; "but she whipped him to death. And she stood trial for that, Cecily, before a court room full of cold men. She was acquitted—yes, but not by us who knew her: then or ever.

"Poor little Robert! He would be thirty-eight now, and his sister Isabelle thirty-four, for she was born only a few weeks after Robert died. Ah, well! Time passes, thank God! Thomas would be past forty, and Mary too. And Philip is thirty-seven. All such beautiful, fair children—and Louisette the loveliest of them all, for all she was so dark. And they all loved me, Cecily, though I could do nothing for them, only—only go to my old age, keeping one bargain for the sake of my own!"

Again she fell silent, and we watched a rabbit move cautiously between the graves—nearer and nearer us every second, yet he was constantly and timidly glancing backward, where we were not. "Yes—yes—yes!" she said musingly after a while, beating gently on my hand. "So much I saved out of the wreck. A bargain and a promise."

"Mary was drowned in the Pool, Tante?"

"Yes."

"And Louisette?"

"Yes."

On the left side of Wastewater Hall, as you face it from the shore, a sharp cañon cuts down through the hills. In the tangle of low-growing bay and manzanita trees that choke it a spring rises, and from it a stream runs down to form a wide pool just above the marsh below.

"She Pretends She is Tied to Her Chair, But Sometimes She Walks in the Night!"

At each side the banks, tangled with undergrowth, rise steeply. The water is as black as a shadowed mirror and on its surface a fine dust always floats. Under the roots of the trees it has eaten away shelving holes, where it goes lurking in, nobody knows how far. How long might one struggle and choke in that darkness, I wonder, if one slipped from the bank, clutching in vain at the branches that broke and the honeycombed earth that gave way?

There is no visible outlet to the Pool, but against the natural dam of stones and earth that holds the waters back there is always a hideous churning and sucking. Nothing flung into the pool ever comes to the surface or floats to shore. Whatever goes out of sight under that black water comes ashore in the sluggish shallows of the marshy stream below. Some strange, hideous channel is there, at whose hungry mouth the dead leaves and twigs struggle and fight as they are sucked down. They are still enough when one finds them later, washing idly out among the rushes.

I often climb up to the Pool and sit on the rocks near the dam. Somehow I like to watch the thick, heavy water that is drawn, whether it will or no, into that dark confusion underneath; to watch the gay little twigs drift nearer and nearer, and be caught and twitched and gulped into the smothering blackness. I think of Mary and of Louisette.

Mary came here to the Pool first. They said afterward that she had been sad and silent for many days. Mary and Thomas had been married for ten years and there was no child. She stood here for a long time by the water and then flung herself into its black arms.

If she had waited —— For I must have been born before that very year was out—that is, if I was born at Wastewater.

Louisette came later, and of that Martin once told me. It was in the night that she came; but the sun was rising before they found her, drifting with the rising tide, to and fro against the marsh grasses.

Martin told me about it on an April day not long ago, when the wind was blowing, and my skirts rattling, and whitecaps racing across the bay. He was fencing off a bit of sand that was newly quick, for fear some young calf might stray down to it and be lost. We could see the shallow water moving and folding over it like hungry lips while he worked.

"It was here or hereabouts she lay," he said, "with one arm flung across her eyes as if she were ashamed like. The water was wooshin' her to and fro. I carried her up; and I saw Tom Venable's face when we took her in. Six months after the other, do you mind; and all for him, who wouldn't have hurt a hair of their heads if the Madam hadn't been at her work!

"The Madam wouldn't let her lie 'neath the roof—the poor dearie! So 'twas out under the moon in the garden she lay that night. And Phil laid aside his crutch and helped his brother and me dig her a bed; there was small talk between the three of us that night. Ah, well! It was years ago. But we had no sooner flung in the first of the earth the next day when we heard Tom's pistol, and he crashed past us into the open grave. And Madam sitting by the fire when we went back!

"Brides' Pool!" shouted old Martin through the wind. "I don't know who first called it that, for there were Venables here two hundred years ago. But this road isn't closed yet, while your grandmother lives. There are others who may take it."

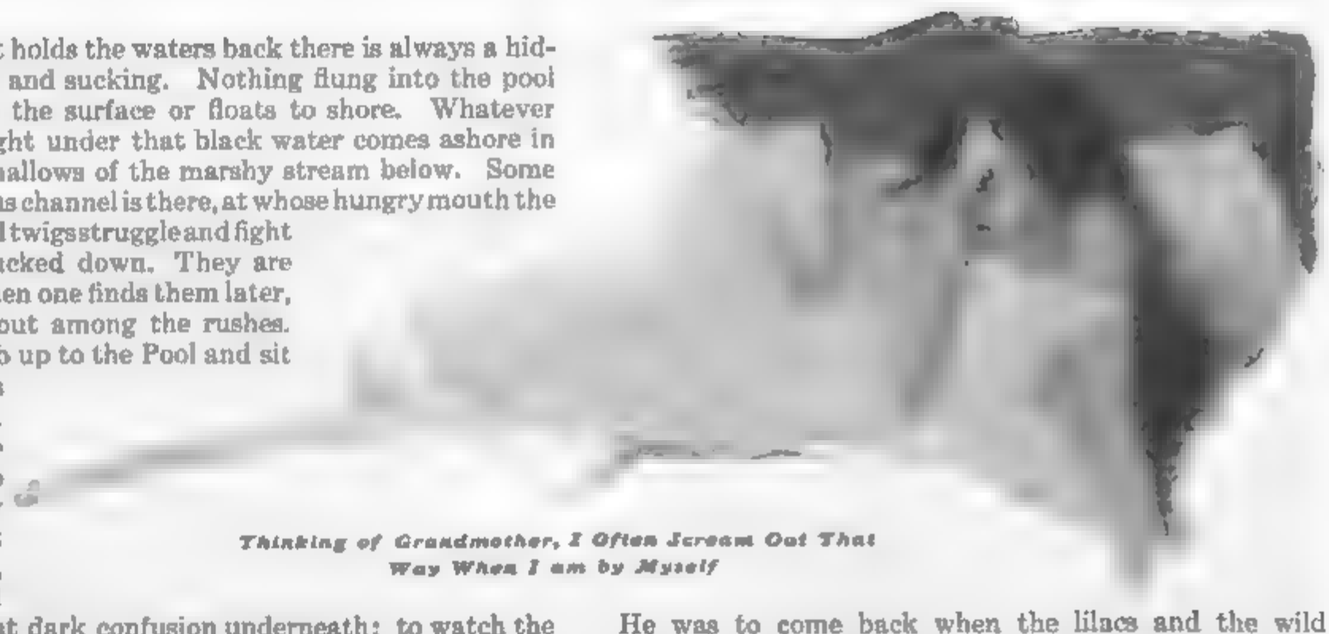
"Who, Martin?" I called.

"Aye, who, to be sure?" he shouted back; and the wind went screaming up into the air with the words, until it seemed as if the gulls wheeling about us, and the breakers flinging themselves into spray at the harbor's mouth, and the creaking windmill with its slapping water, were all echoing him: "Who? Who? Who?"

Martin, driving across the hills to get Philip, has come back without him, and with the strangest news that ever came to Wastewater in my time.

I had climbed a mile of the road to meet the surrey, in the hot afternoon, and when I saw that Martin was all alone I began to tremble very much. Philip must be gone sometimes, of course; but even the sinking loneliness of having him go is not so bad as these shaking last moments before he comes back. It seems to me, as the time draws near for the surrey to return, that all the menacing dangers of this dark big house are closing in about me, and that it will some day be Philip's destiny to reach Wastewater just a moment—just a second too late! Instead of running to meet him, where will his Cecily be that day, I wonder?

It frightens me so—I can't think of living at all without Philip, for he has always been my friend; and even when he is not here I know that he will come some day. Quiet as he is, and silent and thoughtful, yet Philip always can speak for me; and in the old days, when I was only a baby, he lived here all the time, and we walked and talked and had all our meals together. And then, three years ago, he went to the city to see all the big city doctors about his bad leg. Oh, Philip, those first days after you left!



Thinking of Grandmother, I Often Scream Out That Way When I am by Myself

He was to come back when the lilacs and the wild flowers and the buttercups were here, but when that time came he only visited us; he was to stay in the city and learn to be a doctor himself. They told him that he would become a great doctor.

I know my grandmother was unwilling; for he had always been here, and for some reason she wants the Venables to live nowhere but at Wastewater. But he went, nevertheless, and since then he comes only now and then to see us.

And to-day he did not come! Long before the surrey reached me I hid myself in a tangle of dry brakes and manzanita by the roadside and let Martin go by. I sat there for a long while, staring down at the harsh glitter of the sea, and the bold sunlight burning down on the brown grass and trees.

Tante met me when I went in at the side door. She was waiting in the big, square, yellow-painted hallway, that always smells of apples and dust and rotting woodwork. We went into one of the big, unused front rooms, close and hot in the late afternoon. Sunlight battled at the shaded windows and lay in bright streaks, swimming with motes, on the old scrolls and roses of the carpet. A fly buzzed and buzzed somewhere above us.

She told me that Philip had fallen in love with a beautiful lady, the doctor's daughter, and that he wanted to marry her.

We stared at each other. The fly buzzed almost with a sound of talking.

"Married?" I said, wetting my lips.

"He—yes, he wants to be," she answered in a low voice. And I thought her tone was anxious as she added: "Why not?"

I jerked my head upward, backward.

"Yes, of course—your grandmother," she said, with pauses between the words. "You—you see it of course. But what could she do?"

"What has she done? What could she ever do?" I asked.

Tante flung out her arms with a sort of gasp. She turned and walked to the window. When she came back her face was very pale.

"She pretends she cannot walk," I said, beginning to feel frightened. "But she can walk!" I had been trying to say it for many months.

For answer she only stared at me with sick and miserable eyes.

"She pretends that she is tied to her chair," I said, trembling. "But sometimes she walks in the night! I think she must have gone to Mary's room, and Louisette's room, in the night. She has opened Philip's door—she has come to my bed!"

"But—but not often?" Tante whispered, moving her mouth as if it was dry.

"No. But even once makes one—so afraid!" I said. "After the first time, whenever the curtain sways, and when the moonlight comes in and lies on the floor ——"

"I know—I know!" she said hurriedly. "She is—she is ——" Her whisper sank to nothing. "But God will judge her some day, and all of us!" she said softly. "And meantime you and I must try to save Philip's wife what we can. For your sake and mine, if not for his own, he must not break with her."

She became silent, sitting now with one arm about my waist and her eyes fixed on space.

"God will judge us all, who have made so many mistakes!" she said as if to herself. "But it all comes back—it all comes back! Mary was the last bride, more than twenty years ago; and Louisette only your age. A child—a child! And Thomas was as good and true as Philip then. What are we coming to now—what are we coming to?"

And, suddenly putting me aside, she rose and walked wildly about again, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"God!" she said under her breath. "Do you think we can endure and endure forever?"

I went over and clung to her. "Can't we—can't we go away, Tante?" I asked, beginning to sob.

"With no money?" she answered, trying in all her distress to smile as she pushed back my hair. "And into that

cruel world where Louisette and I struggled so long? No, no, dear. I am no longer young. No; we will bear it all, and some day it will seem clear to us."

"Why does she hate us all?" I asked in a whisper as she went on stroking my hair and did not speak.

Tante brought her eyes quickly to mine and seemed suddenly to awaken.

"Because she hates herself, my dear," she said composedly, rearranging her lace cuffs and wiping her face with her handkerchief. "Her life is a long memory of seventy years of hate, revenges that came back upon herself, enemies triumphant; youth, power, beauty—all powerless without love! There was a time when she loved; but now nothing is left but thwarted ambitions and mischief - mischief! Well ——"

She said the last word in a clear, brave tone, and began to straighten my frock and hair, as she had her own. She kissed me before I went out into the hot, lonely, glaring sunlight again.

I went up to the Pool and sat looking at the water. A column of the little flies we call midges buzzed over the black surface; the sluggish current had sucked down a dry fern from the bank and was tugging and wrenching at its roots like a living thing. Presently the earth gave way and the fern drifted out toward the dusty surface of the Pool's center, resisting no more. No need for hurry now; the water toyed with it idly, only pushing it always a little nearer—and a little nearer!—the chuckling whirlpool at the dam. My heart rose in my throat as I watched it. Slowly it was caught and slowly sucked under; and as I got to my feet the bank where I had been sitting sent a little splash of crumbling earth into the Pool.

That evening was long in my grandmother's room. The night, like all our nights, came on coldly as she sat, as always, close to a coal fire. There is a beaded screen between her and the fire, and her feet rest on a tasseled footstool of red rep. I know every tassel on that stool, the dust deep in the tufting, the loosened cloth where here and there a tuft is gone. And if the screen were destroyed to-morrow I believe I could reconstruct it—its frame of peeling black lacquer; its design of beaded roses; brown leaves, green leaves, red and pink roses.

Is there an inch of that whole large, dark room that I do not know? My grandmother's long, mottled red face with its sharp mouth and sharp eyes, the little oily frizzle of gray and black hair under her black lace scarf, the sucking gas jet on a long, green rope that sputters blue-white at her elbow, her crumpled basque of black silk, with beading and lace and plush all crushed together at her lean throat and crippled wrists—these things have been wearily familiar ever since I could remember anything. And familiar is her chair of walnut, ornamented with gold and black lines, upholstered in green and with a tidy pinned behind her head.

There is a scalloped hood of brown plush on the mantel; and on it lie two shells, and two short fat vases with china dahlias on them, and a red plush box with a mirror on top and a gold key in its gold lock. Nobody ever touches these things, unless Tante sometimes dusts them. There are cattails in the vases, sometimes bursting their fat brown sides and sending a little stream of silvery slivers down to the floor.

The room is crowded with things—dark, tremendous, fringed curtains at the windows, enormous wardrobes near the big bed, one big table and many small ones. On the walls are pictures—engravings of little girls in English lanes, or grooms with horses near vine-covered stables. There are bookcases full of heavy leather-covered books, and a hard little sofa in bright brown wood and brown satin. On all the tables are tidies, and lamps, and albums, vases and trays, paper cutters and paper weights of glass and brass and wood, and empty boxes of china and velvet and silver and sandalwood. Grandmother has a great many china statues in her room—little poodles and Dresden shepherdesses, and life-sized heads of Moors and peasant boys, on pedestals.

There is always a dry, warm, sweetish odor of musk and scented powder in this room, with another odor creeping through it—the sharp smell of dust in the creases of old curtains. The fire, burning in little blue flames across a bed of level hot coals, gives out its own peculiar, choking smell; it seems to fill my nose and throat with dry dust. And sometimes, when my grandmother is breakfasting at noon, and the heavy, close air of her room is scented, above all its other scents, with the sweet, rich smell of *café au lait*, it makes me feel quite giddy and sick.

"So we have been crying?" she said.

"I was sorry Philip did not come," I answered.

"And what special reason had you for wanting to see Philip?" she asked.

"Brider' Pool!" Shouted Old Martin Through the Wind. "I Don't Know Who First Called It That"

"Nothing special." I tried to say it naturally and raise my eyes from the fire; but I could feel her smile without seeing it, and it frightened me.

"Come—do you think Philip is worrying about us?" she asked me. "He is not going to care so much about Wastewater now. Why should he?"

Of course it may be true. But I could not speak. I felt as if my heart was breaking.

"Philip puts off his return," my grandmother went on after a while. "And so did Thomas, not so many years ago. He was to come back one day and Mary watched for him—there was something she had to ask him, Cecilie—was there not?" She broke off, turning to Tante.

"I forget," answered Tante, clearing her throat.

"Well," my grandmother said, moving her smiling eyes back to me, "at all events he was late. And Mary came to believe that he did not want to come ——"

"Was made to believe it," Tante said under her breath.

"So that when he did come," said grandmother, "riding down the hill a day or two late, he was welcomed home by the noise of screaming."

I gulped, for my throat was stiff; but I managed to look at her.

"Who was screaming, do you suppose?" she asked after a silence.

I knew, of course. But my mouth was full of salt water. My eyes were on hers now, and from her look I thought that something—something!—might have come out of the shadows to stand behind me.

"Not Mary," she said; "for she was dying in the Pool. Who, then? You are right; it was Louisette." I had not spoken, nor did I speak. She went on: "Mary had gone to meet him, and Louisette had gone to meet him. We don't know that they met—do we, Cecilie?"

"No," said Tante hoarsely.

"Perhaps they did; perhaps not," said grandmother. "But by the time they had taken Mary from the marsh Louisette lay raging in a fever." She fell silent, her eyes upon me. "Let us hope Philip will never come down the hill to hear screaming like that!" she said.

"I hope he will not bring—his wife—Janet—here!" I said.

A moment later I would have given a great deal not to have spoken. She had been trying to make me speak so. Her eyes glittered and she straightened a little in her chair.

"Well! This is interesting. Why not, Cecily?" she said.

"Because ——" I began. I hated myself for talking; I had tried my best not to talk. But there was no stopping now. "Because we are all—so different here," I said.

"We are? Different to what?"

She was watching me with one of her quiet, triumphant looks. I began to feel, as I often do when I am with her, a sort of dreamy, humming confusion in my brain; a sort of vague terror of silence and speech alike.

"To families—in books," I said at last. "He—he ought not to marry. He ought not to bring her here."

"Perhaps you will write him and say so, Cecily," my grandmother suggested. "Tell him that it will break your heart!"

"Madam ——" Tante said in a low voice of agony.

My grandmother turned on her sharply.

"Why should she not, Cecilie? He knows what his absence would mean to the child. He may prefer to marry, to live away from Wastewater on his wife's money—well and good, if she has any! Or he may bring her here. Or he may come to his senses!"

I felt tears coming. Poor Philip, who has never been happy, facing this house and its menacing horrors with his bride!

"What are you both so much afraid of?" asked my grandmother. The clock was striking nine, and Tante and I stood up, but her glance still held us. "Not of me?" she went on, reading my thoughts. "What can I do?"

I was silent. She watched me, smiling.

"If I could walk, now ——" she said. "But I cannot."

Still I stood looking at her, but not speaking.

"Can I?" she said. "Wait a moment, Cecilie; I am asking the child a simple question. Can I, Cecily?"

"You know you can!" I whispered, breathing very hard. She cocked her head on one side; I knew that she was satisfied. "I have seen you," I said.

But she did not answer. I went away with Tante, leaving her there smiling. I curled up with Fuzzy in the very top of my big bed; and before Tante said good night I hooked my arm about her neck and whispered in her ear.

"Before harm comes to Philip or Janet," I said, "I promise you that I will kill her!"

That was two hours ago. The moonlight is still pouring in on my old carpet, and the leaves in the garden are clicking and rustling, blown about by a bright, rough wind. Water slishes down in spatters from the mill. I am watching the hall door. The big cuckoo clock in the hall downstairs has struck ten, and eleven, and twelve ——

It has come! Somehow I know that I have been waiting all my life for this. She has come here as Mary and Louisette came—as I came. Janet, I mean, of course. She came with Philip yesterday.

There was a storm blowing up; it was cold and bleak out of doors. The tide was very high—over the marshes,

(Continued on Page 58

PRACTICAL RELIEF WORK

A Business Letter to the American Woman—By Will Irwin

HALF the women of America with any leisure are taking some part in the relief of Europe, and mainly France and Belgium. That is our share in the great war. However, a great many of the women with whom I talked before I returned to Europe seemed a little hazy in their ideas of what people really want and need; they were working largely in the dark.

There are hundreds of organizations formed to relieve some general and special distress of the soldiers or the civilians; and some of the information which the American woman gets is very contradictory. One organization tells of the suffering of the soldiers for lack of medical supplies. What they need is gauze and bandages. Another tells her to forget the soldiers—the governments are attending to them; the real need is civilian. One tells of naked babies and freezing old people. She must send her old clothes. Another tells her that not clothing, but food, is the crying want.

"I'd like to help," said a woman to me before I left. "What can I do? Who really needs it most? No one can tell me that."

It is to answer her question and the questions of a million more like her that I write this dull business letter to the American woman. Because they are the only countries whose wants I thoroughly understand, I must confine myself to Belgium and France. However, those are precisely the two countries which most hold the sympathies of Americans, and which will, until the end, receive the greater part of our charity—if we must call it so.

The Belgian situation, though more distressing than the French, is infinitely simpler; so let me get that out of the way first. Belgium, which at no time produced more than a small proportion of her own food supply, is wholly dependent for sustenance upon the supplies brought in by the neutral—and practically American—Commission for Relief in Belgium. At last accounts this relief body, which for magnitude and efficiency is without precedent, was expending about ten million dollars a month and had sixty ships running under charter. It supplies not only Belgium but Northern France; it is the sole support of nine million people. The Germans have pledged themselves not to take any food out of Belgium while the commission continues its work, and about sixty American agents of the commission are in Belgium for the purpose of guaranteeing to the allied governments that the pledge is kept.

No Secondhand Clothes for Belgium

THIS is not all strictly charity. Herbert C. Hoover, the chairman and moving spirit of the commission, made arrangements some time ago whereby Belgian property could be hypothecated for funds outside the country. So all who have property may pay for their own support. But there remain about three million factory operatives, or families depending upon factory operatives. These have to be fed by charity; and the whole world, both belligerent and neutral, has been giving for this purpose. Though the commission is an American institution, though the personnel is American, the United States has done far less a head for Belgium than Great Britain and her colonies, which are enduring the strain of a war.

If you want to help feed Belgium send money or simple primitive foodstuffs, such as flour, wheat and bacon. Never make the mistake of sending breakfast foods or corn meal to Continental Europe. People over here do not recognize such substances as food. Early in the game someone gave half a cargo of prepared breakfast foods to the commission. These goods were hawked all over Belgium unconsumed. They landed finally at Antwerp, where Eddie Hunt, in charge for the commission, hatched a brilliant idea. He formed cooking classes in which Belgian housewives were taught to prepare breakfast foods. So he crammed breakfast foods down the throats of the Belgians.

Last winter the need for clothing became acute. No raw materials have been allowed to enter Belgium since the war began. So there has been no weaving, and the stocks are exhausted. The people are literally in rags. In relieving this need please remember that the commission cannot send secondhand clothing, no matter how good, into Belgium. Such goods, in their passage via Great Britain, Holland and the Belgian border, have to be unloaded and fumigated three times. That usually finishes them as garments; and the cost of the handling eats up all the value they may have.

Send new clothes, no matter how cheap or unfashionable. Indeed, the commission rather prefers unmade goods of any kind to finished clothing, so they may give work to millions of idle women. Remnants and other unsalable materials are just as good as anything else. Shoes are needed badly. One can scarcely go amiss if she sends new clothing or materials to Belgium. Contrary to an impression current in some parts of the United States, the needs of Belgium are not relieved. The want is probably greater than ever.

The commission has special shipping arrangements, by which any goods contributed for Belgian relief travel straight from the home city of the giver to the home of the Belgian without further trouble and expense than depositing the package. Notices setting forth directions for shipping are supposed to be posted in every post office and express office in the United States. If you do not find such a notice in your home office, write to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, Equitable Building, New York. It will send full shipping directions. So much for Belgium.

The French situation is more complex. The American Relief Clearing House, 3, Rue François Premier, Paris, plays some such part in French relief as the commission does in Belgian relief. As its name implies, it is a kind of pipe line for the supplies and funds sent to a score of different organizations, to fifty different hospitals, and for a hundred different purposes. It does not itself engage directly in relief work. It does see that relief sent for any special purpose gets into the right hands. Like the "C. R. B." in Belgium, it is officially recognized. Goods consigned to it enter France duty free.

The relief work in France may always be divided into two classes: Assistance for wounded soldiers, the true Red Cross work; and assistance for civilians, including wives and families of men on the line, widows and orphans, refugees and mutilated men who are trying to rehabilitate themselves. You will give to one cause or the other, according to temperament, doubtless; but it is always well to remember that in the opinion of the best judges civilian relief is probably a little more badly needed just now than military relief.

First, the military relief. Everyone started work for France and Belgium with the blithe certainty that this was going to be a short war. Myself, I remember the meeting in London when the representatives of the Belgian people asked Hoover and other men of large interests to drop business for a winter and start the commission

"Well," said these cheerful Americans, "it's only a winter. We can probably stick that out."

But that winter stretched out into another, worse than the first; and just now it looks like still another. Nevertheless, they had taken up the work; and they could not with honor abandon it. The same thing happened with a score of "small unit" Red Cross hospitals founded by Americans in the early days of the war excitement. They were started; they were incorporated into the French hospital system.

They had enough funds at first; but the war dragged on and patrons or donors began to lose interest. Nevertheless, these hospitals could not give up the fight without unduly embarrassing the French Medical Corps and incurring the reproach of having shouldered the wheel and turned back. If you are interested in military relief you cannot go far wrong in giving either money or supplies to these hospitals.

Ready money always comes in handy, of course. However, there are certain instances where it is better to send supplies than money. Cloth and all cloth-made articles are expensive in Europe just now. Since they are usually imported, the purchaser must pay the tariff charges. As I have shown, goods bought at home and sent through the clearing house enter duty free.

Most of all, perhaps, the wounded soldiers are in need of woolen undershirts. The French hospital service, which figures everything with true French economy, has perhaps figured a little too closely on this item. A man wounded at the line gets his first thorough attention at what the British Medical Corps calls a Casualty Clearing Station. Theoretically, when they come to move him they dress him in a clean undershirt, taken off a man brought in the day before, and washed in the meantime. Practically few undershirts survive as shirts after the wounded men wear them in the clearing houses. The shell wound has torn them to pieces; the doctors have had to cut them off in order to get at the wound; they are too badly soaked with blood, vermin-infested, infected, ever to be reclaimed. In the rush of wounded after such an action as the Verdun Battle, many soldiers just barely alive have to be sent to the base hospitals wrapped only in blankets, because of the lack of shirts.

Keep on Knitting for the Soldiers

SUMMER is coming on, but remember that summer evenings are cool in this part of the world; people who know how to take care of themselves do not wear our American summer underwear in Europe. Moreover, a wounded man always needs warmer clothing than a well man. Send for the summer campaign medium-weight woolen mixtures, and for the winter campaign as heavy a weight as you wish.

I used to wonder whether our women were not rather overdoing the business of knitting stockings for soldiers. I find here that the demand is still far greater than the supply. A four-day turn in the trenches, and a man's socks are gone beyond repair. Seldom if ever does a wounded man come in wearing a pair of socks that justify mending.

Every consignment arriving at the American Clearing House of late has been snapped up at once, and there are large orders waiting to be filled. So if you have started to knit, keep on. And, since summer is coming, knit socks, stout woolen socks, rather than mufflers. If you have no time to knit send the yarn. That will give some Frenchwoman who needs employment work in the *ouvroirs*.

"The surprising thing about the work," said a director of the clearing house, "is that our American women have made so few mistakes. It is a credit not only to their hearts but to their efficiency. But they go wrong now and then. Probably they have gone farthest wrong in the matter of bed linen. They are better educated now; but some of the stuff we got in the beginning was of no more use than a sick headache."

The hospitals fairly eat up blankets and bed linen. Here, also, the demand is greater than the supply. The great mistake, in a general way, has been in sending stuff that was at once too expensive and too frail. Do not send real linen or bleached cotton. The extra expense is money wasted. Sheets and pillowcases should be of unbleached cotton, and the stouter the better.

Another common mistake has been to send these necessities in American sizes, so that they do not fit. The European sheet is longer than ours. The French pillow is square—never oblong. Consignments of thousands of pillowcases made for our oblong American pillow have had to be made over before they could be used. The standard sheet for hospital use is three meters by 1.60 meters. The standard pillow is exactly square and measures seventy-two centimeters each way. Reduce these figures into feet and inches for yourself. I should get it wrong.

Of course in the small and struggling hospitals I have mentioned there is a steady demand for lint and bandages. All France—all Europe, for that matter—is economizing on surgical gauze. It goes without saying that a wad of old gauze taken off from the ordinary wound is a dreadful mess. Once they burned this stuff. Now they wash it, sterilize it, pick it, and use it again and again. Some of our women have been sending gauze already sterilized and in antiseptic packages. That is a waste of money. In the process of handling here it has all to be sterilized again. When it comes to bandage making you would do best to communicate with the American Red Cross, which can be reached in Washington if you know no better address. They issue bulletins giving exact directions.

Two eminent American surgeons want attention called to the need for surgical gowns, such as operators and attendants wear in the operating room, and rubber gloves. In the matter of rubber gloves we have gone a little wrong, forgetting, among other things, that the American hand is the smallest in the world. The thin skin-tight rubber glove commonly used at home is of no use to the French surgeon. They use the *gant de Chaput*, which is of thick, heavy rubber and of large size. An American surgeon would not know how to work in such a cumbersome glove, but the French are used to it.

On the other hand, the French surgeon pokes his fingers through our thin glove. However, a supply of these thin gloves is needed for the women who handle secondhand lint and gauze. Remembering that most of this work is done by French workingwomen, send no size smaller than eight—and eight and a half is even better.

The French have always been great instrument makers, and most of the expert workmen in this craft have been excused from service on the line in order to keep up the supply. So, if you are a physician or a nurse, or a physician's wife, and wish to help your confreres with tools, send the money rather than the goods.

Finally—and here is a pleasant job for the American woman—the hospitals, and the civilian population as well, need bedquilts, as many as you can send. If you turn your sewing circle or your reading class into a quilting bee you will make no mistake.

Remember, however, to omit the fancywork, and make them as durable as you can.

Crutches always come in handy. However, these can perhaps be bought here—provided you send the money. There is need, however, for crutch pads, and especially for those rubber tips which keep the lame man from slipping and which wear out so fast.

The Three Most Pressing Needs To-Day

BRIEFLY these are the main present necessities in the work of military relief—these and ready money. A hospital cannot be kept running on transatlantic supplies alone. There are hundreds of items that must be met with ready cash.

The civilian population needs clothing. Unlike Belgium, France is still welcoming secondhand clothes. Ocean transport is getting more crowded, however, as was proved by the recent French limitation on the import of paper and other bulky commodities. There may yet be an embargo on secondhand clothes. Early in the game some people—as usual—sent old ball gowns, evening slippers, and the like. That happens no more, but there is still room for improvement.

Do not send anything that is very badly worn. It does not pay for the handling. Usually women's clothes arrive in better condition than men's. The American woman throws away an unfashionable dress while it is still in good condition. The American man wears his suit until it is really shabby. We are concerned mainly with clothing the working people or peasants. Workaday clothes are wanted most. American overalls and jumpers are in great demand.

The civilians, like the soldiers, need socks and stockings; so keep on knitting. Here, again, give nothing but substantial goods. Anticipating summer, certain Americans have been sending over the thin summer hosiery that we use at home. A peasant pokes his toes through them the first day. Anyone who has much walking or running to do never, if he is wise, wears light hose—as witness our tennis players. The ideal stocking for French and Belgian relief should be knitted from such yarn as we use for golf stockings.

Shoes—or, rather, brogans—are a crying need. Part of the peasantry wore wooden shoes before the war; but wooden shoemaking is a special trade and the men of this craft are mobilized. Send only the heaviest and most substantial shoes, whether for men, women or children; and send them in large sizes. These are peasants whom we are helping; and the peasant, owing to the habit of wearing loose wooden shoes, is big-footed. Most of the ordinary ladies' walking boots that have arrived recently from America are far too frail. We manufacture in the United States a woman's brogan for the export trade. It is seldom seen on the foot at home, but it is what they want here.

Clothing and boots for children are, of course, in as great demand as those for elders. But in clothing; for all ages and sexes, follow one rule: Do not send anything that is not substantial—service before looks. In the item of women's and children's underwear, for example, send coarse unbleached cotton goods.

If you can, supplement your gifts of materials with gifts of money. Certain articles worn here by women and children cannot be bought in America, where we have different customs.

Foodstuffs are not imported into France at present. If you wish to help out the people who are feeding the Belgian, Northern French, Serbian and Rumanian refugees, and who are keeping up canteens for the artists of Paris, you must send money.

I asked a man who perhaps knows more about relief work than any other American in France what he considered the most pressing needs at present.

"First," he answered, "relief for people just a shade above the working class, whose pride keeps them from seeking relief—personal help. Second, care for the mutilated, so that their lives may not be ruined—the armless and legless men; the blind and the consumptives. Third, some general organization for supplying artificial limbs."

Others have talked to the same effect. Let us take these items in order.

Civilian relief, both native and foreign, has put forth its strongest effort with the working class and the poor. That effort must be maintained until the end of the war. The class just above them in the financial scale is suffering also. Businesses have quit completely; stock investments have gone down to nothing; salaries have stopped.

These people are usually too proud—pride is almost a vice with the bourgeois French—to ask for public aid. You may be absolutely democratic and say that these people should ask if working people have to ask. You may be a little more human and make allowances for pride. That is a matter of temperament. And very often a sum as small as a hundred francs may get a peasant woman the tools she needs for her crop; may give the shopkeeper a start toward rehabilitation.

Money alone helps here, and it must be distributed by someone who has contact with the French. If sent to the American Relief Clearing House for this purpose it will get into the right hands. The American Church, 23, Avenue de l'Alma, Paris, does some of this work, and does it intelligently. Also, if you are a Catholic and prefer to give through your coreligionists, remember that money intrusted to those old village curés, who are covering from three to eight parishes because the younger priests are mobilized, will not be wasted.

This need strikes me as a little less urgent than the second one mentioned by my informant. In helping the armless and legless and blind to learn new trades we are helping the future. We are rehabilitating not only the man but the people. Still better do we help if we care for those consumptives whose disease has been brought on by hard trench conditions.

Tuberculosis, as everyone must know, cannot be cured by drugs. It is a matter of special sanitary conditions. All over the mountainous regions of France lie resorts like our Adirondack or Colorado sanitariums, where they cure tuberculosis. Of course it can be cured; of that the present chronicler is a living witness. In doing this work we are not only saving men for themselves, we are saving them for the future of France—husbands and fathers. But those who have taken up the tuberculosis problem are very short of funds.

Will not the hundred thousand ex-consumptives at home combine to do something?

Supplementing the Little French Stocking

SINCE their last war the French have never felt much need for artificial limbs. There are few if any grade crossings on French railroads, train wrecks are uncommon, industrial machinery is guarded, and the French are a careful people. To say that they had only three or four little artificial-limb factories, while we are the greatest makers and users of this commodity in the world, is to bring a special indictment against us. Those little factories cannot begin to meet the demand. Also, most of the mutilated are poor, and artificial limbs are expensive. They always have to be fitted. Just now a few people, with a little money to spare for the purpose, are having measurements and photographs taken here in France and sending the orders to America. This takes a long time; and these philanthropists do not reach one case in five hundred.

"Why doesn't some rich man or some rich organization give half a million dollars to put the arms and legs back on France?" asked my informant. "We could take measurements here, arrange a code, and telegraph the orders across the Atlantic. The difference between a one-legged man and a man with an artificial leg is often the difference between a man degenerating for lack of employment and a self-respecting worker. The sooner it is done, the better; and the necessity will not stop with the war." I pass this view along, indorsing it.

Sending supplies to France is as simple as sending them to Belgium—when you know how! If you are not in touch with any relief organization ship your gifts to the American Relief Clearing House, 133 Charlton Street, New York. Put on the outside of the package not only the address but the organization or the purpose for which it is intended.

A letter of advice will not hurt. This method saves money to the cause, because the clearing house alone can get in relief supplies free of freight and tariff duties. The same rule applies to ready cash—send it to the New York office of the clearing house, with a letter stating clearly the purpose of the gift.

Finally, don't quit! As Winston Churchill said, things will probably get worse before they get any better. Want increases as the hoards in the "little French stocking" give out.

Still more finally—because I have given so much space to France—do not forget the three million operatives of Belgium who, because Belgium dared to be herself, are solely dependent on the outside world for food and clothing.

THE DESK JOB

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SO, AFTER deep thought," rumbled Mr. Achilles K. Munn, owner of the Morning Oracle, "you have been selected—ah—to fill Mr. Knight's shoes. You will, thurfore"—Mr. Munn had the exhorter's trick of pronouncing it just like that—"you will, thurfore, be prepared to enter upon your new duties—ah—at the end of the week."

Mr. Munn paused, and the fat folds of his face arranged themselves into the oily ensemble that passed for his smile. He rubbed his moist palms gently together and waited for the first broken words of thanks from this faithful servant and city editor-elect—waited for some time, in fact.

Dave Holland was staring into the bowl of his pipe, and by the expression on his face no man could have guessed that he had just received news of his elevation to a high place in journalism. He had more the look of a man who nurses a secret sorrow—a gumboil say, or a soft corn.

Mr. Munn, eying Holland narrowly, became aware of this and was displeased; when the owner of the Oracle surprised himself in the act of doing what he believed to be a kindly thing he expected to be thanked for it.

It might be just as well to inform this unappreciative person that there were other and better city editors to be had. Mr. Munn cleared his throat and began to rumble again.

"We—ah—considered other men for the place," said he pompously. "Experienced and clever men from Chicago—and the East."

Dave Holland spoke without removing his eyes from the bowl of his pipe.

"Then why did you wish it on me?" he asked.

The directness of the question confused Mr. Munn, who saw at once that Holland did not believe the fable about the experienced men from Chicago and the East.

"Why?" repeated Holland.

"We selected you—ah—from a number because we—ah—we felt that your long and faithful service entitled you to—ah—recognition. And, of course, your familiarity with the city and its—ah—news sources——"

Dave Holland came out of his brown study with a jerk. He nodded and rose to his feet.

"Let it go at that!" said he. "I'll have to hustle to break Johnson in on politics by the end of the week."

Mr. Achilles K. Munn stared at the retreating form of his city editor-to-be and wagged his pendulous jowls in a fair imitation of the deep thought he had mentioned. Like most men who have little of value in their speech, Mr. Munn dearly loved an earnest listener—someone to snatch eagerly at the smooth coppers of his conversation. In a vague way he felt—and most of Mr. Munn's mental impressions were apt to be vague—that Holland's manner had been lacking in grateful appreciation. Then he remembered that Holland had accepted the offer and named his own successor as political reporter in two short sentences. Brevity in others was recognized by the owner of the Oracle as one of the great virtues.

"He's all business," thought Mr. Munn, drumming on the desk with his fat fingers. "All business and no fooling. He'll make 'em tend to their knitting, or I miss my guess."

He rose and waddled heavily into the office of the managing editor, who was less a managing editor than a general overseer of the entire plant, upstairs and down. The managing editor was there simply and solely to make the paper pay.

"Well, Hazzard," wheezed Mr. Munn, divesting himself of his ponderous manner and oratorical effects, as befits a man in the presence of one who knows all about him, "he didn't say much, but he took holt like a major! . . . We'll both have to watch his payroll mighty close for a while. It won't do to let him run away with the idee that the only way to set a trap for news is to bait it with a thousand-dollar bill. A new broom sweeps clean; but a new man"—and here Mr. Munn sighed deeply—"a new man is liable to spend a pile of money."

Hazzard shook his head.

"Not Dave," said he. "Needn't be afraid of him wasting any money. He's been on this paper too long for that."

Out in the city room Dave Holland stared at his old typewriter and ran his fingers through his thinning hair. It seemed to him that he had indeed been on the Morning Oracle too long for many things.

"Listen to Me, Son. I Know You and I Know the Breed That Produced You"

"I dodged it for twenty years," said he to himself, "but it got me at last—at last!"

II

IF HOLLAND SENIOR could have had his way young David would have stepped into the office of the Holland Manufacturing Company, his high-school diploma still warm in his hand; but David's mother pleaded hard for a college course, and it was during those four years that the ink microbe took possession of the young man, body and soul. David yearned to be literary; worse than that, he let his hair grow a bit long behind the ears and wrote short stories for the college monthly.

With the eye of faith he read his future, typed large on magazine covers, and in this frame of mind he returned home after graduation. David's father was not in the least literary—his reading was confined to the advertising matter of competing houses—and he grew purple in the face explaining exactly why he desired no long-haired, quill-driving geniuses on the premises.

"Damned nonsense, Davy!" he growled. "I've been counting on you coming into the business with me."

"And you'll chain me to a desk for the rest of my life!" said the youth ungraciously.

"Chained to a desk, eh?" repeated Holland Senior. "Listen to me, son. I know you and I know the breed that produced you. It never turned out an inkslinger or an oil painter yet, but it runs strong to solid business men. Chained to a desk? Why, that's all you'll ever be good for, my son; and I'm in a position to chain you to a big one. Run away from it, if you're that much of a fool, but remember this: Here, or somewhere else, you'll wind up at a desk in the end! I know the breed."

If every son had agreed with his father the present history of the world would need revising. David packed his trunk and started West to grow up with a newspaper and study human nature. He had heard that journalism offered the best possible training for a youth intent on a literary career; so, while he chased photographs at twelve dollars a week, he devoured the published works of Poe, De Maupassant and Kipling, but principally the latter. Perhaps the only impress the living master left on David's early style was the trick of beginning every other sentence with the word "Also."

About this time another great man began to grind his impress into the young man's literary efforts. His name was Peter Kelly and he was a roughnecked city editor of the old school.

"Facts, me boy; facts!" said he to David. "When I send you out to ask a man a question I want the answer to that question, and nothing less. Nothing more either. I don't care what kind of pants the man had on, if any, or whether he pulled 'em up over the knees when he sat down. Never mind saying that he met the reporter with a bright smile and a warm handclasp. The—thing—I—want—is—the—answer—to—the—question! Get that through your head. The rest is all flapdoodle and hogwash; and if you want to write it, put it in fiction and sell it to a magazine. Facts, bare facts—that's what we want here, young man; and you'll never slide anything else past this desk, so you might as well hang up your fiddle and saw wood."

Thus, with a sharp tongue and a blunt blue pencil, this aged guardian of the news columns blighted budding genius and discouraged ambition; but by keeping everlastingly at it Peter Kelly made a routine reporter out of Dave Holland, and a good one. Every flight of fancy, every neat simile, every line of tall writing, was mercilessly chopped out of his copy; and in the end he learned to write facts, facts, facts.

When he joined the staff of the Oracle he was a seasoned man, with a reputation for getting all the news and presenting it in few words. He covered hotel arrivals so faithfully that he was promoted to the City Hall. He begged hard for a chance at the police detail—that rich field of human-interest stories—but Joe Knight shook his head obstinately.

"Police ain't in your line, Dave," said he. "That's a job for a feature man; and you'd make it read like a copy of a census report. You're the most dependable newsgetter on the staff, and you're worth more to the paper where you are."

Dave groaned and worked his way through the City Hall to the Courthouse; and was later rewarded with a beat in the uptown business section, where he walked miles and gathered dry columns dealing with improvements and real-estate transactions. He reached the top of the treadmill when he became the political reporter of the Oracle, at the magnificent salary of forty-five dollars a week. There he remained until Joe Knight decided to retire.

Naturally a quiet man, Dave said nothing about the neatly typewritten manuscripts in the top tray of his trunk, some of which had covered more miles than Marco Polo and made more flights than a prize carrier pigeon—with the same homing instinct. City editors would not accept him as a human-interest star; magazine editors would have none of his fiction. The end of his literary ambition was a desk job, driving other men to collect facts, facts, facts.

Dave Holland stared at his old typewriter, the battered relic to which he had confided the secrets of many years.

"I guess I won't have much use for you now," said he. Then, as an afterthought: "The old man called the turn; he said I couldn't run away from a desk job. It's all I'm good for."

III

ONE day a thin, tired-looking little man presented himself at Holland's desk.

"Any chance of a job?" he asked.

"Nope; full up," replied Dave. Then he glanced at the applicant and saw enough to cause him to add a kind postscript to the curt statement of fact. "I'm sorry," said he, and turned back to his work.

The stranger lingered.

"I've seen your paper," he persisted, with odd fluttering pauses between his words, and choosing short sentences, as if fearful that his breath might not last to a period. "Editorial page is too heavy. Needs brightening up. You can use me."

"If you can write like George B. Kinkaid, of the Chicago Saber, I'll talk to you on that proposition," said Holland.

"Talk to me, then," panted the tired little man. "Talk to me, because—that's my name."

Dave whirled in his seat.

"You don't say so! Boy! Bring a chair for this gentleman! . . . Well, well! And you're George B. Kinkaid, eh?"

"All that's left of him. Had to leave Chicago. Too damp for me." He tapped himself on the chest and Dave

nodded sympathetically. "Doctors thought I might do better out here."

"You've come to the right place," said Dave. "This climate works wonders for people in your fix."

Kinkaid shook his head wearily.

"If you get here soon enough," said he. "I'm awfully weak. Can't handle a regular beat ——"

"The man who would put you on one ought to be shot!" exclaimed Dave wrathfully. "Might as well use a Damascus blade to chop kindling with!"

"Thank you," said Kinkaid. "You know my stuff?"

"I've read it for years." Holland found himself on the verge of saying that he had tried to model his own rejected efforts along the same lines. "To my notion it's the best in the country. Every one of those little yarns is a cameo—a gem! And to turn 'em out day after day—I don't see how you do it."

Kinkaid managed a grin, which made him look more like a mummy than ever.

"Put me to work and I'll show you," said he.

Dave Holland came back to earth with a bump. He remembered that he was a city editor on a paper where every dollar did double duty.

"I—I'll have to see the boss about it," said he. "Old Munn is pretty tight-fisted, but maybe I can put it over. I don't know about a straight salary, but he might listen to a space proposition."

"Anything at all," said Kinkaid. "I think I'd like to work for you. . . . Shall I wait?"

Dave Holland hurried into Mr. Munn's private office and found that gentleman elbow-deep in figures.

"You've been wanting something to liven up that editorial page," said he, plunging at once to the heart of the subject, "and here's your chance. George B. Kinkaid is out there, asking for a job."

Mr. Achilles K. Munn lifted his heavy head and grunted.

"Humph! And who is George B. Kinkaid?"

"He's the best feature man in the country, bar none!"

"Then we don't want him," rumbled Mr. Munn, calmly returning to his figures. "The best feature men—ah—come high."

"But he's willing to work on space," cried Dave.

"Your payroll is too large now," objected Mr. Munn. "I -ah—had intended to speak to you about it."

"This Kinkaid is a circulation getter. It's not a question of whether we can afford him, but whether we can afford to have him on an opposition paper."

The owner of the Oracle stroked his jowls and reflected on this angle of the situation.

"Strange," he rumbled, "very strange! The best feature man in the country—out of a job—on the market. . . . Is he—ah—addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants?"

"Lungs," answered Dave briefly.

"Ah!" A crafty glint appeared in the piggy eyes. To Achilles K. Munn an employee's extremity meant an employer's opportunity. "If he's got to live here he'll be willing to—ah—take what he can get. You say he's a good man?"

"He's a Sick Guy, He Is, If You Ast Me"

"The very best. Give him a column on the editorial page and he'll have a following here in no time at all."

"Not a whole column," said Mr. Munn quickly. "Hold him down to half a column a day. A space writer—ah—runs away with a lot of money unless you watch him."

"At eight dollars a column he won't run away with much, Mr. Munn," said Dave.

"See if he won't take less," rumbled Mr. Munn. "Offer him five."

Dave returned to the city room and sat down beside Kinkaid.

"Our space rates here are pretty low for your kind of stuff," said he apologetically. "The very best I can do at present is eight dollars a column. I'm almost ashamed to offer it to you."

Kinkaid lifted his hands in a hopeless gesture.

"I need the money," said he. "A sick man hasn't much choice."

"I'll make things as easy for you as I can," continued Dave. "You won't have to show up here at all unless you want to. Do your work at home and I'll send a boy after your copy."

"That's mighty decent of you."

"Forget it! I feel that I owe you something for the pleasure I've had in reading your little yarns. Keep out in the air as much as you can, drink all the milk your skin will hold—and don't worry."

The next day the first Kinkaid story appeared on the editorial page of the Oracle. It ran to a full column and Achilles K. Munn had the city editor in on the carpet.

"Why didn't you cut it?" demanded the owner.

"Cut it!" exclaimed Dave. "I'd just as soon think of taking the shears to a piece of old lace or chopping a phrase or two out of the Gettysburg Address! Half a dozen people have rung up already to say how much they liked it and to ask for more."

"I liked it myself," admitted Mr. Munn. "It was kind of neat and dainty, and—ah—different; but I didn't like it eight dollars' worth. Tell him not to use so many words. They run into money!"

IV

FOR two weeks Kinkaid's words continued to run into money; and then one day Jimmy, the office boy, returned from his afternoon trip empty-handed.

"Well, where's the stuff?" asked Holland.

"He didn't have none, and he says to tell you he's worse. If it ain't too much trouble he wishes you'd come out and see him."

"Is he in bed?"

"Flat on his back," answered Jimmy, "and coughing his head off. Nickels will git you dimes if you think he's going to pull through. He's a sick guy, he is, if you ast me."

"I didn't ask you, James," said Holland, glancing at the clock.

An extremely methodical person, Dave's routine never varied. From twelve-thirty until two in the afternoon he dealt out assignments. From two until four-thirty he was at liberty, returning to remain until six, when he went to dinner. From seven-thirty until the Oracle went to press was his longest shift.

"Almost dinnertime," he thought. "By grabbing a bite at a dairy lunch I can make it. . . . Now I wonder if that poor devil is broke and depending on his pay check."

The address led Dave to a house in the residence section. An anxious, weary woman answered the bell and silently beckoned the visitor into the parlor, closing the door behind her.

"Are you a friend of this man I've got here?" she asked tartly.

"I am," answered Dave.

"Well, it's time his friends were doing something for him, then. He told me when he came here that he didn't have these bad spells, or I never would have rented the room to him. His everlasting clattering away at that typewriter was bad enough; but now—why, I was up and down with him all last night, and I'm worn out. Of course I want to do what I can for a body in trouble, but when it comes to

"I Don't Know About a Straight Salary, but He Might Listen to a Space Proposition"

turning my house into a hospital, and me into a nurse, that's a little too much of a good thing. And when he came here he told me he never ——"

"How is he now?" interrupted Dave.

"Well, he seems to be a little better; but, laws, you never can tell with this trouble!" The woman returned to her grievance. "I wanted him to see my doctor; but he got up on his ear right away—awfully cranky, he is. You'd think he was paying me a good price for what I'm doing for him, the way he acts. Understand, I'm as kind-hearted as the next one, and I don't want to have to turn this man out into the street; but I've got my own work to do and I can't be saddled with anybody as sick as he is. It ain't in reason. If you're his friend you'll make him see my side of it. He ought to go somewhere else before he gets any worse ——"

"I'll arrange all that," said Dave quietly.

"There now!" exclaimed the woman, beginning to smile. "See what it is to have friends! I declare to goodness, it's a relief to know that somebody is going to look after the poor fellow. He's a right pleasant sort of man when he feels good. Some kind of a writer, ain't he? . . . Now if you'll just follow me ——"

Kinkaid was propped up in bed, a bright spot on each cheek, and his breath coming in hard, dry gasps.

"Didn't expect to see you so soon," he panted with painful pauses between his words. "Awfully good of you to come! Know how busy you are."

"That's all right," said Dave, sitting down beside the bed. "How do you feel now?"

"Bad. Can't seem to get my breath."

"That's the altitude. You won't notice it in a few days. How about going to a little open-air hospital until you feel better?"

A frightened look came into the sick man's eyes and he shook his head.

"I'm better off here," said he.

"Nonsense!" growled Dave. "In this stuffy little room? Fresh air and nursing, that's what you need. If you're thinking about what it'll cost, forget it, and begin to think about getting well. I'll take care of the rest of it."

"But suppose ——"

"Let's not suppose anything, old boy. I'll be out here at ten in the morning with a nice, easy-riding ambulance. You'll like the place you're going to—only a few patients, plenty of sunshine and good nurses. . . . Oh, shut up, will you? I'm running this thing and you're taking orders from me."

"Just one question," panted Kinkaid: "Are you doing this yourself?"

"Not on your life!" was the prompt reply. "The paper is doing it."

Kinkaid sighed and closed his eyes.

"Then go as far as you like," said he. "And tell the boss, whatever his name is, that it's . . . mighty decent of him. Mighty decent!"

(Continued on Page 73)

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

GM

THE operation of the modern hotel is divided into two great fields. One of these, devoted to the purchase, the preparation and the service of the food, is known in its parlance as the back of the house. The other, having to do chiefly with the sale and use of the rooms, is called the front of the house. For simplicity in operation the front usually conducts the accounting and financial requirements of the whole enterprise. This is merely a question of bookkeeping, however. The fact remains that for the past twelve or fifteen years almost the whole problem of the modern hotel was considered to be the problem of the back of the house.

That this was wrong there is now no question; but it was a rather logical condition of affairs. For one thing, the change of hotels from the inefficient American plan to the far more efficient European plan—even when modified with club breakfasts and table d'hôte luncheons and dinners—rather focused attention upon the tavern kitchen. And then the men who were chiefly responsible for the coming of the modern hotel to our larger cities, about a quarter of a century ago, were, almost all of them, stewards—kitchen experts, if you please.

This generation of tavern keepers who accomplished the renaissance in hotel management—Boldt, Bauman, Muschenheim, Sweeney, to pick a few names from many—were men who had risen from the back of the house. They were expert caterers. They had made the business of purchasing food and preparing it for the table into a fine science. It was they who found the à-la-carte system of restaurants a fluttering experiment in some of the cities along the Atlantic seaboard, and who made it universal in all the modern houses that came into being across the country.

As a type they were radically different from the generation that preceded them—the men who had built the American-plan type of house, in all its generous profligacy of eating; for remember that the old-time houses used to compete very largely by the variety and quantity of food that they placed upon their tables. Your Boniface of other days saw, first of all, that his fare was bountiful. Food was plentiful and its prices had not begun the long upward climb of the past twenty years. Yet he was a man who, while pretending to a vast knowledge of kitchens and their lore, disdained their details. He hired good cooks and he saw to it that his stewards bought the best in the market. He himself kept to the front of the house. He met his guests; knew most of them by name. His own middle name was hospitality. The men who made a business of travel boasted of their acquaintance with him.

When Dickens Was Shown the Door

OF THIS type was Colonel B——, of a well-known old house in the South, which three-quarters of a century ago had earned its reputation as a well-conducted tavern. When Charles Dickens came to America he stopped at this Southern house. He was hardly settled in his room before the proprietor, Colonel B——, was at the door. He assured him that his horses, his wines, all the lavish hospitality of a state famed for its generosity, stood at the convenience of the distinguished visitor. Dickens received the proffer coldly. In London one did not accept a tavern keeper as a social equal. So it was that he returned the courteous offer by saying that when he wished the services of the innkeeper he would send for him. For sixty seconds Colonel B—— stood silent, his great face growing redder all the while. Finally he stretched out a long arm toward Dickens.

"You go, sir!" he stammered. "And do not stand upon the order of your going."

The novelist went. And it is to be trusted he had learned that the American hotel keeper of that day and age was not to be confused with his brother in far-off Europe.

The rise in importance of the back of the house during the past quarter century and the coming of the modern type of hotel in the cities and the larger towns of America too often brought neglect in the front of the house. Recently shrewd hotel men have given better attention to this. On that attention they have built some individual successes. They have found that a hotel, to be successful, cannot expend its entire energies upon its restaurants. A courteous and smiling head waiter cannot counteract a sullen or inefficient man behind the counter. A sunlighted and exquisitely decorated dining room cannot entirely balance dirty bedrooms, rooms without at least the ordinary comforts of home. A man cannot take architecture with him when he drops off to sleep.

It was a shrewd tavern keeper out in the Middle West who gave attention a few years ago to this rather neglected front of the house. He began picking office clerks and floor managers as carefully and as intelligently as his brother innkeepers selected their chefs and the invariable maître d'hôtel, which the ultra tavern boasts to-day. He used the same care in hiring his bell boys and his chambermaids as was being used in finding bus boys and waiters. Nor was he content merely to select these and let it go at that. He issued a little code to them, which he likes so well that sometimes he reprints it and sends it out anew to his employees—lest they forget.

That little preachment is, in itself, almost a gospel of successful tavern keeping. There is not room to reproduce it here; yet there are a few segments of it too direct and too practical in their homely sort of wisdom ever to be ignored. For instance, this one paragraph:

> At rare intervals some perverse member of our force disagrees with a guest as to the rightness of this or that. He maintains that the meat is well done when the guest says that it is not . . . or that the boy *did* go up to the room; or that no party called; or that it was a room reserved and not dinner for six; or that the trunk was there. . . . Either may be right. But these are permanent instructions: No employee of this hotel is allowed the privilege of arguing with a guest. He must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction or call his superior to adjust it. Wrangling has no place in this hotel.

Looks well in print, you say, and then insinuate that perhaps it is not so very different from the pains that other progressive and farseeing hotel men have taken to set their houses in order. Yet the man who printed this code did not merely pause with this broad statement of principles. It was his honest belief that the front of the house was the neglected portion of the hotel. He resolved, therefore, that he would make the sleeping rooms of his house as well run and as distinctive as its restaurants.

He began by adding a dozen little things for the comfort of the man who remained overnight under his roof. For one, he placed upon every bureau pins and needles and buttons and thread. For another, he poked a morning paper under the door of each sleeping room: "With the compliments of the house." Still another was the placing of solid wooden transoms over the doors, instead of the glass that is ordinarily used. There are travelers who have had wretched and sleepless nights in modern hotels, otherwise deemed first-class, simply because a hall light only a little less vigorous than a street lamp blazed into their apartments through an unshaded transom.

This man is a good type of the new sort of innkeeper who has raised himself up to conduct some of the very best of the new taverns in America. He already has three hotels; and he says that he has but begun to build them—that it is more fun planning and building and launching a new hotel than conducting the dull details of operating it. His spirit has been good—he is a hard-headed and immensely practical tavern keeper to boot—and he has come to a rather unusual degree of success.

There is no doubt in his mind that a hotel, as a business, can come back.

Here is the sort of hotel keeper who is making a thorough success of his job. There is an increasing number like him. And invariably they have studied the hotel from the standpoint of the guest. They, too, have been planning a variety of little things to make his stay under their roofs more pleasant and more comfortable. For instance, one great hotel in New York has devised a scheme of acquainting its employees—elevator men, telephone operators, and the like—with the names and the rooms of new arrivals, almost before the ink is dry on their signatures on the register. Another house in the same big city has so arranged its telephone service that a person desired on the wire is paged simultaneously upon its three public floors.

Across the continent, a hotel in San Francisco does not hesitate to charge its patrons sixty cents a portion for raspberries, and then refuse to split the portions; but it softens the blow by sending great silver baskets of fresh fruit, with its compliments, to the rooms of its women patrons. Other houses make a practice of making no additional charge when a regular patron takes it into his head to bring his wife with him. It takes no more rooms and is a courtesy that is invariably appreciated.

In the hotel game details are tremendous. The wise landlord learned that long ago. The keeper of a certain hotel was appealed to late one evening by a woman guest. She had torn her frock while leaving her chair in a near-by theater. An attempt to lodge a protest with the management of the playhouse had been futile. The box office was closed and there was apparently no one who would pay the slightest attention to her. She related all this to the hotel man. He quietly made a memorandum of it.

"Send your gown down to our valet's department," he said finally. "They are experienced in mending. If they cannot fix it we will send it to a dressmaker in the morning. If she cannot repair it I shall be glad to send you a check for what you think it is worth."

Managers Who Get Square Deals for Guests

THE woman thanked the hotel man profusely and hurried off to her room. A man who stood near by and heard the conversation came up and spoke to him about it.

"Regular patron?"

"She's never been in the house before, so far as I know."

"And you're willing to take the risk?"

"It's part of our policy. We feel a sort of responsibility to our patrons for this old town and its institutions. The theater should have had some arrangement for taking care of this lady. It has not. But it will have to take care of us. We shall have that check from it."

"How?"

The tavern keeper laughed.

"I don't threaten," said he. "But a theater in these days, when the moving pictures are strong in favor, cannot afford to lose the friendship of a high-grade hotel, crowded night after night with amusement-hungry folk. Last week I made a baggage-transfer company settle with a commercial traveler who's been stopping here with me. They smashed one of his trunks to smithereens bringing it up here from the railroad station. Then they began hedging—talking about responsibility and sparring for delay. They did not delay me. I told them that if they did not give the man a check for his loss within twenty-four hours I would throw their stand out of my office into the street."

This tavern keeper does not hesitate to charge a tax of fifty cents for theater seats or an extra penny for the newspapers that are sold at his news stand. He considers that too small a charge for complaint by any real gentleman. But when it comes to large matters he stands by the guest—stands ready to fight his battles for him.

It is a policy that has won his house and himself many friends.

The personal element is a tremendous factor in the entire office organization of the modern hotel. The tavern keeper just cited, not hesitating to make an extra charge for newspapers or for theater tickets, but standing ready to make the very theater whose seats he is selling give a square deal to its patrons, is but a prototype, after all, of the chief clerk or floor manager in the best sort of modern hotel. This last personage is, or should be, an echo of the big boss himself. And he should be within reaching distance at least during the busy hours of the day.

In the office organization of the large modern hotel there are usually three types of clerks behind the register counter—the chief clerk, the room clerk and the key clerk. The last two work under the so-called tour system, which now has become common to almost all hotels—alternating in their long hours of duty.

But the chief clerk in the slick modern house does not usually conform to this time-table. He is apt to come on every day at about the same hour—say, in the afternoon, when business begins to be brisk about the office—and

remains on duty late enough in the evening to see that guests arriving on the late day trains are properly received and roomed.

In a small way the chief clerk is a prototype of the first generation of tavern keepers. He is a mixer. It is his business to know the regular patrons of the house, their tastes and their preferences. And these regular patrons have come to know him. They like to find him off duty for an hour and get him into the grillroom. He smokes and chats—rarely ever drinks. In a large sense he is never off duty—not, at least, while he remains under the roof of the institution that gives him a livelihood. And when he is off duty he is generally at home or taking the wife and kiddies to the movies. There has come a vast change in hotel clerks in the past twenty years.

But the chief clerk has been fading away in recent years, and the room clerk is gaining in relative importance. There has been a change in title. In place of the chief clerk there has come, in the larger houses, a man who may be named floor manager or assistant manager. He is in front of the counter rather than back of it. In some cases he has a small desk, placed in a quiet corner of the lobby and conspicuously labeled, so that guests may come and pour their grievances into his ears. At times it is quite as much salve to an outraged patron to be able to unbosom himself as it is to have the grievance righted. And the floor manager has a sympathetic manner. That is one of the qualifications that brings him his job.

"I never stand in the office of my hotel one minute longer than I am compelled to stay there," said the proprietor of one of the biggest of New York's recent hotel successes just the other day.

When pressed for the reason of this—it is a directly contrary practice to that of the earlier hotel men, who felt that their personality was a large feature in drawing traffic to their houses—he explained that he did not care to be asked to act as a final arbitrator in disputes; he had selected a floor manager—a good hotel man, a gentleman and a diplomat—to handle these very matters. He did not care to be asked to go over his manager's head. In a question of extreme importance and as a final resort he could always be reached at his private suite—but upon the office floor he was forever being asked to settle matters of no real import.

Salesmanship Applied to Rooms

CONSIDER now the man who actually stands behind the register—the room clerk, with his even, urbane smile and an unconscious word of welcome that makes him style himself from one end of the land to the other as a greeter. Half a dozen busses and a string of taxicabs may dump a small regiment of travelers and a whole brigade of baggage in front of him, but he does not lose his head. He holds a quick conversation with each arrival—from his standpoint, the quicker, the better; the scratching of a pen, the reaching for a key, a word of direction to the captain of the bell men—and the next arrival is under scrutiny. There are room clerks in such large commercial centers as New York or Pittsburgh or Chicago who boast that they can receive and room a hundred arrivals in twenty minutes. Yet the process that attends each is by no means a simple one.

First comes the preliminary inquiry as to the type of room the arrival wishes—with bath or without, inside or out, one room or en suite—conditions depending almost invariably upon the price the guest is willing or compelled to pay. Then there is the registering of name and home town; and the room clerk is proud of the prowess that enables him to read even a wretched scrawl upside down, without ever turning his register. He does more. In his odd hours as key clerk he practiced and mastered the trick of writing upside down. In this way he puts down the number of the room assigned to you—after he has consulted his concealed room rack, which shows him just what rooms, unoccupied and disengaged, are available. There follows a cryptic number—you may think it the ledger page upon which your account is posted. You are wrong. It indicates the rate that you are paying. But, lest it be exposed to prying eyes, it is blinded. To find the exact rate, you remove the first numeral and divide the remainder by two or three or four—the method varies considerably in different houses.

While the room clerk is turning you and your key over to the captain of the bell men he is quickly filling out a slip with your name and residence, your room and rate. These facts go to a near-by bookkeeper. In a few moments a small white card, bearing them neatly typed, is resting in the space in the room rack marked with the number of your room. And the telephone operators are already whispering your name, so that when you lift the receiver off the hook to ask about your delayed trunk one of them may anticipate you by asking: "Yes, Mr. Blank. Is there anything we can do for you?"

All this seems fairly simple, but is not—particularly at the rate of five arrivals to the minute. And it is not accomplished without some confusion. For, while you are affixing your signature upon the register, a gentleman from Sandusky, next in line to you, is loudly demanding to know whether the house has his reservation. And the gentleman immediately behind him is already protesting that he will not go above the third floor; it seems that he once had a cousin suffocated in a reputed fireproof hotel in New York. The man behind him prefers to go high; he would rather have a tent on the roof—he says so—than toss all night to a Wagnerian symphony of automobile horns and street cars banging over track intersections.

The room clerk answers the question and softens the hearts of these three—while he is patiently trying to decipher your signature from a bird's-eye angle. He may have a toothache; this very morning the bank in which he had his savings may have failed; the best girl in the world may have written that she was going to marry the other fellow after all—but he keeps his head. That is part of his job. He gently answers the snappy questions of four or five or six or a dozen peevish, tired, cross, hungry folk almost simultaneously, as he tries to find rooms on his crowded rack to please all of them. That is more of his job. And he must remember that a hotel has to work harder to sell its high-priced rooms than the cheap ones.

"It's salesmanship"—the room clerk tells you when he has a quiet moment off duty. "It's salesmanship of a high sort. I sell rooms as the man in the railroad station sells tickets or the man in the theater box office sells seats. Only I have to do more than they. The prices of their commodities are fixed. So are mine—in a way. So are the prices in the big clothing store across the street. Only the star salesman in that store is the fellow who sells forty-dollar overcoats and not the fellow whose sales slips in overcoats are written from twenty-five dollars down.

"Of course the overcoat man does not force the game. It would be worse than bad business to sell forty-dollar overcoats to the men who can afford only twenty-dollar ones. The trick is to find the man who has been buying a twenty-dollar coat, but who can afford the forty-dollar kind and will actually enjoy it if only some kind friend points the way.

"It's the same with my game. There are men coming to our house who ought to take a room with a bath. They may never have had the chance of enjoying the comfort and the luxury of a private bath in a hotel. Sometimes, if I think they are going to become regular patrons of ours, I will take a chance and let one of them have a bathroom without any extra charge. I'm educating him. Perhaps he'll get the habit and we'll have a regular customer at three dollars a night instead of two. If he can afford to pay the price, that's good business. The boss thinks it's good business too."

Then he explains. The hotel for which he works is conducted under a system of comparative costs. Its proprietor can tell to a fine fraction of a cent just what his table butter cost a year ago to-day. He has diagram sheets wherein lines rising and falling—mostly rising—show the comparative meat costs for every month during the past dozen years. And he has a neat, little statistical table, with a column for each room clerk, showing the average price for each room the man has managed to obtain. That is harsh, but it is modern business. And it serves as a stimulus to the clerk.

"There are men that come up to my desk who owe it to their houses, to the lines they carry, to take a room at not less than five dollars a day," he continues. "It is a large part of my job to get them educated to it—in such a way that they do not feel we are trying to put something over on them. The big boss is not that sort. But he does think that the big men who come into our hotel ought to pay fair prices for their accommodations."

"How can you tell the big men?" you interrupt.

"I never mistake them," is the confident reply.

The room clerk asserts that his are not snap judgments. Long experience behind the counter of a hotel office has taught him how to judge men. He will admit that he does make errors in diagnosis, but he sticks to it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he can pick his man before the man has reached the desk. He can tell the two-dollar-a-day drummer from the railroad president at fifty thousand a year. He can tell whether a commercial traveler is carrying wines or shoes or jewelry. He not only can spot the theatrical profession but he can differentiate instanter between the advance man and the manager. These things are all of immense value to him, though he cannot rely upon them absolutely. Even a hotel man is not infallible.

Yet it is part of the head room clerk's job to know the big men all the way across the land—and he must take those big men in a mighty inclusive fashion. In his head must be combined Who's Who and Dun and Bradstreet. If a man goes to smash financially, politically and socially it is his business to know of that at once—and to be on his guard; for a hotel, being different from a railroad or a theater, is paid after it delivers the goods. And in case the patron is found "N. G." it cannot replevin its property—as a storekeeper might proceed. The most it can do is to attach—perhaps an aged trunk filled with a dreary collection of torn and tawdry linen.

The greeter must be not alone a salesman but an information bureau. He is the head fount of information. And the head fount must be ready. He must know just what time that Big Four train leaves Indianapolis, and exactly the connection it makes with the Monon for French Lick, even though Indiana be two whole states distant. He knows the sailing days of all the important transatlantic lines out of New York and Boston, and yet the high ranges of the Alleghanies are between him and the salted sea. He is a complete directory of the town in which the tavern stands and his knowledge is both critical and discriminating.

Color Schemes for Different Stars

WHEN Sunday morning comes, and you find that you have left your shaving kit at home, he directs you down through an alley back of the house, and through three service entrances to a niche behind the boiler stack, where a trembling barber stands awaiting your pleasure. For some unaccountable reason Sunday shaving in a good part of the land is regarded as a felony. You may go to the theater, you may buy drinks or chewing gum or camera films, on the Sabbath; but if you wish to get shaved the barber has a vision of the penitentiary awaiting him as he brings the razor over your cheek.

Oh, the greeter is a friend in need! Down in the arid states of the South he tips you off as to where you can get *it*. If you are within the metropolis of Georgia—to take a single instance—and want a drink stronger than beer, which does not seem to irritate the conscience of that prohibition commonwealth, he sends you to a club—a genial institution where an aged negro shuffles out and prepares the cocktails.

First, you must sign your name in a book as an evidence of good faith. If you demur for a moment the negro shows you the signatures of at least two Presidents of the United States, who head the book. And you hope they enjoyed their drinks as well as you do yours.

But, more than salesman or bureau of information, the man behind the hotel desk must be a diplomat—a very great diplomat, if you please. He must make friends, for it is quite as much upon his friendships as upon his reputation for salesmanship that he makes his progress. He must know his patrons, as we have just said. There is a chief clerk up in the Twin Cities who says he has lost five thousand dollars in the last ten years by cashing bad checks, and yet he has made money by the practice. He cannot afford to offend the regular patrons of the house. And remember that he is supposed to know them, even when their comings and goings are at comparatively rare intervals. He is supposed to remember their preferences in the matter of rooms, and is supposed to know, without remembering, that a man selling pictures or jewelry prefers a room finished in dark red. It makes a better setting for his wares.

There is one greeter in a big hotel in Chicago who outshines his fellows as a diplomat. Adele Ritchie came to his house, and from her he learned that a woman star prefers a room hung in blue. He tucked that away in one of the memory recesses of his brain. A few weeks later along came Lillian Russell, and he put her in one of the blue rooms. She smiled upon him, and he inwardly thanked Miss Ritchie for the tip she had given him. And then, after another interval, came Mrs. Leslie Carter. She, too, got one of the blue rooms. Five minutes after she had reached it she sent for him.

"You will have to change my room, Mr.——. I detest blue!" she said firmly. "I would not be hired to stay here thirty minutes."

She wore a many-colored scarf and waved it at him as she spoke. He was quite abashed.

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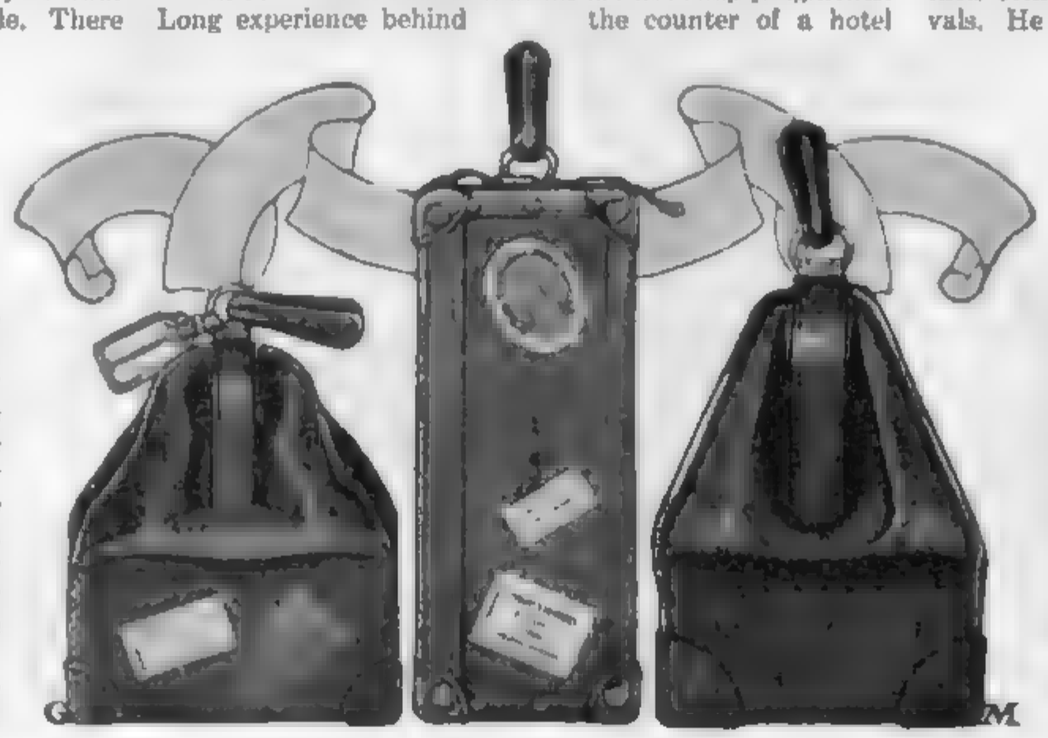

THE MAN FROM NEVADA

By C. P. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IT'S a postulate of the mining world that the most successful method of selling mining stock is for the promoter to pay the expenses of his intended victims to the scene of mining activity; to take them out upon the hilltops and show them the Utopian kingdoms of the earth. The effect of the altitude—which accelerates the pulse—the gorgeous scenery, the dazzling sunshine and the gleaming particles of gold in the salted ore do the rest.

But there is no end to the resources of the confidence game. One successful mining operator in the West remarked to a friend in strict confidence that a certain worthless mine of his had made a rich strike. He advised his friend to invest ten thousand dollars in the stock, and agreed to make him good if the investment missed. That friend told another of his good fortune; the second friend repeated it to a third.

"If you tell a secret to your friend," said a Western wag, holding up his finger, "that's 1. If you tell it to another," holding up two fingers, "that's 11. And if you tell it to a third," holding up three fingers, "that's 111."

These friends, and a legion of others to whom they told the story, invested heavily in the stock of the worthless mine. Meantime the mining promoter had unloaded his holdings.

When the truth came out the mining promoter was called upon to make good his promise to save his friend harmless. He was as good as his word and promptly drew his check for ten thousand dollars.

"But what about my friends?" inquired the purveyor of unreliable information. "They lost heavily."

"Oh, your friends will have to take care of themselves. I didn't agree to make them good. Besides, you promised not to tell anybody!"

The days of mining swindles are largely past. There was a time, still fresh in the minds of men, when three out of every four citizens of Pittsburgh or of Kalamazoo had in their possession, fondly cherished, beautifully lithographed certificates of stock in some wildcat mining corporation. Men who knew no more about mining than about the Fifth Book of Euclid or the contents of the Milky Way listened to tales of sudden wealth, took a flyer in a hole in the ground, and learned for the steenth time that all that glitters is not gold.

The truth is, if a mine is good the owners will hesitate before they will let anyone else in on the ground floor. If it should happen to be a prospect, and should turn out rich, the men who are in control will find a way to freeze out the "suckers" who parted with their money to develop the prospect. There are honest men in the mining business, but they are as rare as missionaries in the Orkney Islands. It would take a rescuing party to find them.

But so long as grass grows out of the earth and water runs downhill, there will be dressmakers, grocery clerks, dentists, impecunious lawyers and prosperous bank presidents, who will take a chance on the fickle wheel of fortune.

There was in Cleveland a few years ago a lawyer whose clientèle included some of the financial *bon ton* of that city. His suite in one of the large office buildings on Euclid Avenue was the council chamber of certain local captains of industry. In him Nature had been prodigal not only of her physical gifts but of her golden largesses. He had the easy pose of success. According to the accepted canons of Cleveland, he was wise in his day and generation. He knew human nature as well as the Rule in Shelley's Case. What he did not know of the art of doing his fellows was believed to be unknown to any of the ethico-legal practitioners of Cleveland. But the wisest slip a cog now and then.

Into this lawyer's office there came one day a strange and *gauche* character. The visitor had some difficulty in running the gantlet of female typists and officious male clerks, who pulled grinning faces behind his back. After an hour's patient wait, he found himself in the presence of the legal adviser of Cleveland's inner circle.

The stranger was from the West. One did not have to take a second look to know that. There was about him that unconventional port which told better than words of free and easy ways. He was garbed in typical Western form. Round his waist was a spacious and bulging belt. His slouch hat rested affectionately—if that can be said of an inanimate thing—in the palm of his left hand.

It was not often that such characters got beyond the outer precincts of the sanctum of the seasoned disciple of Blackstone. But what lawyer is deaf to the puissant voice of a retainer?

The prospective client was at first chary. His manner was awkward, his speech unfluent and impoverished. He was from Nevada. He had followed the fortunes of the desert.

The thread of his story ran after this fashion:

"It was this way," he said. "In my treks over the desert I picked up one day a piece of rock. It looked good. I threw it into my saddlebag and gave it to the first assayer I came across. He was a man named Taylor. The rock didn't look good to him; and, instead of assaying it, he threw it out of the window onto his scrapheap. When I came back a few days later, and he told me, I went to the dump and picked out what I thought was my piece of rock. My pocket was wasted to a shadow and I didn't have the cash to pay him, but I told him if he would take the trouble to assay it, and it turned out all right, I would give him a half interest in the claim.

"He assayed the rock; and I watched him. It went over five hundred dollars to the ton. Then Taylor insisted that it might be another piece of rock that some other prospector had brought him, and that he had failed to assay. I got some more of the same rock and it assayed the same.

"There was some excitement round those diggin's then. Even in that thinly settled country, such stories travel faster than scandal. People began to rush to our discovery and to locate claims all round us. We built a boardin' house for miners, but there was no supply of food nearer than Carson or Virginia City, one hundred and fifty miles away. We waylaid a four-horse team crossing the desert with provisions and confiscated the outfit. There was just seventy dollars to a cent in camp, and we gave that to the bullwhacker. It was either robbery or starvation, and we took a chance. The thermometer was fifteen degrees below zero—of course that's not so bad as fifteen above here, but it's bad enough.

"Things ran along from January till June before the big boom began. The roads were bad, and a team would come in, at first, only about once a month.

"We soon found we had a bonanza. The assays of ore sometimes ran as high as a thousand dollars a ton.

"But," continued the miner in the resonant guttural of his kind, "no sooner had we discovered our good fortune than our troubles began. The miners organized a union and made it warm for us. This particular crowd were a bad lot. They were jealous of our good luck. When we ran into a high-grade vein they gouged out pieces of the ore and packed them off in their clothes. We put up a notice that all the miners should change clothes under the eyes of watchers before goin' off shift.

"This angered them. They sent a committee to demand that this order be countermanded. We declined the request.

"They had it in for my partner. He was a hot-headed fellow, and told them we were goin' to run the mine and would take no orders from the men. Then they sent another delegation, demanding that he reconsider or leave camp within twenty-four hours."

The Nevada man now stood up from the cliental chair and began nervously to pace the floor. He was agitated.

"Taylor was a small, slight man," he continued after a moment, "and was in poor health. But he had been raised in Texas and could throw a silver half dollar in the air and clip it with a bullet from his revolver three times out of five. He used to sit under the trees over at Carson and clip the buds off the twigs.

"The next morning Taylor was seated in the shack when the miners, headed by big Bill Macksey, the president of the union, came in. I was down the gulch tryin' to straighten out a road for our teams. They didn't give him a chance. Macksey yelled to his men: 'Seize him and drag him out!' And they started for Taylor.

"Well, this world is chock-full of surprises and those fellows got theirs. They say out there in Nevada that impulsive men always have black eyes—if Nature doesn't give 'em, somebody else does. Anyhow, Taylor heard them comin'. He had his hands in his coat pockets, each gripping a sixshooter. One fellow caught his right arm and another got him round the neck from behind. They threw him to the floor; but Taylor was on his feet again in a crack, with the men holding him in the same position. He fired with his left hand through his pocket at the man who held his right arm. That fellow was gathered to his fathers. With his right hand he shot over his left shoulder the fellow who had hold of him from behind—and Abraham's Bosom swelled with another recruit. Then he began one of his Texas fusillades on the crowd that stood in the doorway. He killed three of them. In the excitement one fellow had escaped his notice. That fellow held a gun to the back of Taylor's head and let go—and Taylor fell dead."

There was another spell of silence. The miner approached a window and gazed out on the panorama below him.

"That's a fine body of water you have," he said irrelevantly. His emotions were playing tricks with his voice. "If we had that out in Nevada! You know, Horace Greeley said that all Nevada needed was water and good society—and some prospector said that was all hell needed." And the miner's frame fetched a deep ventral chuckle. It seemed to relieve his pent-up feelings. The lawyer tactfully brought him back to the spool of his story.

"Well, the grand jury over at the county seat indicted those fellows, and the ringleaders are now on the way to the penitentiary—or were when I left.

"After Taylor was killed I began to size up the layout. I didn't want any more trouble. I remembered hearing Taylor say that he had only one living relative, and he was a brother. The last time he heard from him he was somewhere in Ohio—I don't know whether he had forgotten the name of the town or whether I've forgotten it. Anyhow, I remembered him saying he had a picture of his brother in his trunk. I went through the trunk and dug this up."

"I Remember His Words Very Well. They Struck Me as Strange"

The miner handed the lawyer a photograph. He waited while the jurist scanned it closely.

"Of course," he continued, "it's like this: I know we've got a bonanza; but you can never tell what's goin' to happen in the mining game. These chaps that've located round us may set up claims to apex rights, and all that, and try to do us out of our property. Lawyers' fees come high out there. Besides, I don't want to tie up the mine in the hands of some fellow who thinks he knows more about mining than I do. We would each own an equal interest, and if we disagreed things would have to come to a stop. Taylor and me discovered the mine. His brother didn't. Anything'll be a windfall for him. If I buy him out he'll be takin' no chances on the future. Therefore"—and the miner burred the word and paused as if uncertain whether he ought to go on—"I don't want him to know just what we have. If he found out, ten to one there'd be no doin' business with him. I'm willin' to pay him five thousand dollars. But the first thing to do is to locate him. That's what I came to see you about."

Here was a chance for the lawyer to make an easy fee. On his own story, if Taylor accepted his terms the miner convicted himself as a cheat. It would be easy to hold him up for a stiff fee. If he made any noise he could be silenced by a quiet threat to expose the whole thing to the heir of his late partner. The man of law suggested that the most feasible plan for reaching Taylor's brother would be to advertise for him in some of the prominent newspapers of Ohio.

"In case he turns up," he said, "the photograph will identify him and prevent any false personation."

The miner agreed that this seemed a possible solution of the situation. He left the photograph, declared his purpose to visit some relatives in the East whom he had not seen for years, and said he would be back in two weeks. By that time the lawyer might have some news.

"By the way," he said as he was leaving, "where can I deposit some money? I have about five thousand dollars in gold dust and coin, and I don't like to pack it round in my belt."

The lawyer was a director in one of Cleveland's banks. He would be glad, he said, to accompany the miner there and see that the money was safely deposited.

They went round the corner to the bank. The miner doffed his belt and threw the shining nuggets and coin on a plate-glass tabletop in the directors' room. The gold dust and nuggets were weighed, and considerably over five thousand dollars placed to the miner's credit.

The day after the departure of his client the lawyer inserted in three of the leading newspapers of Ohio this advertisement:

If the brother and only heir of William C. Taylor, late a Nevada assayer and miner, will communicate with the undersigned, he will be rewarded for his pains.

Two weeks later, true to his promise, the man from Nevada reappeared at the lawyer's office. To his joy, he learned that his late partner's brother had turned up. He had formerly lived at Dayton, the lawyer said, but was now located at Toledo. He was the counterpart presentment of the photograph.

"I explained the situation to him, as we agreed. I told him that his brother had been killed by miners as the result of a labor dispute and his inability to pay the men. I told him you were anxious to see if you couldn't unload the mine; but that there were complications in the way, owing to the peculiar probate laws in Nevada; and that, in order to clear the matter up and avoid the long delay incident to legal proceedings, you would pay him five thousand dollars for a quitclaim deed to his interest."

"What did he say?"

"To tell the truth, he laughed in my face. He said he knew all about the mine; that he had learned through the newspapers of the death of his brother, and had written out to some lawyer in Nevada, who had given him full particulars. The Nevada lawyer didn't give you the best reputation in the world. Taylor seems to think you are up to some scheme to do him out of his brother's interest. He insisted that he would accept two hundred thousand dollars for his interest—no less; and that, even at that, he was making you a present of it."

The denizen of the desert was clearly worried. His face wore an astonished set-down expression.

"I haven't any two hundred thousand dollars," he said. "Before I can get any returns from the property I'll have to build a short railroad to connect with the main line of the nearest railroad—either that or build a wagon road, which would cost almost as much."

He was about to take his leave, crestfallen. An idea occurred to the lawyer. Suppose he lay the matter before some of his friends? If the property was a good thing they might advance the money to buy out the obstinate heir.

The miner's face lighted for a moment. If it could be done that would be a way out of the difficulty; but he didn't have much faith in capitalists. They were too much given to red tape. The lawyer agreed with him; but he would try. Would the man from Nevada call again to-morrow?

"That's a Fine Body of Water. If We Had That Out in Nevada!"

Round the directors' table at the bank that afternoon sat a small group. The lawyer laid before them the great opportunity to swell their individual coffers with the funds of the bank. Skeptical at first, they fired a battery of questions at him. The lawyer's answers were vague but assuring in his confidence that here was a chance to clean up a fortune. They had relied on his judgment in other matters and had come out all to the good. Why not trust to his judgment in this? He had seen his man and he was a judge of human nature.

"But"—one of the bankers broke in—"we can't go into this without some investigation. We ought to send a mining man out to Nevada."

"Mining man nothing!" sharply replied the lawyer. "This fellow is to close another deal for his interest day after to-morrow."

"Well, we've got to telegraph out there in any event and see if there's such a mine, and if it stands in the names of these parties."

"Very well; wire at once, and rush the message if you want to get in on this."

A telegram was promptly dispatched to the county clerk of Lander County, Nevada: Was there a mine called the Chuckawalla in Lander County, and who were the owners on the record?

The next day the answer came back. There was such a mine. It stood in the names of the lawyer's client and his late partner, William C. Taylor.

The group was hastily called together again. It was suggested that a meeting be arranged between them and the heir at law of the deceased partner, to see if he could not be persuaded to part with his interest for something less than two hundred thousand dollars in cash. Another telegram was dispatched to Taylor, asking him to be in Cleveland on the following day.

He came; but he refused to budge. He produced letters from Nevada describing the mine as a bonanza. He had an intimate knowledge of the conditions surrounding the property, the dip and strike of the vein, and of the returns from the assays of ores. He knew, also, the full particulars of the labor troubles that resulted in the death of his brother.

No, sir! He would take two hundred thousand dollars in cash, because that was as much money as he would be likely ever to need during the rest of his natural life, and because he did not care to go out to Nevada to live, and did not propose to have the property gutted and himself cheated out of returns by the devious methods of mining sharks who might take advantage of his absence. Besides he had been already offered as much for the property, and it was a matter of indifference to him whether he sold to the Cleveland men or to Nevada men who were then in the East seeking to close with him.

To cut a long story short, the bankers capitulated. They paid over the two hundred thousand dollars and received a quitclaim deed from Taylor for his half interest; but only after the man from Nevada had reluctantly agreed to turn over a fraction of his own interest in order to give them control of the property. The deeds were taken in the name of the lawyer, who, in turn, gave to each of the others a memorandum of trust for his share.

The Nevada miner lingered in Cleveland two days. He enjoyed himself in downright fashion. He was shown the various points of interest about the city. During these two days his new partners held various and friendly conferences with him. They were delighted with his quaint Westernisms and his engaging stories of adventure. There was apparently the fullest trust on both sides.

It was agreed that steps should be at once taken to build a branch railroad or a good wagon road to connect with the main line of railroad. The miner was to return to Nevada, consult local surveyors and engineers, and report promptly as to the estimated cost of these alternative improvements. He was also to receive a generous salary as manager of the property. The details were all concluded, the papers drawn up and signed, and the deal finally closed.

The day arrived for the departure of the miner. He drew his five thousand dollars out of the bank. He said he would need it for personal expenses. He had brought it with him to pay for the half interest in the property, but he could put it to other uses, and it would be better to have it in his home bank for convenience' sake.

Some of his partners saw him off at the depot. He promised to write early and often, and to report promptly on the railroad project.

A month went by—two months—and no news from the miner. Two telegrams for him remained undelivered in the nearest Nevada telegraph office. The lawyer and his banking friends began to have queasy feelings.

"We should have written out to Nevada before. Let's do it now," said one of them.

"No, no; that will never do! If this thing should go wrong it would be sure to leak out and would raise a storm." The speaker turned to their legal adviser. "I think you'd better go out to Nevada. We might as well see this thing through."

On the morning of the third day out from Cleveland the lawyer got off the train at Winnemucca and inquired for the nearest route to the mining camp which had witnessed the strange history of the Chuckawalla.

He hired an automobile and, with a trusty chauffeur, set out. For long hours they ramped the desert, the parched earth flashing back in their faces the blinding glare of the sun. The only relief from the monotonous whiteness stretching away into endless distance was the Joshua trees, sticking up out of the glistening sand and looking like hitching posts in a blanket of snow.

The loquacious chauffeur kept the lawyer's mind from going flat. He told him stories of the labor war in Goldfield, when no one could walk through the reading room of

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YOUR NEXT WINTER SUIT

MARKED UP ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS BY THE WAR GOD

By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NEXT fall, stepping in to buy your winter suit, you will be brought face to face with a situation that is now agitating the woolen-mill man, the clothing manufacturer and the retail merchant. Your suit is already being fabricated. The whole woolen business labors under a burden imposed by war conditions. Next fall, as a consumer, you will have some of the burden shifted to your shoulders—about five dollars' worth of burden with each suit, woolen gown, overcoat and cloak.

You see, of all the people in the world one-third are fully clothed, one-half partly clothed, while the rest manage pretty much without any clothes at all—at least in the industrial sense.

People who live in cool countries wear most of the clothes, for two reasons—they need them and have the enterprise to get them. Those who live in warm countries are content with fewer clothes and less enterprise.

The fully clothed people generally wear wool. There are about five hundred millions of them. The partly clothed people wear cotton and silk, and number about eight hundred millions. The rest wear chiefly paint, feathers, copper bangles and deep shades of sunburn, and amount to about three times the population of the United States. There is a tiny group of furwearers in the polar regions, estimated at three hundred thousand.

Now the world has never produced enough new wool in a year to supply the needs of even the woolwearing people. The allowance for each woolwearer is about fourteen ounces a year, or a piece of lightweight cloth forty-four inches square. That would make a pair of underdrawers reaching from the waist to the knees. Coat, vest and trousers weighing fifty-six ounces, woolen cloth alone, would require four years' supply a head of new wool; and the next four years' supply would be needed for a fifty-ounce overcoat; and the woolwearer would still be without winter underwear, much less enjoying a change, and also without flannel shirts, knitted sweaters and woolen stockings, wool hats, blankets, carpets, rugs and other products of the woolen industry.

None of the woolwearing countries grow enough of the staple to clothe themselves. More than two-thirds of the world's exportable wool is produced in countries that consume very little at home, on account of the sparse population or warm climate—Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, South Africa, Uruguay, Chile, China, India, Spain, and so on. The United States probably comes nearer self-support in wool than any other big Northern nation, because it produces three-fifths its own consumption.

Why So Little Wool is Wasted

THE world's demand for wool is increasing. People in the woolwearing countries want more clothes as they raise their standards of comfort, and peoples who formerly wore cotton and silk alone are now turning to wool—the Chinaman and Japanese especially. Even in warm countries the use of wool is becoming more common. You go to Mexico, the West Indies or Central America and, because the climate is tropical, are delighted to get into washable cotton or linen clothes. But these are really not fashionable there, you soon discover, for the Latin-American *caballero* sports a lightweight woolen suit as the characteristic badge of his gentility—cotton is for the humble *peón*.

How do woolwearing nations ever manage to clothe themselves then? Two things alone make it possible—they weave cotton, silk and other fibers with wool, and they use all-wool fiber over and over again until it is worn out.

Just now the woolen and clothing trades are busy with your next winter suit. We will assume that it is a worsted suit of good grade, made entirely of new wool from the sheep's back. Last year such a suit cost you twenty-five dollars. This fall it will cost about thirty, retail. You will wear it all winter, and then hand it over to the janitor; he will wear it another winter or two, and finally it will find its way to the ragbag. The woolen rag trade will get hold of it and put it through a complicated system of sorting; and presently the remnants will go into a mill to be torn up into wool fiber again, and this fiber will be woven with new wool to make a different kind of cloth.

Perhaps it will reappear as a fairly good grade of overcoating and you will wear it once more yourself. It passes back through the woolen rag trade again and can be woven a third time with more new wool. Each time the fibers are woven, worn and torn apart they become shorter. When they are too short to weave they can be felted into durable cloth that will keep somebody warm at bargain prices. As the fibers are worked over they also lose the scales that give them their felting property. Yet, when these scales are gone and the fiber reduced nearly to dust, it is still of value to the trade and is made up into roofing paper, used for stuffing horse collars and toys, and so on.

In this country we use wool fiber over and over again, but not to the extent of other nations. Roughly, every four pounds of raw material worked up in our woolen industry consists of three pounds of new scoured wool and one pound of remanufactured. Little woolen waste is imported. But European countries import woolen waste, and the rag and waste market of England is the largest in the world. John Bull's last census figures indicated about three pounds of new wool and five pounds of remanufactured to each eight pounds of raw material.

Well, then, this was the state of affairs in August, 1914. Into a world economically getting the utmost wear out of every pound of wool, camel hair, mohair, vicuña, alpaca, goat hair, cow hair and similar fibers, comes the War God. What happened to the woolen industry was something like what happened to Belgium.

Wool was the first great staple mobilized for war. The fighting man had to have a uniform, blanket and warm underwear before he had a rifle. Orders for woolen goods were placed by the Allies months before they knew their needs in munitions. Half the wool production of the world comes from John Bull's territory. He safeguarded his supply by putting an embargo upon exportation. All his own mills were set at work, and then all those in European countries friendly to him, and then those in colonies, like Canada. Then he and his allies came to us for still more cloth and blankets. Since then we have been exporting wool in unheard-of quantities, both our own and all that we could get from other countries.

Most of the wool worked up for the armies is destined to disappear forever, experts say. The soldier wears out clothes more quickly than the citizen in times of peace. Much of the wool is buried with him, or burned on the battlefields, or cast aside, far from the organization of the rag trade. It is figured that only a small proportion will be reclaimed for use as it would be in normal times. In addition, production has been decreased, for the countries now at war have about one-eighth of the world's sheep, and many of the animals have been slaughtered or turned out of their pastures. So an immense disturbance has been set up in wool. Several years must pass before the sheepmen can make up losses, even under the stimulant of high prices. That is why your woolen clothes will cost more next fall and probably for several years to follow.

New Records for Exports of Woolens

THE soldier fights in good clothes. According to an English estimate of Tommy Atkins' outfit, about fifteen pounds of clean, scoured wool fiber is required to provide his coat, vest, trousers, flannel shirt, woolen stockings and overcoat. Of this, twelve pounds will be new wool and three pounds the highest grade of reworked fiber from new rags. Tommy Atkins is, in many cases, wearing better clothes on the firing line than he could ever afford to buy for himself at home in times of peace. He will easily get through three suits a year, and there must be blankets for him as well. The average soldier can consume between forty and fifty pounds of new wool a year, and from ten to fifteen pounds of the best reworked wool fiber. On a basis of ten or fifteen million men now fighting in Europe there is room for all sorts of estimates. One authority figures that military requirements are now equal to all the wool grown in Australia, New Zealand, South America and South Africa as fast as it is shorn from the sheep—five hundred and fifty million pounds of scoured fiber, or more than two-thirds of the world's production.

Our exports of woolen goods have been breaking all records. The first orders that came to us were for army blankets, and it is estimated that we have sent abroad somewhere between six and ten millions of these, ranging in weight from the light three-pound article, for the Italian Army, up to others weighing nine and ten pounds. Our Western wools are peculiarly suited to blanket purposes,

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UNCLE SAM—TRADE EXPERT

Easy Lessons in Export Business—By Forrest Crissey

UNCLE SAM is taking a keen interest in trade—not figuratively, but officially and at first hand. He is out after export business and proposes to get enough of it to keep his folks and his factories going at a fairly brisk pace. There was a time—not long ago—when he centered his energies almost exclusively on statesmanship and named no other occupation to the international census taker.

Then he began to help the farmer by developing a Department of Agriculture, which demonstrated an unexpected degree of usefulness. This helped a whole lot to loosen up his paternal muscles and give him a taste of doing things a little tighter to the ground, a little closer to the people, than Statesmanship, spelled with a capital S.

Now he has a Department of Commerce, which has grown faster than a boy at the awkward age. In this department is a bureau that is trying to do big, practical things for the ambitious, outreaching American business man. It is trying to live down the tradition that the machinery of our National Government is too tangled with theory and red tape to meet the practical conditions of trade, and to prove that Uncle Sam is willing and able to do as much for the merchant and manufacturer as for the farmer.

Thus far, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is doing very nicely, in spite of the fact that thousands of manufacturers and jobbers in the United States—especially the smaller ones—have not yet awakened to the fact that Uncle Sam, through this Bureau, is literally at their service in getting export business for them, and in helping them to take the right care of it.

In his new capacity as a hustler for foreign trade Uncle Sam has won some testimonials he is entitled to frame. One is from a small manufacturer in Illinois who admits that the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is altogether the cheapest business getter thus far discovered, having brought in a fifteen-hundred-dollar order, carrying a fat margin of profit, at an expense of exactly ten cents. Four other American industries secured orders for more than a million dollars each, because they decided that it might possibly be worth while to give Uncle Sam a good, square tryout as a first aid in securing foreign trade.

Another concern writes: "Two years ago we began following up the trade opportunities tipped off by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. This has brought us orders for eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods from one foreign house alone."

Secretary Redfield, Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt and a Number of Their Assistants

American Coal for the King of Spain

HOWEVER, this is enough to indicate that Uncle Sam is decidedly on the job when it comes to beating the international bushes for foreign trade—and, also, to suggest that perhaps you are overlooking something by not learning just what the busy, energetic Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce can do for you if you give it a chance.

In a very definite and literal sense this bureau of the Department of Commerce is a great university for teaching the art of foreign trade getting. At first one is tempted to call it an immense correspondence school in international commerce; but this figure is altogether too restricted, from the fact that much of its instruction is delivered at first hand, by word of mouth. Besides, it is an institution in which original research is a routine function, regularly performed by nearly four hundred investigators located in practically all the foreign countries of the world.

To be exact: Just what will this free school do for the manufacturer who has thus far found a market for his products entirely at home but is ambitious to get into export trade?

It will find the opportunity for him and then teach him how to take advantage of it. This covers the whole service in about the fewest words possible. In some cases this is a large order and means a lot more than appears on the face of the statement. For example, it might involve cabling to remote countries and elaborate investigations on the part of the Research Division of the Bureau.

The American consuls, scattered all over the civilized and semicivilized earth, form the foundation of this Federal effort to get profitable foreign trade for Uncle Sam's folks. Most information regarding trade opportunities originates with them, and frequently they are called on by cable or letter to furnish further data necessary to guide the manufacturer safely through some difficult passage in the course of his negotiations or delivery.

"As a general thing," declares Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, "the consul is overloaded with detail. At many stations he has to sign so many invoices and other documents of a routine character that it is a daily occurrence to have a long waiting line. Then the consuls have many important matters of a difficult and delicate nature to handle, which require real diplomacy and the exercise of a high order of executive talent—things that are very far from being routine in character. In spite of these heavy demands, however, the consuls are now doing the foundation work in finding openings for the goods of American manufacturers. It's a big job, and they are doing it well in spite of the difficulties under which they operate.

"To go to a post in a foreign country, make the friends who will give important and authentic trade information, and then present those data in sound, scientific and practical shape, is job enough for any man, to say nothing of discharging all the other duties that come first on the calendar of a consul. Consequently it is not strange that all consuls are not able at all times to produce trade reports calculated to inspire the American manufacturer to go out after export business, and to guide those efforts to success after they have been inspired. On this end of the job he needs help of the sort that only the highly trained specialist can give. Hence the commercial attaché and the commercial agent."

Though representing the Department of Commerce instead of the Department of State, the commercial attaché is really an ambassador of industry. His mission is almost as distinctly diplomatic as that of a foreign minister. What this ranking representative of the Department of Commerce actually does when on the job is best indicated by an incident that occurred almost immediately after this position was created.

Before the attaché assigned to Paris had started for his post the State Department, through the Ambassador to Madrid, received an intimation that the King of Spain desired to hold a personal audience with some official representative of the Government of the United States especially qualified to talk on commercial subjects.

Fortunately the attaché about to start for Paris could speak Spanish almost as well as English. He was instructed to go at once to Madrid, where the American Ambassador would arrange the details of the audience. This was done, and the king talked for nearly an hour. Among other matters on which the attaché gave specific information that appeared to interest the monarch greatly was that of coal. The king remarked on the high price of coal in Spain, the difficulty of securing it from England and Wales, and the attractive opening that this situation gave to American coal producers.

Here is where the American commercial attaché scored by calling the attention of the king to the fact that Spain imposed a transport tax which put American coal at a great disadvantage in competition with English coal. He also suggested that if this tax were removed or equalized American coal would almost inevitably be carried to Spain, and the natural result would be that the ships bringing this coal would carry cargoes of Spanish products back to America.

Ambassadors of Industry

IT WAS arranged that the attaché should prepare for the king a written statement on the subject of the transport tax. This was finally done. The attaché had not been long at his post in Paris when the State Department one morning telephoned to the Department of Commerce that a cable from the American Ambassador in Madrid had just been received conveying the information that the Spanish discrimination against American coal had been removed by royal decree, thus opening a new market for millions of tons.

Did the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce settle back on its dignity and take its own official leisure in the distribution of these good tidings? Not to speak of, it did not! It got busy on the wires, and within a few hours every coal producer in the United States who could possibly go after this trade opportunity had been given full details of the entire matter. A down-to-date manufacturer, hungry for new business, could hardly have handled the matter on a closer efficiency schedule. This put the business strictly up to the coal producers, and they responded to the opportunity so briskly that good business was immediately booked.

The commercial attachés by no means do business exclusively with kings, however. These ambassadors of industry are not above talking to anybody who looks like a promising buyer of American wares. He is on the job all the time for anything that has a vital relation to trade for goods made in America or for products grown in the United States. One of the services expected from these plenipotentiaries of trade is to present broad economic studies of the commercial situations they encounter. A sound and comprehensive knowledge of economics is one of the first requirements in a candidate for appointment to this high position, and it is expected that any man holding this kind of commercial portfolio will be able to analyze an economic situation with grasp and authority.

The commercial attaché accredited to Berlin has been spending his time mainly at Rotterdam, helping to move shipments of American goods—particularly to get out certain cargoes that had been delayed.

The work of the attaché stationed at Rio de Janeiro has been largely along tariff lines. In the near future the Brazilian tariff is to be revised, and his effort is to see that American goods are given a place in this readjustment on

a more favorable basis. To this end he must acquire a mastery of the present Brazilian tariff, which is by no means a simple matter.

Still another commercial attaché is focusing his attention on the tin-ore industry of Bolivia. Heretofore this ore has gone to England, Belgium and Germany for smelting. As the United States is one of the largest users of tin ore in the world this ambassador of industry can see no reason why this vast body of valuable ore should be allowed to cross the Atlantic to be smelted. Large American interests apparently look at the matter in the same light, for they have, through the attaché, taken the initial steps calculated to divert this ore to the United States. If this plan succeeds it will mean a yearly addition of many million dollars to our trade.

At present, commercial attachés are located only at Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd, Peking, Melbourne and London. In the Bureau at Washington is an official who gives his entire time to the attachés and their work.

The commercial agent comes next to the attaché in rank, and might in some respects be considered as an understudy to the ambassador of industry; in fact, some of the attachés were once commercial agents traveling in foreign fields. At present the Bureau has about twenty of these commercial agents, who are ransacking the face of the globe for the information that will help to open up trade for American manufacturers.

As a rule, these agents are specialists in one particular line of trade. Two of them are experts in cotton and cotton fabrics. One is now in China, making an extensive survey of the particular demands in cotton goods of each section of the newest republic, collecting samples of the most popular goods of this character, securing data as to prices, demand, supply, volume of consumption, transportation costs and all other factors affecting trade and profits in these stuffs.

The other expert in this line is now in Atlanta. He has spent fully five years touring the various foreign countries where cotton goods are in demand and where trade in them is capable of decided expansion. A letter was lately received by the Bureau from one of the largest cotton mills in the country, saying that they wished to establish an export department and go out after foreign trade in dead earnest. Could the Bureau give any advice that would be of service?

A Fifty-Thousand-Dollar Service Free

AT ONCE the expert in Atlanta was notified and shortly appeared at the office of the mills that had made the inquiry. He carried about as many trunks as a drummer for a wholesale millinery house. When he opened up his samples the officials of the mills were astonished, for he placed before them a whole library of looseleaf sample books, not unlike those in popular use in the tailoring trade. Each sample was labeled with every available item of data relating to that particular kind of goods that any manufacturer would wish to know in order to compete for the trade in the country and district where the sample had been secured.

"About how long has it taken you to collect this international exhibit of cotton goods and the information that goes with it?" asked the amazed head of the mills.

"At least five years."

An Agent Landing in Guatemala

"I'm not asking you," persisted the president, "how much it cost the Government to get this remarkable bunch of stuff together, but what would it cost us if we were to do the same job—assuming, just for the sake of argument, that we could do it?"

"Not less than fifty thousand dollars. That would be on the basis of a five-thousand-dollar salary and five thousand dollars for expenses annually. This I would regard as a conservative figure."

And the commercial agent was ready to place the fruits of all this expensive research at the disposal of the amazed manufacturer without a cent of charge! The expert remained as a special adviser until the entire work of laying the foundations of an export department was finished.

Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, chief of the Bureau, declares that it is the plan of the Department to "make these commercial agents the nucleus of a permanent staff of experts in every branch office—not merely theoretical experts on foreign trade in general but practical experts on certain particular lines."

They are to serve, on their return from foreign fields, as the normal teachers in the Bureau's big college of trade, which already has branches established in Boston, New York City, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco and Seattle. Because the commercial field agent is usually an expert in some special line of trade it should not be inferred that, as he pushes his prying, inquisitive pilgrimage from country to country, he closes his eyes to trade opportunities in other lines. On the contrary, he is expected to be as broad and catholic as opportunity itself, and to let nothing get past him that would cause a wide-awake American manufacturer to investigate if he were on the ground in person.

It is more difficult to trace the results of the work of the commercial agent than it is to spot the sales resulting from a campaign of national publicity advertising. Occasionally, and almost by accident, the Bureau learns where the labors of the commercial agent have made specific sales. Undoubtedly the cases in which this occurs are few in comparison with those where the results are not known; in fact, the Bureau is so satisfied with the results accidentally brought to its attention that it does not consider the question a debatable one as to whether the services of the commercial agent in the foreign fields are worth while. Practically all the known results come to the attention of the Bureau through the voluntary acknowledgment of manufacturers who have been benefited.

As an example of the incidental work done by the commercial agent in the field, here is an incident concerning one of them who has since been promoted to the position of commercial attaché. When on special duty in that part of India bordering Tibet, Afghanistan and Baluchistan he decided that it would be worth while to investigate those remote and half-barbarous countries. He made a fascinating report of this side trip, and in the course of it observed that the armies of those countries were in sad need of uniforms, their dress being far from standardized. Here evidently was an excellent opening not only for the American makers of uniforms but for dealers in second-hand goods of this character. In its systematic and businesslike way the Bureau made this apparent trade opportunity known to those houses most likely to be interested in it. The result is that the standing armies and police forces of those distant princes are, to a large extent, resplendent in restored uniforms once worn by police, Pullman and hotel porters and messengers.

Teaching Russians American Farm Methods

ALSO, the observant visitor, with his eye ever alert for trade opportunities, noted that the palace of the Sultan of Oman was short on a waterworks system. When this trade possibility was put up to American manufacturers in this line, one of them went after the opportunity with an energy and a shrewdness that brought results. To-day the palace of this Oriental potentate is equipped with a complete water system of American make, and this is the show feature of the royal abode at Muscat.

How far-reaching may be the results of an incidental observation made by one of these traveling trade scouts for Uncle Sam is shown by the incidents following a remark, in a commercial agent's report, that the province of Bessarabia, in Russia, was in need of a trained agricultural expert, and that probably an American would be preferred. A graduate of one of the best agricultural colleges in this country secured the position. His work unquestionably compelled the confidence of the authorities there, for he has remained at his post and has been a constant and active factor in introducing American goods to the people of that province—because he understood those goods and their application to the needs of the people there. Last autumn, for example, many prizes were given the winners in corn growing and other agricultural contests. Among the prizes were eighty-four plows, eighty-four planters, fourteen cultivators and seven corn shellers—all made in America.

The fact that this young man, through a report of a commercial field agent, was sent to teach American farm methods to the Russians has resulted in an extensive introduction of American agricultural implements and tools throughout that region. Two other local governments are following Bessarabia, and there is no doubt that the system installed by the young expert from America will eventually spread over Southern Russia, carrying an increasing current of American trade in its wake.

Though the commercial attaché and the commercial agent traveling in foreign countries work directly under the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and devote their entire time to the specialized tasks assigned them, the big burden of the work of finding and reporting

Mr. W. A. Graham Clark, Cotton-Goods Expert

Mr. H. O. Baker, American Consul in Afghanistan

An Agent in British East Africa

A Commercial Agent Outside His Lodgings in Abyssinia

Mr. Ralph M. Odell, Who is Investigating the Cotton-Goods Trade in China

Aboard the Ship of the Desert

trade opportunities is done by the American consuls, who are under the State Department and who perform this labor as an incident to their routine official duties. Whenever practicable these consular reports of trade opportunities are made by cable instead of by mail.

The chain of sequences by which an American manufacturer is enabled to transform a foreign-trade opportunity into an actual sale is illustrated by an incident that makes far-away Iceland seem, to a certain American manufacturer of the Middle West, altogether more real and less a mere dot in the Arctic Ocean than it did before he tried his first experiment in going after export trade. This small manufacturer happened to pick up a copy of the Commerce Reports. On its last page, under the head of Foreign Trade Opportunities, he saw that the American consul in London had received a letter from a business man in Iceland stating that the little Arctic island needed many American products, and that the time had arrived for American manufacturers to do business direct with Iceland instead of through European agents.

This manufacturer immediately wrote to the Bureau and was furnished with a special report giving the names of Icelandic dealers handling his line of goods. He wrote to several firms in the island and quoted prices in the form suggested by the Bureau. Iceland was still only a small colored spot on the map to the manufacturer; but when the answer to his letter brought a very substantial order for goods at a price that paid him a good margin of profit the isolated little country became decidedly tangible. And so, too, did the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

Patient Plodding That Sells Goods

MARACAIBO has rather a remote and indefinite sound, and there are plenty of tired business men in America who could not tell offhand where that delectable spot is located. That is putting it conservatively. There is at least one firm in the United States, however, that is not hazy about Maracaibo. It saw a small-type paragraph in the Trade Opportunities Department of Commerce Reports suggesting that there was undoubtedly loose treasure enough in the region of Maracaibo to warrant the use of several good, strong American safes. The house in question got busy, secured a confidential circular from the Bureau giving the names of possible purchasers of safes, and began a long-range correspondence with them. In less than three months letters had been sent that convinced a Maracaibo firm that it could make a profitable investment in ten safes at the prices quoted. So it sent the money for them by the same mail that forwarded the order. There was a footnote attached to the order expressing the belief that a brisk business in American safes would result from this initial shipment.

One exporting house has given what is probably the prize testimonial in the Bureau's big collection of grateful acknowledgments. It says that it is able to do business with twenty per cent of the trade opportunities with which it opens correspondence, and that the opportunity service has brought a connection with one house in India that yields a business amounting to about three thousand dollars a month.

When the head of the salesforce of a big shoe concern chanced to glance at the back page of an issue of the Commerce Reports and saw the statement that a consul in Italy had reported a good opening for American shoes, he decided to invest the energy and postage necessary to secure from the Bureau a confidential circular giving full details of the report and the names of the most promising Italian houses with which to correspond on this matter.

The confidential circular looked a whole lot more convincing than he expected and he decided to pursue the chase to a finish. Therefore, he opened a correspondence with the Italian houses on the confidential list. Trial orders were secured almost immediately. These were handled with a care that gave satisfaction, and the result of the connection was an annual business ranging from ten thousand to eighteen thousand dollars.

Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, chief of the Bureau, places strong emphasis on the mistake made by many manufacturers in becoming impatient if first efforts fail to bring immediate results. Though it is true that a letter written by an American manufacturer to foreign firms specified in a confidential circular sometimes brings business by return mail, this is not the usual experience; it is distinctly the exception. Patience and a capacity for hanging on are big assets in the building of an export trade. How slow this kind of business may be in starting—and yet arrive safely—is shown by a story related by a manufacturer to the commercial agent in charge of a branch office.

Fully five years ago, before the smaller American manufacturers had generally acquired their present interest in the possibilities of export trade, this man followed up a trade opportunity that he noticed in a consular report, obtained the name of a Spanish house supposed to be in line for his products, and wrote a letter describing the goods and quoting prices. Recently this manufacturer received a letter from the successors of the firm to which he had written, offering a substantial order, provided the prices then quoted were still in force.

Probably the experience of a certain milling company in the Central West affords as graphic an illustration as could be desired of the rewards that have followed a policy of persistent plugging after export trade in the face of delayed results. About four years ago the manager of these mills became interested in the possibilities of the trade opportunities offered by the Bureau. Unlike many, he became convinced that the trade could be had if the leads were followed up with sufficient tact, tenacity and intelligence.

From some source he had gained the sound idea that a foreign business house would probably move with much greater caution and deliberation than a typical American concern. Therefore, he was ready for a long siege and prepared himself to accept the foreign way of doing business without permitting its deliberateness to make him impatient. The preliminary negotiations dragged themselves through nearly three years; then the big importing house in Turkey gave a substantial trial order. Evidently this was satisfactory, for inside of the next six months the sales to this importer amounted to more than eight hundred thousand dollars.

On a Railway in British East Africa

The Wooden-Leg-Maker's Story

IN THIS connection it is well to remember that the general tendency on the part of the smaller American manufacturer who is feeling his way into export trade is to demand a price that will assure him a good, reasonable profit. In other words, he is given to playing safe in making prices for export-trade business, because he feels that there may be comebacks in this unfamiliar branch of trade the existence of which he has not definitely suspected. He knows the home field and is willing to take his chances in competition there on a close margin; but why bother with long-range foreign trade unless it is taken at a figure that offers a fair reward for going outside of Uncle Sam's boundaries?

It is, therefore, generally safe to assume that export business, especially at the start, is taken at a good profit-producing price or else refused. Often the reverse of this policy is followed by big corporations, however.

The case of this miller, whose plodding and patience finally brought him almost a million dollars' worth of export orders inside of six months, should not be dismissed without observing that it was the direct result of a special investigation made by a commercial agent traveling in Turkey. This investigator wrote so clearly and intelligently of the flour situation in the Sultan's empire that when the report finally fell into the hands of the alert and practical American miller he was immediately convinced that the commercial agent was not only in possession of facts secured at first hand, but that the investigator had visualized the whole trade situation clearly and comprehensively.

The officials at the head of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and of its branch offices are entirely human, and when a candidate for foreign trade has enough interest in his quest to go in person to the nearest branch office or to the headquarters of the Bureau, in Washington, he is likely to rouse an enthusiasm on the part of the officials he meets that he would not have awakened by a written inquiry. The special effort sometimes stirred up by a personal call is illustrated by the following incident:

About a year ago a man appeared at the Bureau, in the big Commerce Building at Washington, and asked to see the chief. His request was instantly granted and he said substantially this:

"I'm a manufacturer of artificial limbs—or, as they are commonly called, wooden legs. Like the physician, the nurse and the undertaker, we follow in the wake of accident and disaster and war, and try to do our part in taking

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THE MAN NEXT DOOR

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XV

I STOOD close up to the boathouse door and was going to step out, but what the hired man was saying to Bonnie Bell was so nervy I had to stop. Besides, I wanted to hear what she'd say to show him his place.

"From the first minute I saw you," says he, "I couldn't help it. I swore then I'd meet you some day, and some time ——"

"Is this the way?" I heard her say, low.

"It's the only way I have," says he. "If there was a better, don't you think I'd take it? But what chance did I have? I had to make some way; I wouldn't of been any sort of man if I hadn't."

She must just of stood looking at him. I couldn't see.

"I had to find some way to tell you," says he. "What part have I had in this foolish squabble? Was that my fault? I'm only a servant now; but give me a chance to break out of that. Why, when I was out West ——"

"Were you out West?" says she, sudden.

"Yes; in the Yellow Bull Valley, among the cowmen—among the real people. You came from that valley yourself."

"Yes, we did," says she; "and we'd far better of stayed there."

"You couldn't of stayed there," says he. "And besides, if you'd stayed there I'd never of met you, or you me."

"Indeed! Was that all my fortune—to meet the servant of my father's enemy?"

"It's all of mine! I'm not your enemy. But suppose now I went to your father and told him—what would he do?"

"He'd maybe kill you," says Bonnie Bell simply; "or else Curly would."

"I wouldn't blame either of them," says he. "I don't want to sneak around. I'm going away again ——"

"What made you come back?" she says.

"Because I was sick in my heart. Because I thought I could look over once in a while and see you. But when I came back, here was this cursed fence and I couldn't see you any more. I thought I'd go mad. Maybe I have; I don't know."

"With or without the fence," says Bonnie Bell, "how could our circles cross, yours and mine?"

"Circles!" says he. "Circles! What are circles? I've heard this talk of circles all my life," says he. "I've seen it going on all around me. It's rot—rot! It's my misfortune to find one so far above me."

"My money?" says she, scornful. "I've a lot of it."

He didn't say a word to that for a long time.

"Did you really think that of me for a minute?" says he at last.

"You take it for granted that I've thought of you at all?" says she.

"I wouldn't of dared," says he—and it sounded like the truth, through the door. "Don't class me that way!"

"How can a girl tell?" says she. "Men talk like this to girls ——"

"Have they talked to you? Who was it?"

"My social opportunities," says she slow and bitterlike, "seem to be confined to our neighbors' gardener."

"Don't!" says he. "Oh, don't! I don't want to see you hurt, even by your own tongue."

I never'd heard any man hand out any talk of this sort to any girl before. It was right interesting and I was glad I listened.

"How can a girl tell?" says she, like she was talking to herself.

"Shorely she can't tell all at once," he answers. "I'd never ask you to do more than wait. I'd want to go away and stay away till I could come in at your front door and be welcome," says he. "I wouldn't ask you to decide one thing now. But, as for me, I decided everything long ago."

She didn't say nothing.

"As to your money," says he after a while, "listen to me. Look at me—look close. Look into my eyes. Am I not honest? Tell me—if truth like mine can be mistaken for deceit, then what chance has any man on earth?"

She didn't answer, and he goes on like he had stepped up closer—I don't know but what he did.

"Look into my eyes," says he. "Look at me close. Maybe that'll help me some, for shorely you can see how much I ——"

"Don't!" says she. "Don't!"

I don't believe she looked into his eyes at all.

"I wouldn't touch you," says he. "I wouldn't touch your hand—I wouldn't touch the hem of your garment. It wouldn't be right. It maybe ain't right for me to think of meeting you again; but it's right this once."

She didn't answer at all. He come to what seemed to trouble him.

"Is it the money?" he says again. "What's money if you've got nothing else?"

"Not much," says she; "not very much."

"What Is It, Honey?" Says He at Last

"I've not coveted it," says he. "It's another commandment I've broke. I've coveted that which was my neighbor's. I've coveted you—no more, so much! If you and I had a shack on the Yellow Bull out there, and forty acres to start with," says he, "out where the sun shines all the time, and the wind is sweet, and the mountains rise up around you ——"

"Don't!" says she again. "Don't! Please go away—I can't stand that."

I couldn't stand it neither; so I opened the door.

XVI

THEY jumped apart—or farther apart—when I walked out. They wasn't holding hands, but she must of been looking at him and him at her.

"Miss Wright," says I, quiet—the first time I ever called her Miss Wright in all my life—"Miss Wright," says I, "come up to the house."

"Curly," says she, "oh, don't—don't!"

But she seen I didn't have no gun.

"Get acrost there, quick!" says I to him.

"You overheard!" says he. "You overheard what I've been saying?"

"All of it," says I. "It was my business to. Of all the low-down things any man ever done in all his life, that's what you done now. I heard it all."

"Stop!" says he. "I won't stand that for a minute."

"You'll stand it for a lot longer than that," says I. "If you show this side the fence again I'll kill you!"

"Curly!" says he. "Why, Curly!"—like he was surprised. "Is it like that?"

"That's what it's like," says I. "Don't never doubt we can take care of our womenfolks. It's my own fault this has happened. I ought to of watched her closter. I ought never to of allowed you on our dock, let alone mixing with you. I thought you was more of a man than this," says I.

When I said that Bonnie Bell jumped and throwed her arms around my neck, and held on with both hands.

"Curly," says she, "stop! I'll not have this. Stop, I say!"

"You'll have this, and a lot more," says I to her, "till this thing is settled. Let me alone with him. Haven't your pa and me give up our lives for you? It's a fine trade you're trying to make; to trade us for a low-down coward like this. They built that fence, not us. Hell could freeze before your pa or me would ever cross it; but here you're talking the way you done with their hired man—that has sneaked around here to meet you."

He didn't give back none, though he couldn't talk at once.

"Go slow!" says he. "Curly, be careful! I didn't have any other chance."

"Any other chance?" says I. "For what? To make love to a girl that ain't had much experience—to make love to her because she's got a load of money? I've seen some sort of dirt done in my life," says I, "but this is the lowest down I ever seen," says I.

"And Bonnie Bell," says I—she still had me around the neck, holding my arms down, and I didn't want to hurt her—"how'll I tell the old man? You know I've got to come through with him. You, the girl we loved so much, Bonnie Bell," says I, "we never thought you'd class yourself below your own level."

"She hasn't!" says he, right sudden then. "It wasn't her fault. She hasn't promised a thing to me, and you know that. She's not to blame for a thing, and you know that too. She hasn't said a word she couldn't say before all the world. What more do you want? She's too good a girl to get the worst of it. Her father's too good a man to get the worst of it too. She'd never let him."

"She won't have to do that," says I. "I'll take care of that. That's my business."

"Curly," says she, "what are you going to do? Don't you love my father at all—or me? You're like another father to me. And I've loved you; and I always will, whatever you do to me."

I couldn't put her arms down—I wasn't very strong, because I was thinking.

"If you tell my father," says she, "you'll break his heart. Cover it up for me, Curly—I've not promised anything. But oh, Curly, I didn't mean harm to anyone; and I'll never be happy any more."

"You see what you've done!" says I to him after a while.

He got white now, instead of red.

"How can I make it up? I can't stand to hear her talk that way," he says.

"Whose business is it how she talks?" says I to him. "What right have you to come here and make her unhappy for a minute? Didn't you know how her pa and me loved her?"

"Everyone does," says he. "Till I die I'll do that. How can I help it any more than you can? And if I've hurt her now," says he, "God do so to me and more also. But I've declared myself—I'll not take back a word. I didn't lie then and I won't now."

He seemed game enough. Still, so long as it's just talking, you can't always tell just how much of a bluff a man is throwing.

"If it'll make her happy for me to go away and never come back," says he, "I'll do that. I don't want to play any game except on the square. Don't start anything that can't be ever mended," says he.

"It's started now," says I. "Maybe you can talk a girl down, but not us."

"What're you going to do, Bonnie Bell?" says I to her, and I taken her hands now in mine. "You've heard me and you've heard him. Which do you want, him or us—us that's loved you and give you everything we had, or him, this here coward, that come in the back way—our worst enemy's hired man? You got to choose."

I felt her slip loose from my neck then. She'd kept tight hold of me all the time, so I couldn't do anything. I looked down at her, and she was all loose and white. I reckon she fainted, though I never seen anyone do that before.

I laid her down on the boards, and I was so cold mad clean through now I couldn't of said a word. I've felt that way before. There ain't no law then. But he was white as she was.

"Curly," says he, "what have we done to the 'pore child?"

"She ain't your pore child," says I; and with her in my arms and me helpless I felt hot in my eyes. "She's our pore child. Shut up and go home!"

He didn't go home, but went and got some water in his hat.

We Was a Couple of Hours There and Got Considerable to Eat Before We Quit

"It's cruel, cruel—it's all been cruel for her, who deserves the best that life could give. Can't you believe me, man?" says he.

She couldn't hear us now, and even the water I poured on her face didn't wake her up. I wouldn't let him touch her.

"Lord help us all!" says I. "For now it's a hard thing to say what's best. Tell me," says I, "was there anything I didn't hear? Did she make any sort of promise to you?"

"Not a word," says he—"not a word."

"That's lucky," says I. "The Circle Arrow never went back on its word. I'm glad she didn't promise you nothing," says I.

"There's nothing matters now," he says.

He set back on his heels, looking at me in a way I couldn't stand—with us both bending over her, trying to bring her to.

"I'm better than you think," says he after a little while. "All this happened because things got crisscrossed."

"You queered the game the way you played it," says I to him. "The Circle Arrow plays wide open, with all the cards on the table. It beats hell how the luck runs in a square game sometimes! The front door is the place for a man that talks to a girl—like Katherine Kimberly comes in, or her brother Tom."

"Does she know him?" says he, sudden.

"That's our business," says I. I still was pouring water on Bonnie Bell.

"Yes," says he, "that's true. He's not your enemy's servant."

About then Bonnie Bell begun to move her hands and I raised her up against my knees. She set there looking him in the face. "Kid," says I, "you needn't rub your eyes and ask 'Where am I?' I'll tell you. You're right in the middle of one hell of a muss!"

XVII

I SENT the kid upstairs to her room to think things over. Then I set down in our ranch room to think things over myself, because I didn't hardly know what to do.

While I was setting there in come Old Man Wright hisself from down town, and he was so happy I was shore he'd thought out some new devilment for his neighbor Wisner.

"Well, Curly," says he, "what do you know?"

"I don't know nothing that's pleasant," says I.

"Huh!" says he. "Don't you like the grub here no more, or what is it?"

"I don't like nothing about the place no more," says I. "I wish you'd foreclose on the Circle Arrow right away and us all go back there," says I. "Of course you wouldn't, but that's where you overlook a big bet, Colonel."

He looks at me serious.

"Is it as bad as that, Curly?" says he. "Sometimes I feel thataway myself, although along of me being so busy I can stand it better'n you, maybe. But what kick have you got? You ain't got nothing to do—take it all around, I never see a foreman that had less," says he.

"Huh!" says I. "That's all you know."

"Don't I know all there is to know?" he ast me.

"No, you don't," says I. "Don't I have to ride that line fence of ours, and ain't it the worst one I ever traveled in all my life?"

"Don't let that bother you, son," says he. "I'll do the worrying about that."

Now when he said this I begin to think of all he'd done for me all my life; of how he'd paid all the bills, and taken the responsibility, and give me my wages. I didn't want to rake him up the shoulder now by telling him what I was just about going to tell him. I knew if I told him that his girl had anyways gone against his will it'd nigh kill him—and as for this! But I argued I had to tell him. Then I thought that what a cowpuncher concludes deliberate is mighty apt to be the wrong thing. So where does that leave me?

For the first time in my life I didn't know whether to back or copper my own bet.

The old man staved it off a little while, anyway. He goes over to the table and begins to fill his pipe.

"Well, Curly," says he, "I couldn't foreclose on the Circle Arrow if I wanted to now—they paid their deferred payment for this year. Old Wisner, he got backing from three banks and he come through. That leaves only one payment more.

"Somebody's going to be out in the cold before long; but it won't be us."

"No," says I; "it'll be them grangers."

"It ain't them that's going to get the worst of it—it's Old Man Wisner," says he. "As for us, we can't go back there no more—we're city folks now. I've got to stay here to watch Old Man Wisner a while, and you've got to ride that fence.

"Where's Bonnie Bell?" says he then.

"Huh!" says I. "Where is she? That's what I'd like to know too."

"Come to that, after all," says he, smoking and looking into the fireplace, "the girl's got me guessing lately. She don't look well. Now she's up and now she's down—her actions don't track none. If I didn't know better I'd say she was in love. That couldn't be, for there ain't been no chance."

"Well," says I, "there's other kinds of deferred payments, ain't there, Colonel?"

"Maybe so," says he, sort of sighing. "We'll let it run as it lays; we can't help it much. Mostly a handsome girl finds somebody somewhere or somehow; or sometime ——"

"Ain't that the truth, Colonel!" says I.

I was just on the point of telling him all I knew.

"If only she was safe from the sharks!" says he.

"If I found any young man that I thought was after her money, not after her—why, I don't know what I'd do to him!"

"I know what you'd do, Colonel," says I; and I was glad I hadn't told him.

"Well, maybe. The trouble is to find any young man that's halfway as good as her, with some sort of folks back of him and some sort of way of making a living. You see, Curly, you can't tell much about things ten or twenty years ahead. A pore man may get money or a rich man may lose money. Now her ma married me when I didn't have no chance on earth ever to be anybody or to have any money; but we got on and was right happy—anyways I was—and I wasn't rich then.

"I'm awful rich now, Curly," says he, "though I don't know as I'm any happier. It bores me. For instance, I was looking around to-day for a chance to invest a little more money; not much, only about half of this here last deferred payment that come in—all Old Man Wisner's money—and I seen in the papers that we haven't got no potash works in America to amount to much, and that potash is shore worth plenty of money—whatever potash is. So I went out to look over things and I concluded to invest a few hundred thousand dollars in making potash. I've got a good man, with specs, that knows how to make it out of seaweed, or something that grows raw and is plenty, I reckon. I suppose pretty soon we'll be making forty to fifty per cent; maybe more. That's what bothers me—I can't find no hard game to play. I can't hardly take no interest in life.

"I was looking around some more and I seen where this country ain't got no dye works—the kind of dyes they make outen coal tar, which is made outen coal. Yet we've got plenty of coal and I own several coal mines out in Wyoming. I got another man, with specs, and I shouldn't wonder if we'd be making plenty of dyes before long, same as they used to import.

"Well," says he, filling up his pipe again, "I'd be happy enough fooling around this way, pushing in a few white checks once in a while—a few hundred thousand dollars. Anyways, I'd like it if I could lose once in a while—but then there's the kid."

"It comes around to her after all, Colonel, don't it?" says I.

"That's right," he says. "I play the game; she uses the winnings. She's going to be one of the richest girls in this whole town."

Seems like I couldn't get to tell him what I ought to. Every time he come around to the same place, talking about the kid. He didn't know as much as I did. I knew what'd make Old Man Wisner the happiest man alive—he'd feel that way if he knew his hired man had got thick with our girl! He'd of encouraged that any way he could if he'd knew anything about it. That would of pleased him. I had in my mind, too, how Bonnie Bell had looked at that hired man. So I set there, not having said a word yet and not daring to.

(Continued on Page 54)

"She's Not to Blame for a Thing. What More Do You Want?"

Austrian Police—Northern Type

THE MAN HUNTERS

The Austrian University System

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

WHEN a celebrated scientist was called as an expert witness in a noted English case, the barrister for the defense began his cross-examination with the following amazing query:

"Where is the dog?"

"What dog?" inquired the astonished witness.

"Why, sir," replied the barrister, "the dog that the judge, at the last assizes, said he would not hang on your evidence!"

Such is the attitude of the English-speaking courts toward scientific research when brought to the aid of criminal investigation. France, Germany, Italy, and especially the Dual Kingdom of Austria-Hungary, face the other way.

The detective system of Germany possesses military efficiency; that of Austria-Hungary the efficiency of the university. It is a system strikingly in advance of anything known to us. In English-speaking countries criminal investigation requires no established preliminary training. Before one is permitted to practice medicine or enter the courts as an attorney, he is required, with us, to take a certain university course and to demonstrate a certain efficiency tested by examinations held by the state. A similar preparation is required in Austria for admission to its criminal-investigation departments.

It seems not to occur to us that the investigation of crimes is a science for which men may be instructed and prepared as we instruct and prepare them for the practice of certain professions.

But this idea is dominant in the Dual Monarchy.

It long ago realized that intelligent criminal investigation was a matter of the highest importance to the state; that its practice was a science; and that the ablest intelligence, properly equipped, ought to be enlisted in its service. The police president of a city like Vienna, and every member of the force above the grade of noncommissioned officer, is a graduate of a university. He must have gone through a long preliminary training. The student enters the university at about the age of eighteen, and after a course of four years is permitted to take the government examinations. If he wishes to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Laws, without which he cannot enter the police system of Vienna above the grade of noncommissioned officer, he must spend at least five years longer in the Austrian university.

The Training of an Austrian Expert

IT THEREFORE happens that the criminal-investigation departments of such cities as Vienna and Budapest, in Austria-Hungary, are conducted by a corps of the most highly trained and efficient experts in the world.

The service is a distinguished department of state. The police president is immediately under the minister of the interior and is always appointed by the emperor. The emperor, as king of Hungary, also appoints the *Polizeirat* for the city of Budapest at the recommendation of the Hungarian minister of the interior. It is a position with the emoluments and dignity of a cabinet office. This official and those below him are usually decorated by the Crown. Foreign countries often confer titles upon them. Their services to the state are recognized and distinguished and their works are collected and printed as valuable contributions to the science of criminology.

It, therefore, happens that authorities like Gross, at the University of Gratz, have devoted their lives to this subject and have elevated criminal investigation to the plane of an established science; and men like Von Brzesowsky, of Vienna, are easily distinguished as the most efficient police experts in the world.

The whole system has the solidarity, the permanence and the certainty of advancement common to European diplomatic systems. It has an atmosphere of scholarship, of efficiency and dignity that belongs to departments of state. One finds educated gentlemen with accomplished manners and a knowledge of letters and the world at the head of even petty departments; and one finds criminal investigation conducted with orderly precision; with the accomplished, far-reaching, facile intelligence belonging to highly educated practitioners of a profession.

It is not to be concluded that the authorities fill these departments with mere theorists from the lecture rooms of the university. After a candidate has received his Doctor of Laws, a long, practical training begins. He enters what is called the Eleventh Rank as a *Praktikant*, to be carefully instructed in the application of the principles taught in the university, and to be trained. This training goes on for a period of five years, until he finally enters on his duties in the department with not only a knowledge of the theory but an actual practical working knowledge of every detail of the service.

The training school of Vienna is hardly to be compared with any other. It seems to be not unlike our naval training school at Annapolis and the military one at West Point.

The recruit is finally put on duty as a sort of apprentice to an experienced policeman. The whole class will sometimes take charge of a model precinct in a city. The student will have charge of actual police work for certain periods in the day, replacing the ordinary patrol or in company with him; and he will learn the actual manner in which thieves are apprehended, riots controlled and the order of the city maintained. He will know all about fencing, shooting, wrestling, and the like. He will be skilled in the procedure and the requirements of police technic. He will know foreign languages, telegraphic codes and signals, the composition and nature of explosives, all manner of bomb making, the effect of poisons, marks and physical evidences of every variety of burglar tools, the significance of bloodstains, bullet and knife wounds, tracks, finger prints—all the varied evidences of criminal activity. So that every fragment of information—advantageous in a criminal inquiry—known to the great detective centers like the university at Gratz is practically at the service of the police through these highly specialized units which make up the directing intelligence of the criminal-investigation department.

This high efficiency is imperative where police organizations are compelled to deal with accomplished criminals, such as operate in the old communities of Europe. These criminals specialize to an incredible degree. The crude methods of Scotland Yard or of our American detective centers would not be sufficient to detect many of their clever methods. For example, the usual inspection of correspondence in English and American prisons, and especially in city police headquarters, would be wholly inadequate. The average warden, if the communication seems of no importance, permits it to go through. One who had read the detective literature of the country, and believed himself on a plane above the ordinary police sergeant, might test with heat or chemicals suspected writings for sympathetic inks, after the manner of Dupin or Lecoq.

This would amuse a European inspector.

No prisoner would be permitted to carry in sympathetic ink. Such methods belong to diplomatic intrigue. The neat secret message or literary billet-doux that comes out in an elaborate note when held to the heat of a fire or treated with a chemical after the manner of Poe's Gold-Bug, are not the methods by which the imprisoned criminal of Central Europe gives his sign, or word of warning, or indicates his instruction to his associates outside. It is more likely, as the prisoner prepares his note under the supervision of an official—at an opportune moment when the official's attention is distracted—he will write a few words or signs between the lines of his letter with the end of the penholder wetted by the tip of his tongue. One would believe that such a writing would wholly disappear when the saliva dried on the sheet. But this is not the case.

When the sheet is held at a certain angle of slant to a brilliant light the presence of such interlineations can be determined. If the whole sheet is now dipped into a weak solution of ink and immediately washed off, the surface of the glazed paper that has been disturbed by the saliva will take up more ink than the glazed portion which has not been disturbed, and the secret communication, which the criminal has written with the end of his penholder, will appear. This method of communication is easy and the means for accomplishing it almost always available. A match, the end of a pencil, a bit of anything with a hard point, and a piece of paper are sufficient.

A Simple Form of Secret Writing

SCHÜTZ, in the archives of Gross, describes a method of communication that is very common in Germanic prisons. It is a method so incredible that one would not believe it unless he were conversant with the extremely clever methods sometimes put into practice by the Teutonic criminal.

The prisoner wishing to make a considerable communication to his friends outside goes about it as follows: He takes a sheet of paper, soaks it in water, and lays it down on the hard, smooth top of the wooden table in his cell. He then puts a dry sheet of paper over the top of this wet sheet, and with the hard point of a match, pencil, penholder, or any bit of material, he writes his letter on the dry sheet, pressing down the letters with care so as to indent them as firmly as possible into the wet sheet beneath. When he has finished he destroys the top sheet on which he has written, and when the wet sheet has dried out all the characters indented on it have disappeared. The inspector who examined this dry sheet of paper would find nothing on it; no characters would be visible; it would appear to be nothing more than a sheet of paper that had been wet with water and afterward dried. Nor would the most careful investigation of it reveal any trace of writing. Nevertheless, when this sheet of paper, having reached its destination outside, is again soaked in water, the secret writing indented into it by the prisoner will again appear.

With a police organization of such accomplished units, one would expect to find exceedingly clever deductive

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Austrian Police—Southern Type

methods. The stories told of the Austrian detective centers amply justify this conclusion.

There used to be a castle of an ancient noble family in the Hungarian mountains. The ancestor had no sons, and the estate, under the ancient entail, passed at his death to a nephew, a young army officer of prodigal habits. One night in midsummer, while all the servants were at a fête in a neighboring village, the old noble was assassinated. His room in the castle was connected with a farther wing by a corridor little used and for a long time practically abandoned. The valet had put his master to bed as usual and had gone with the other servants to the fête. When the assassination was discovered it was evident to the criminal investigator that the thing had not been accomplished by any of the servants, because they were all accounted for in the village from a certain hour in the evening until daybreak. A window at the end of the abandoned corridor was found broken open. The assassin had passed along this corridor.

The first theory was that some roving gypsy or other vagabond criminal had accomplished the crime. But the entrance by the corridor seemed to indicate a familiarity with the architecture of the castle. The criminal investigator made a very careful examination of the corridor. He discovered that the assassin, both on his entry and return, had felt along the wall with his fingers. There was not a sufficient impression at any point to enable a finger-print model to be taken. The dust on the wall, merely brushed, indicated that someone had groped along with his hand. He also found some faint, vaguely indicated footprints in the dust, too indistinct to carry any identifying marks; but their shadowy outline was sufficient to give the inspector an indicatory clew.

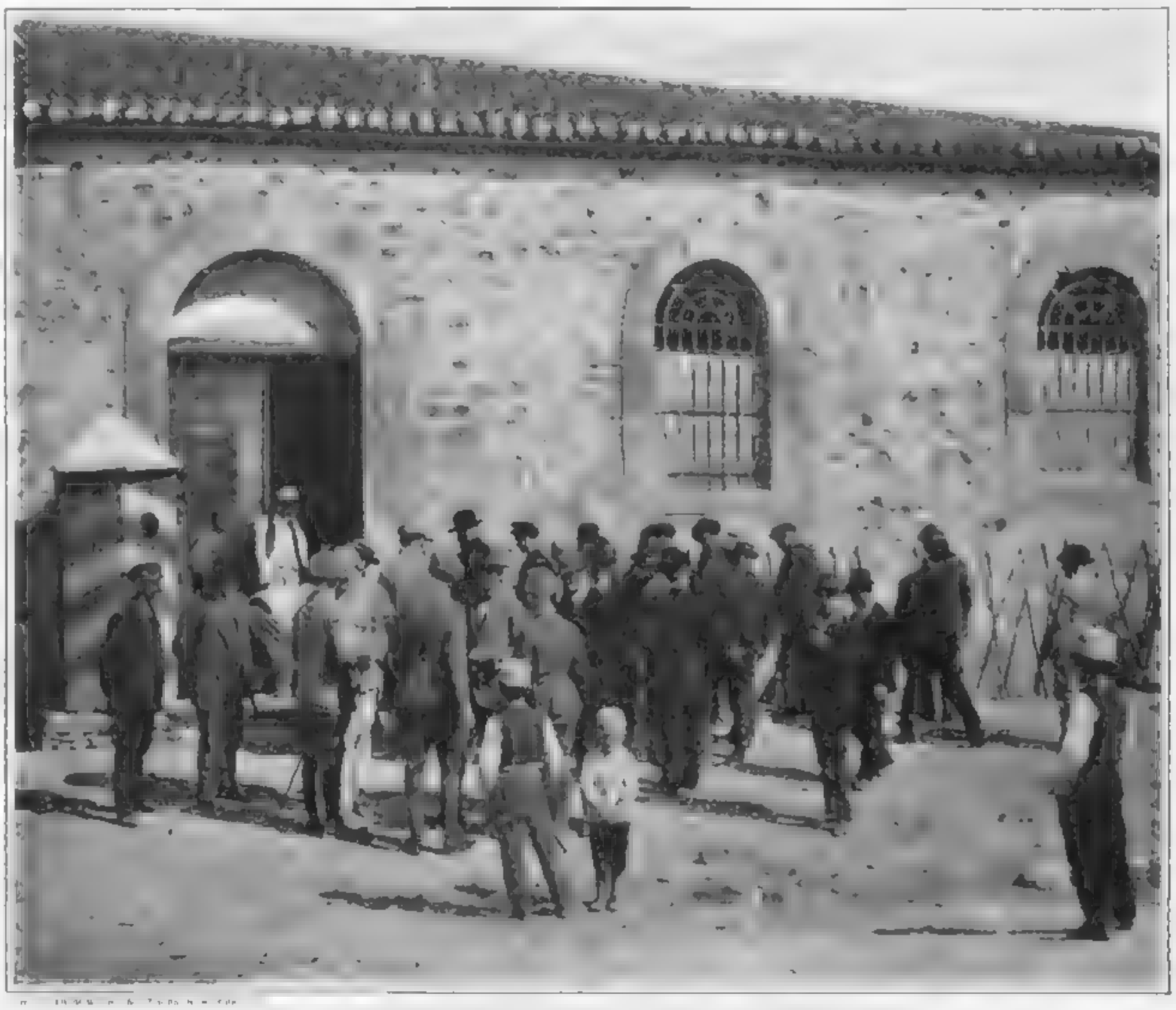
The corridor, as the castle stood, ran east and west. The broken window was at the east end of it and the chamber of the dead noble at the west end. The inspector discovered that the assassin, on his way from the window to the chamber of the dead man, had followed the south side of this corridor, feeling his way against the wall, and had returned along the north side. The inspector considered this peculiarity in the course of the assassin. He reflected that the human body has always a controlling side, and that when one undertakes a difficult feat—as, for example, groping his way along an unlighted corridor in the night—he would follow his controlling side. Thus, a right-handed man entering by the window would have followed the north side of the corridor and returned along the south side. But this assassin had done precisely the reverse.

Right-Handed and Left-Handed Criminals

HE HAD followed the south side on his way to the crime and returned along the north side. Therefore, the inspector reasoned, the man had followed his controlling side; and therefore, he concluded, the assassin was left-handed. This clever deduction proved sufficient. The young officer was left-handed. And it was presently shown that he had secretly returned and accomplished the assassination in the manner indicated.

This recalls an English case where a witness for the crown told the judge that the crime had been accomplished by a left-handed man. The incredulous judge silenced him with the observation that nobody could tell whether a man were left-handed or not unless he could have an opportunity to observe the criminal taken in the act.

He would not have silenced an Austrian inspector. Such an official would have pointed out that if one were attacked in front by a left-handed assailant the wounds would be on the right side of the victim. If he were attacked from behind they would be on the left side. Thus, the position of blows or stab wounds on the body of the victim would directly indicate whether the assailant were right or left handed. If the victim had been strangled the position of the thumb and finger marks would indicate it. The thumb print of the left-handed assassin would be on the left side of the victim's throat, while that of the right-handed assassin would be on the right side. So inquiries in an Austrian court would not require the overwhelming conclusive evidence that English courts reluctantly accept in the case of suicides. Scotland Yard did once succeed in convincing the court at Old Bailey that a supposititious suicide had not taken his own life, because the back of his left hand bore the bloody imprint of a left hand; and even an English judge must take judicial notice that one could not put the palm and fingers of his left hand on the back of it! This minute observation of highly trained specialists, coupled with an acute intelligence, is characteristic of the Austrian system.



Secret Service Rounding Up a Number of Suspects at a Police Station

A workman was arrested, charged with the murder of his companion. He explained that the man, who slept in the same room with him, had gone to bed insensible from intoxication, and that a portion of the quilt, during the night, had fallen over his face and smothered him. It was perfectly true that the dead man had been put to bed in the state of intoxication asserted by the prisoner. The inspector was not certain that such an accident might not have occurred. But he observed that, as the prisoner explained the incident, when he came to the story of the quilt falling over the man's face he unconsciously spread out his fingers and pressed his hand against his thigh. The inspector reasoned that this was a subconscious gesture indicatory of the truth in contradistinction to the false statement. It was thus the assassin had accomplished his act—by pressing the quilt firmly with his hand, the fingers extended, against the face of the dead man. And, with this clew as a base, the inspector finally obtained a confession, showing the prisoner had, in fact, effected the murder precisely as the inspector had deduced from the gesture.

An even more striking instance is asserted by the criminal-investigation department at the University of Gratz.

A lumberman in the mountains had disappeared. He was a tradesman with one or two little sawmills. No trace of him could be found and the authorities wished to know whether he were living or dead. They took the problem to Professor Gross. Gross did not concern himself with an endeavor to trace the last movements of the vanished man. His concern was to obtain a working conception of the character of this man. He was not even concerned about his physical aspect. What he wanted to get at was the dominating trait in the man's mental structure. Gross examined a good many witnesses brought in to him from the community in which the man lived. Finally an old peasant told him that the vanished man was the sort of person who never had any good tools!

Gross broke off his investigation with that explanation of the man's character.

He said it would be found that the man was not dead, but had deliberately concealed himself. The reason would be that the affairs of such a person would not be kept in order; his business would be found to be conducted haphazard; it would likely appear that he was financially involved and, finding his affairs in a hopeless muddle, had disappeared. When the man's business came to be inquired into, this prediction was justified; and it was afterward discovered that he had left the country to avoid bankruptcy.

The thoroughness with which the Austrian authorities examine a suspected criminal in homicide cases makes the ordinary methods in this country appear clumsy and ridiculous.

The accused is stripped. His clothing is examined under a magnifying glass for any trace of bloodstains. They do not expect to find stains visible on the clothing. They expect that the criminal will have washed them out. But Tourdes and Gross have pointed out to the Austrian inspectors that when a bloodstain is washed out, no matter how carefully, it will always leave on the lining of the coat or garment a brown outline of a circle, which will indicate the extent of the washed spot. Thus, no matter how large or small the spot on the garment the accused has carefully washed, to remove the stain, there will remain on the lining of it this telltale circle.

The shoes of the homicide suspect are particularly examined. If there are any stains on the top portion of the shoe the assassin can be expected always to remove them; but, as a rule, he forgets about the shoe sole. If the assassination is accomplished by violence it is usually the shoe sole that will be stained. Consequently it is the sole of the shoe that the inspectors begin with in their examination. The débris under the finger nails of the accused is especially indicated for examination. It is removed and analyzed. Where the assassination has been accomplished by a struggle with the victim, the greatest care is taken to discover whether there are any marks of this struggle to be found on the person of the prisoner. Not only is the clothing scrutinized for any tear or break in it but the body of the prisoner is carefully searched for scratches or abrasions, bruises, and the like.

A Search for a Telltale Bruise

THUS, in the case of a nobleman charged with murder, it was shown that his hands bore a number of tiny excoriations and bruises which the police were able to distinguish under a magnifying glass. They concluded from these tiny evidences, because of their appearance and number, that there had been a struggle. These authorities point out that in any case where the victim has been held down by the knees of the assassin great care should be taken to examine the region of the suspect's knee for evidences of bruises or abrasions, since it is certain that the victim, unless unconscious, would make some effort against his assailant at this point.

In one case where the victim had been held down on a sofa by the assassin's knee, while death was inflicted by strangulation, the inspector believed that the portion of the assailant's knee which must necessarily have come in contact with the wooden arm of the sofa—by virtue of the position in which the victim had been held down—would show a bruise; and upon looking for this bruise he discovered it at the determined position on the leg of the prisoner below the right knee.

(Concluded on Page 70)

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That Vanishing Issue

THERE is no use in throwing it up to the Democrats that they found a Tariff Board when they took possession, and promptly tossed it into the wastebasket instead of improving and strengthening it. Probably they know now that the country wants a real Tariff Commission; that the political disadvantages of the old system outweigh its advantages; that, unless all signs fail, the country is going to face a world-trade competition which will make intelligent handling of the tariff imperative if the facing is to be done successfully. We believe seven voters out of ten are sick of the fake tariff for politics and want a tariff for business.

The Democratic bill proposes a commission of six members, not over half being of one political party, each to draw ten thousand dollars a year salary and to hold office for twelve years—except the chairman and vice chairman—with a regular annual appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars. It proposes, in short, to set up a permanent branch of the Government.

The Republicans will continue the commission when their turn comes. In time it will take the tariff largely out of politics; in fact, the tariff is already taking itself out of politics.

What is the Remedy?

TWENTY-FIVE or so years ago the meat-packing industry at Chicago—and more or less elsewhere—was divided between the "big packers" and the "little packers." There were a good many of the latter; and time was, as we recall it, when they did, in the aggregate, about as much business as the few big packers. But they were in competition, and the big packers were the abler competitors. Naturally they had more capital and credit. They had more distributing markets over the country. Doing a big volume of business, they could afford to put up expensive plants for utilizing all the by-products and to invest much money in developing by-product trades. Both sets got rebates from the railroads, and it is our impression that the little packers got relatively as much as the big.

The little packers mostly succumbed. The plain fact is that they could not compete in that trade with their big rivals. For many years, though there has been plenty of capital and business enterprise in the country, no big new concern that we know of has gone into the packing trade. Apparently capital and enterprise, looking that field over, did not care to compete in it.

Now cattlemen complain much of the absence of competition. They say that when their animals get to a terminal market only one or two buyers may appear to bid for them, and they go for less than they would if there were a score or two of competing buyers. This may be quite true. But what is the remedy?

Is it to set up a good many little competing packers, who will presumably sooner or later go the way of their predecessors—namely, into the extensive maw of the big packers?

Roughly—and politically—speaking, we have never had but one answer to a situation of this sort; and that answer is "competition." But the situation in the packing industry is precisely a result of competition, with the few ablest competitors triumphant and in command of the field. Put the situation back to what it was twenty-five years or so ago and, under the same conditions, the big packers would probably swallow the little ones over again.

Cooperation among cattle raisers, to keep some sort of control over marketing, would doubtless be difficult; but it would be an effectual answer.

Money for Land Mortgages

WE HAVE mentioned several times that New York, more than a year ago, established a State Land Bank, which in a general way is in the line of sound rural-credit development. The recent report of the State Superintendent of Banking contains some particulars of its operation.

The bank is virtually owned and managed by local savings and loan associations. There is no state aid, except that the state specially authorizes the organization and supervises it. The plan, in a general way, is that the local associations shall make loans, secured by real-estate mortgages, and turn the mortgages over to the state institution, which shall issue bonds or debentures based on the mortgages. To the time of the report the state bank had made only one bond issue; but it sold that on a four and a half per cent interest basis.

Certainly that cannot be considered an excessive rate. It gives the investor about what he would get from a good municipal bond; and it obviously indicates that, under attractive conditions, and without any state or Government guaranty, money can be had for investment in farm mortgages at as low a rate as anybody could reasonably expect. All that state or Government need do is to authorize a proper organization.

Incidentally, in this connection, the superintendent's report mentions that during the year fifteen local coöperative credit unions were organized in the state for the purpose of supplying their members with small short-time personal-security loans, more or less on the Raiffeisen plan, which has been such a very important factor in rural credits in Germany.

The coöperative land bank has inspired coöperation in collateral fields. That is a probable result of any successful coöperation. The Washington drift just now seems to be away from genuine coöperation and toward Government aid—which inspires nothing worth while.

Small Failures

THE last long cycle of business depression included the years 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896. All of them were notoriously bad years in business. Yet the proportion of business concerns that failed, according to Dun's report, was higher in 1915 than in any of those years.

Now 1915 could not be called a very bad year in business. The number of large failures—those, that is, with liabilities exceeding one hundred thousand dollars—was decidedly smaller than in 1914, with much smaller aggregate liabilities. It was even smaller than in 1913. The great mortality of the year occurred among small concerns—having less than a hundred thousand dollars of liabilities—especially among small trading concerns.

The average for 1894, 1895 and 1896 shows two hundred and eighty-five large failures a year. In 1915 there were three hundred and thirty-one failures in that class—that is, the number of failures among concerns with a hundred thousand dollars or more of liabilities increases comparatively little. Among small concerns it increases steadily as the total number in business increases.

Twenty-two thousand small failures suggests a problem of considerable human and social importance. Injudicious buying is one cause of failure. There is as much need of expert instruction in buying as in selling.

Getting Richer

ESTIMATES of the wealth of the country are not very important. Income is much more significant of the country's economic status than it is of an individual's. A man cannot spend a section of land, but only the income from it. Total output of manufactures in the United States was valued at eleven billion dollars in 1899; at fifteen billions in 1904; at twenty billions in 1909. Incomplete returns from the census for 1914 indicate that the total in that year exceeded twenty-four billions.

There is extensive duplication here, because the output of one factory constitutes the raw material of another. But the net product, after deducting cost of materials consumed, rose from under five billion dollars in 1899 to eight and a half billions in 1909, and presumably to more than ten billions in 1914. Nearly all these goods were consumed in the United States, for the exports of manufactures minus the imports do not very materially alter the figures. The people of the country, taken collectively, had sufficient income to buy them; and, although prices were considerably higher, they enjoyed the use and consumption of twice as many manufactured goods in 1914 as in 1899. Distribution of this enjoyment is, of course, another question; but there is no doubt that a huge number of people got some share in it. Slowly but positively the people of the United States are getting richer.

Feeding on Close Margins

NOT long ago the British Government placed an order in America for six hundred million one-pound cans of beef stew, to cost ninety-one million dollars. It was all in one order, given to one firm, which distributed it among various manufacturers of that nourishing commodity.

It obviously constitutes an interesting cost-of-living note. We may presume that when a given can of beef stew is finally handed out to a given British soldier, somewhere in France, it will have been stewed, canned, transported and delivered at the lowest practicable margin of cost all along the way.

Probably, for example, its transportation from Chicago or Kansas City to the French trench will have added to its shop cost much less than is added to the cost of a pound of beefsteak on the way from a wholesale market in Buffalo, New York, to a consumer's kitchen in the same city. Probably millions of men in Europe are being fed now at less avoidable cost than any large number of men were ever fed before.

The ability of our business organizations to handle such orders helps to explain how Europe is standing the war.

Our Medicine Men

WE CANNOT help smiling—although we know we should not—over this gasoline commotion at Washington. Years ago, you know, the Government took the oil industry ruthlessly in hand. With great effort and expense it milled the Standard Oil Company through the courts until the tribunal of last resort solemnly declared it a combination in restraint of trade, and dissolved it.

The prescribed incantation having been duly pronounced by the Supreme Court, monopoly was forever to vanish from the petroleum trade. Under the blessings of restored competition oil men were to get a fair price for the yield of their wells and consumers were to pay a fair price for the refined products thereof. Everybody was to be happy.

But latterly nobody has been happy. A year ago oil producers the country over were clamoring against ruinously low prices, which many of them charged to monopoly. At present consumers are clamoring against ruinously high prices, which many of them charge to a monopoly. The incantation seems to have worked exactly the wrong way all round. It looks as though the Government might have to rub the lamp and utter the magic formula over again.

Learning a Business

WITHIN twenty years or thereabouts an educational system, which comparatively few people have paid much attention to, has grown up in this country. Formerly it was comparatively rare for a big concern, or a concern in a big line of business, to teach a young man coming into its employ anything that was not immediately useful to the employer. He was taught the particular piece of work he was expected to do.

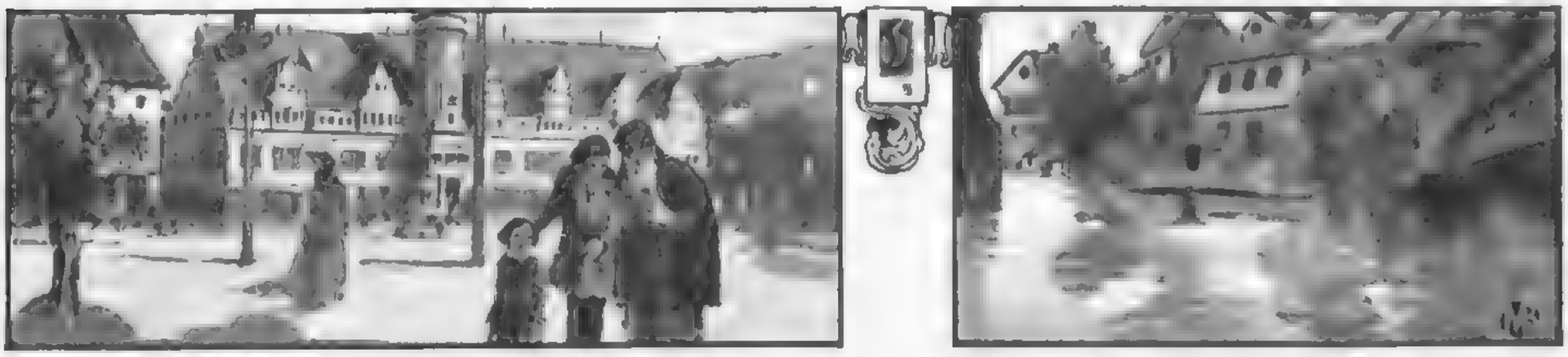
Now a broader view is common. There is a systematic attempt to teach the novice something about the business in general. That, also, is useful to the employer, although not in so immediate a way. The concern that simply teaches a youth to sort checks for the Clearing House with no attempt to teach him what a Clearing House is or what the checks connote, or to take dry goods out of a packing case without opening his mind as to the processes by which the dry goods got into the case and where they are going, is sponging on its own pay roll and depreciating its own wage investment.

Opportunities for learning a business are rather better than they were; but, after all, learning a particular business is not the important thing that most young men imagine it to be. The usual number of them, a little later on, will be quitting school with the ambition to learn a business—preferably some conspicuous and extensive business like banking, railroading, insurance, hardware or dry-goods merchandising.

But the thing of first importance is to learn business, rather than any one particular business; and business is nothing but looking for opportunities and dealing with people. We would not have a youth wait for a "suitable opening." We would have him go at something. Peddling mousetraps or drumming up book subscriptions is a far better beginning of a business education than waiting for a vacancy in the First National Bank or in the leading wholesale house.

Let him go to work at once. Whatever he does, he will be learning business. If he watches for opportunities and deals successfully with people, in whatever connection, he is going right. Getting started in some big and eminently respectable line of trade, so as to learn that, is of secondary importance.

The Pentecost of Calamity



TWO LETTERS

IN MR. OWEN WISTER'S article, The Pentecost of Calamity, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some months ago, he made certain statements to which exception has been taken by Mrs. Nina Von Below, the American wife of a German general. Mrs. Von Below has sent us a number of affidavits, the purport of which is set forth in the letter that follows.—THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Sir: In a copy of your paper of July third, recently lent me by an American friend, I read the very violent and abusive article against Germany and the German Emperor by the well-known author, Mr. Owen Wister, of Philadelphia, called The Pentecost of Calamity.

I must leave it to an abler pen than mine to answer the many dreadful and unfounded assertions contained in that article, but one terrible and absolutely false assertion I consider it my duty to deny, and send you herewith the proofs that that assertion had no foundation in fact, but was a most malicious calumny. As the wife of one German general, and the sister-in-law of another who commands one of our armies, I cannot let such a slander against the beloved country of my adoption be spread broadcast among my former fellow country people in America without protest.

I refer to that assertion in Mr. Wister's article in which he states: "On May 7, 1915, a German torpedo boat sunk the Lusitania and the cities of the Rhine celebrated this also for their school children." He continues: "No need to investigate further the atrocities of Liège or Louvain. These and more have indeed been amply proved (?), but what need of proof after the Lusitania school festival."

Thus Mr. Owen Wister, knowing Germany and her people as well as I have done for many years past, I knew, of course, that this statement could not be true. More especially as I myself happened to have been in two of the principal cities along the Rhine that very day, having left Wiesbaden in the forenoon arriving in Cologne in the afternoon, in both of which towns I have friends and in neither of which was there any sign of festivity or any thought of holiday for the schools. I wished, however, to prove it to those Americans who are still capable of thinking calmly and impartially on the subject of this awful war, and have therefore written to all of the Royal Boards of Education of the Rhine Provinces from Düsseldorf to Darmstadt, without whose authority no school holiday or festivity could be given to the school children.

I am sending you herewith the official answers of all of them with the translations. You will see that each and every one of them assure me that the statement of Mr. Owen Wister was "*durchaus falsch*"—absolutely false. Others pronounce it a "*sericumderischen Behauptung*"—malicious slander; another calls it a "*böswillige Erfindung*"—a mischievous invention.

As you were willing to lend the pages of your so well-known and influential paper to spreading this unfounded calumny against Germany and the culture of her people, a nation that is not only fighting for its very existence against a world in arms beside its "neutral" enemies, but also against a world of abuse, calumny and prejudice, I call upon you in the name of that fair play and love of justice, with which one was formerly wont to associate the name of America and Americans, to publish this letter together with the accompanying official denials which I have received from the different Rhine *Bezirks*—districts—of Mr. Wister's most pernicious statement.

You will see that those denials are from the capital towns of all the Rhine provinces, viz: Münster, Aachen, Cologne, Arnsberg, Cassel, Trier, Coblenz, Wiesbaden, Düsseldorf and Darmstadt, against which Mr. Wister so airily launched so serious and terrible an accusation, a fair specimen of the many slanders that have been sent out into the world against Germany by the press of "neutral" America, assertions that fill the Americans living here, whether with German connections or not, with indignation and amazement, the most of which have just as much foundation as the one which is the cause of this letter, and the worst of which I read recently in the Philadelphia Ledger which did not hesitate to print a statement which asserted that the Germans were "now sending home the corpses of their own soldiers killed in war that they might be 'rendered' into soap and nitrates!"

Since the beginning of the war I have constantly read English, French, and Italian newspapers, as, unlike her opponents, Germany does not prevent the newspapers of her enemies from being sold here. Of all the dreadful accusations I have read against Germany in the papers of her declared enemies none have surpassed this statement of this newspaper of "neutral" America!

How can one wonder at the flagrant calumnies against Germany with which the American papers are flooded, the work probably of men whose existence, perhaps, depends on their supplying their papers with flaring headlines—the more calumnious against Germany of course the better—when a man of Mr. Owen Wister's well-known position and social prominence, and whose financial situation certainly does not require it, undertakes to make so dreadful an accusation against Germany—an accusation that reflects not only on her culture and civilization, but on her Christianity and humanity itself.

The way was open to Mr. Wister to do what I have done, viz, to write to the Royal Boards of Education of the various Rhine Provinces to find out the truth of his accusation before sending it out into the world. Had he been fair minded he certainly would have done so.

As I cannot believe that fair play and truth are no longer revered in my dear native land, in the name of these two virtues, which we were taught to believe were especially cherished in America, I urge you to publish this letter together with the official denials of Mr. Wister's accusation, which the large circulation of your paper has spread broadcast in so many American homes, making, naturally, as it probably was designed to do, just so many more enemies for Germany among Americans who have not traveled and who are ignorant about that country and the real character of her people, and who would naturally be impressed by and believe a statement coming from a man of Mr. Wister's reputation.

Trusting in your sense of justice to see that at least this calumny and wrong against Germany are righted,

Very sincerely yours,
NINA VON BELOW.

MARCH 25, 1916.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, ESQ.,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

My dear Mr. Lorimer: Let me thank you for submitting to me the letter and the thirteen German affidavits denying that any school festivals in honor of the sinking of the Lusitania had been held by the Rhine cities. As your correspondent has been at much pains to present this denial, I feel obliged to explain at some length why it is, in my opinion, worthless.

FIRST. On the afternoon when the news of the Lusitania overwhelmed the community with horror, and for the first time revealed to thousands of Americans the German spirit in this present war, one member of my household went about candidly rejoicing. She was my children's governess. She was a German. When asked how she could exult over the murder of noncombatants, innocent women and children, she replied that her relatives fighting in the German Army had been killed, and she was glad that others were now having their turn. Her mind was incapable of discriminating between the loss of soldiers in battle and the death by assassination of defenseless and peaceful citizens. She was not the only German in Philadelphia who rejoiced that day. But most of the others took care that their rejoicing did not occur in the presence of those who did not sympathize with it. In spite of this caution, however, this German spirit among us did not remain wholly concealed.

SECOND. During the days that followed the loss of the Lusitania, many leading newspapers of America published the news that school festivals in honor of the event were being celebrated in Germany. I am told that the Vossische Zeitung also mentioned this, but I myself did not see that paper. Almost immediately the report was contradicted, but only in so far as Berlin was concerned. I watched for further contradictions. None came. If the news was false it struck me as very strange that I heard of no denial of it in any of the many pro-German papers in this country; moreover, such reported rejoicings of schoolmasters in Germany were quite parallel to the rejoicing of the German Fräulein in my own house. It was not until some time after you had published my article, and it had attracted a somewhat wide attention, that I began to receive contradictions of the statement I had made on the authority of our daily papers concerning these school festivals. It struck me that these contradictions came a little too late; that the Germans had not waked up to the impression that the report of such festivals would make among humane people, until they discovered that the impression had been made, and that they then hastened to contradict it.

THIRD. Americans who, like me, have followed the war news with intimate attention, have read the diplomatic correspondence that preceded the war, have read the published letters of German soldiers narrating in their own language the atrocities that they themselves had perpetrated under the direction of superior officers, and have read Lord Bryce's report concerning Belgium, are unlikely at this time of day to attach much weight to affidavits made by Germans denying any discreditable or monstrous acts on their part. It will be a generation before any such Americans will forget that the German Chancellor called a solemn treaty a "scrap of paper"; that Doctor Dernberg tried to prove that treaty was no longer valid by mutilating one of its paragraphs, cutting this paragraph off short at a semi-colon, because what followed would have destroyed his proof. Nor will they forget that the German Government suppressed the noble response of the Belgian Government to the German ultimatum of the 2d of August, 1914. The German papers merely announced in speaking of the ultimatum: "*Auf diese Note keine Antwort.*" This lie is known everywhere now to the thousands of people in Europe and America who have carefully followed the details of the war. It was on top of this lie that the whole deceived German Army went into war, with the deceived German people behind them.

It was Tacitus who first noticed the duplicity characteristic of the German race, and he was followed by Dante and other Renaissance writers. It was, of course, necessary for Berlin to deceive the German people; as when, for instance, after the Battle of the Marne, the Berliner Tageblatt, in order to account for the situation, informed the German people that the Kaiser had withdrawn his troops from Paris on account of the cholera; or as when it was given out to the people in Metz early in September that Nancy had fallen; or as when the Gazette de Lorraine, a German organ, was able with impunity to promulgate week after week such information as the following: "The revolution in Russia. Grave mutiny in the Russian navy. Resignation of President Poincaré. Disgrace of General Joffre. Famine in Paris. Lyons menaced by the Italians. Disagreement between France and England." Americans are not likely to forget these remarkable performances on

(Concluded on Page 82)

THE CALL OF THE CALLIOPE

By L. B. YATES

Limbering Up

IN THE course of a variegated career some remarkable things had happened to me; but now, as we marched down the main thoroughfare of the town to the blare of the trumpets, I began to realize what an awful blunder I had made. More so, perhaps, as I could hear the four girls who acted as heralds, and rode behind Irene, giggling and snickering among themselves. My face burned with mortification and it seemed that the whole world had banded itself together to accomplish my undoing. I endeavored to speak, but could not find words, and sat my horse as one dumb. Finally I stole a look at Irene's face and noted, with apprehension, that her features were almost frozen with terror. When we had traversed about two blocks through the waiting multitude I managed to stammer her name; but without turning her head she said, in a tone that admitted of no argument:

"Jimmy Travers, you had better go back to your own parade."

There was nothing left but to retire as gracefully as was possible under the circumstances. I wheeled my horse at the next corner and rode up a side street. Then, for the first time, I began to think of Morse and our own little show. The enormity of my crime grew the more I pondered upon it. I had deserted in the face of the enemy and transgressed the most sacred of all circus traditions. It was all right to have a heart, but not when one was playing day and date with a hated rival. Then, too, I had gambled my reputation against nothing; I had had no word with the girl, and probably my stock had been considerably lowered in her estimation. The more I thought upon this the more serious the situation became.

All Irene's early teachings would have been in direct opposition to the course I had pursued. There was no gainsaying that the only words spoken by her had been clothed with all the contemptuous intonation which she was capable of giving them.

And They Turned 'Em Away by Thousands

AS I TURNED the corner toward our lot, in the distance I could see Morse walking up and down. His hat was on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets. It heartened me up somewhat to hear him whistling cheerily as I approached. Still, for all that, I dismounted slowly and stumbled miserably toward him.

"Hello, kid!" he exclaimed genially. "That was some parade—some parade! I should say it was. Gosh, A'mighty! I was scared all th' time that you'd get excited"

I endeavored to mumble something; but Morse continued, apparently oblivious of the fact that I was doing all in my power to excuse myself:

"Yes, sir; that's th' worst of playin' day an' date with another show. Th' parades always get tangled up, an' somebody then heads th' wrong way of th' track. I like to have laughed my head off when I heard they kidnaped you. But say, Jimmy, I'll tell you what you do: Jump on that horse again an' go down an' meet our parade. Tell 'em to loaf round till th' opposition heads for their lot an' then to double back to th' main street. Make th' musicians keep th' bands goin', for that's th' one chance we have to give them a good trimmin'."

I started to expostulate.

"Better let our parade get back to th' lot as quick as it can," I hazarded, "so th' folks can eat an' open up early."

My partner smiled at my innocence.

"Th' game ain't played that way at all, kid," he returned. "When you're playin' with another show let it be your aim always to get off the main drag last. Then th' crowd will follow you back to your lot."

And let me say here that when it came to day and date nobody ever outgeneraled Frank Morse.

The idea with all circus parades is to endeavor to keep the populace interested, so that they will follow the pageant back to the show ground. Once there, the management sees that they are entertained until the big show opens. On their arrival the side-show men are making their ballyhoo; and by the time the visitors have seen the World's Wonders they are ready to take in the entertainment given in the main tent.

It is part of the creed of the real dyed-in-the-wool showman that not a guilty dime or dollar shall escape.

The day on which rival circuses meet in mortal combat is always one of excitement for the show people themselves. Every member of the troupe regards it as a personal reflection on his ability if the rival show succeeds in corralling the preponderance of business.

Just as soon as it is known that the circuses will play against each other on the same day, an agent visits the town and picks out the best spot—usually a book shop or drug store—for the downtown sale of tickets. A good strategical point preempted before the rival agent arrives has frequently turned the tide of battle, because, as a general thing, American pleasure seekers will purchase their tickets at the most available stand.

On this occasion Morse executed what proved to be a brilliant coup. While the sidewalks were packed by the crowds who were watching the parades Morse had a dozen agents passing among them, selling tickets "for the big show"; and they worked so well that by the time we headed homeward our afternoon's attendance was practically assured.

Most towns have some store that for years has been the place where circus tickets are sold, and when the show comes to town people know just where to go. I cannot remember that the proprietors of the store ever made a charge for this.

They are given eight or ten complimentary tickets, to be used by themselves or friends.

When I look back I think that this particular day was really the big turning point in our career, because we met an enemy numerically much stronger than we were and gained an impressive victory. Before the time had arrived for commencing the afternoon's performance our ticket wagon was closed down and an immense throng outside was clamoring for admission. We had achieved the triumph of triumphs in the tented-show world: "Set them on the ground to the ring banks and turned them away."

I never saw anyone so elated as my partner. Every time he told about the mob of people we refused admittance to, he magnified the number. At first he said it must have been a thousand; later in the afternoon the number increased to five thousand; and along toward evening I heard him confiding to the mayor that we had "turned them away as far as you could see them."

Though rival circuses do everything in their power to best each other on occasions of this kind, there is no unwritten law that they shall not visit each other's performance; and every courtesy is extended. Morse went over to the other show and pressed me very cordially to accompany him; but there were very special reasons why I did not care to put in an appearance. Of course I was glad that our business was good; but the feeling of triumph was overshadowed by the fact that I had made no further progress with Irene, and I was still wondering how my partner felt down deep about the *faux pas* of the morning. The only thing I was sure of was that I was more in love with Irene than ever. However, our show pulled out of town without my seeing her again.

The Elephant the King of His Menagerie

THIS particular engagement started my partner to figuring on the menagerie in a large way—I mean, of course, large so far as our show was concerned. He planned to put in six cages, containing animals of various kinds, during the season. The important question to be debated was as to what would make the greatest showing for the money we proposed to invest. This occupied most of our spare time during the balance of the season, and through it I learned several new phases of the circus business—mainly that the acquisition of a menagerie means not only considerable initial outlay but a continuous drain on the treasury.

Of all the animals in the circus menagerie the giraffe comes first in point of expense; and then the elephant. Speaking in a general way, a very small baby elephant is worth almost as much as one grown to maturity. After that, it depends on how they are trained. Take a herd of elephants like the Barnum & Bailey troupe, or the famous herd purchased by the Sells-Floto Circus from Carl Hagenbeck, and the price runs away up. I do not suppose that thirty thousand dollars would buy either of them. But you can't have a circus without elephants. You must have those huge pachyderms and camels, Shetland ponies and clowns, together with plenty of calico horses, to convince people that you are of some real consequence, so far as the sawdust is concerned.

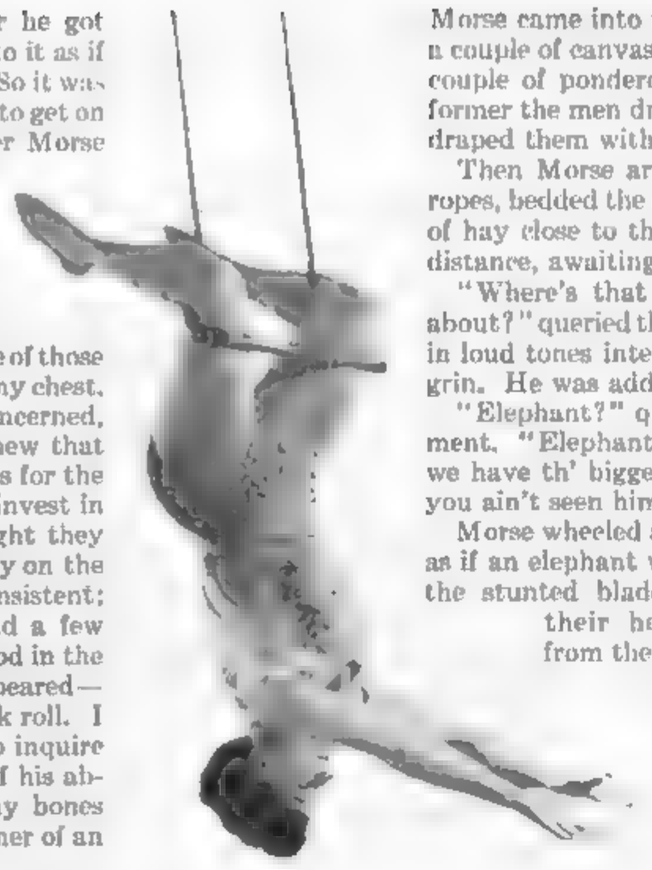
After that you can go along and enlarge it as much as you wish; but, for the base, elephants, clowns, spotted ponies and calico horses must predominate.

When Morse and I made our start in the railroad show we did not boast an elephant—a fact my partner always resented. One peculiar trait of his character, it might be

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF SELLS-FLOTO CIRCUS

Ready for the Great Street Parade

added, was that whenever he got hold of an idea he hung onto it as if it was a long-lost brother. So it was that the moment we began to get on the right side of the ledger Morse talked elephants. We had them morning, noon and night—elephants for breakfast, dinner and supper; so much so, indeed, that I woke up one night after a horrible dream, in which one of those monsters was kneeling on my chest.



So far as I myself was concerned, I was not a believer. I knew that we could buy several horses for the money we should have to invest in one elephant; and I thought they would make a better display on the street. But Morse was insistent; and one day, when we had a few thousand dollars to the good in the treasury, Mr. Morse disappeared—and with him went our bank roll. I knew him too well even to inquire or speculate on the cause of his absence because I felt in my bones that already I was half owner of an elephant.

Sure enough, a week later Morse appeared on the lot, convoying the most moth-eaten specimen of the species it had ever been my privilege to see. And how he did boast about that elephant! It was not even broken and was older than the moral law; but Morse planned a campaign that put all our former efforts in the shade. He explained to me that the present purchase was only the nucleus of a tremendous herd, which would be broken to do unheard-of tricks, and would be the one tremendous sensation that would put the kibosh on circus history and start the records all over again.

Whenever we got anything new Morse always had the idea that it was going to lay the foundation of an immediate fortune. And this time the elephant was going to insure our appearance on Broadway.

"Yep, kid," he explained enthusiastically, as he superintended the greasing of the elephant's mottled hide. "Yep; it'll be some sight to see forty-seven elephants trailin' each other down Broadway, and them New York yaps standin' on th' sidewalks with their mouths open so wide that any smart Western gun could steal th' gold out of their teeth. Yep, indeed, kid."

But His Soul Went Marching On

BUT the unforeseen happened. The animal had not been in our possession a week when one morning, as we pulled into the siding of a town where we were billed to play, the attendants found him dead in the car. I did not refer to this tragedy because I felt that my partner had been hit hard enough. Still, he was not behindhand in diagnosing the situation to his own satisfaction.

"Just our luck!" he droned mournfully. "When we was gettin' a runnin' start th' undertaker put th' Injun sign on us. Well, there's nothin' to do now but make th' best we can out of it. That elephant's dead, all right; but his soul is goin' to go marchin' right along with this circus if I got anythin' to say about it. Leave it to me, kid. I'll do th' manipulatin'."

I was quite willing to subscribe to this suggestion, for I had not as yet learned the system of bringing the dead elephant back to life. At the next stand, however, and just before the doors were opened for the matinée performance, Morse came into the menagerie. He was accompanied by a couple of canvasmen, who carried two large stakes and a couple of ponderous chains. Under the direction of the former the men drove the stakes deep into the ground and draped them with the chains.

Then Morse arranged a little inclosure surrounded by ropes, bedded the center down with straw, and rolled a bale of hay close to the foremost peg. I watched him from a distance, awaiting developments.

"Where's that there elephant I heard so much talk about?" queried the spokesman for several anxious citizens, in loud tones intermingled with disappointment and chagrin. He was addressing Proprietor Frank Morse.

"Elephant?" quoth he with admirably feigned amazement. "Elephant? I should say yes! Why, my dear sir, we have th' biggest elephant in or out of captivity. An' you ain't seen him, huh? That's strange!"

Morse wheeled about, gazed up and down and all round, as if an elephant was liable to be concealed behind one of the stunted blades of grass that poked their heads apologetically up from the red-head soil.

"Why, my gracious! He's gone, huh? He was here a minute ago. Boys, where's that elephant?"

One of the canvasmen, who had evidently got his cue, stepped forward.

"Bill just took him down to th' creek to water, Mr. Morse," he volunteered. "The veterinary surgeon that was here th' other day said as how he should be watered every day at three o'clock; an', if he was near a runnin' stream, to let him play in it a while."

Morse's expressive countenance underwent a lightning-like change.

"There you are!" he explained to the countryman and his companions. "There you are! That's th' way of it. A man what's runnin' a circus don't own his own soul; and as for controllin' th' comin's an' goin's of his own elephant—why, he ain't deuce high in a gale of wind. But never mind, brother; never mind! I'll fire every one of these officious guys round here that dared to take him away just as th' people are comin' in to see our attraction. It can't be helped, my friends. Walk into th' main tent. Walk right in an' make yourselfs to home. There you will see th' best performance in th' sawdust line you ever glimmed in your life. An' when we come round next year you can take it from me I'll show you th' doggonediest herd of elephants that th' jungles of Africa ever produced."

The strange part of it was that, so far as I was concerned, Morse never mentioned the elephant again. He played round with the stakes and chains for a week or so, and then seemed suddenly to forget all about his loss. Then, just about that time, he conceived an idea that New York could support a winter circus and he commenced making plans in that direction, starting another voluminous correspondence with the officials of Madison Square Garden.

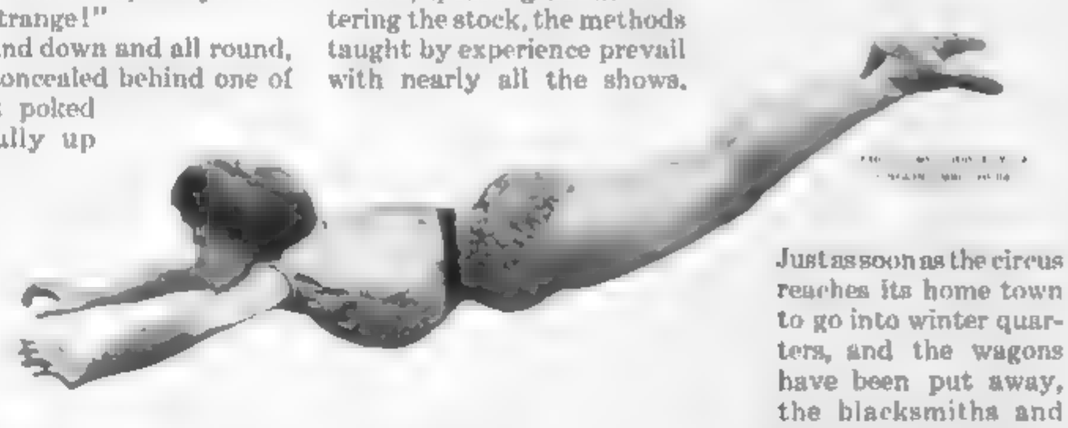
All this he reduced to facts and figures; the minimum expense and the maximum attendance, of course, being the basic principle. This means the standpoint from which nearly every showman like Morse figures. Incidentally I discovered how much some men could do with the simple assistance of a pencil and a pad of paper. Given these, and, single-handed, my old partner could have proved anything, from the fourth dimension to the long-mooted fact that Bacon was the real author of the Shaksperean plays.

The daily expense of running our circus, or what is called in circus parlance the "nut," was a little over nine hundred dollars a day. We had ten cars; and in this connection perhaps I might state the probable daily expense of certain tented shows—concerning which I have often been asked—and how we showmen figure.

This is easily done; because, if a circus gives a performance of merit and up to the standards that are nowadays imperative, you can count the number of their cars and figure the expenses at from ninety to one hundred dollars a day for each car. An animal show, which, as they say, "does not have to pay its actors every Saturday," will perhaps run as low as seventy-five dollars; but the Barnum & Bailey, Ringling, Sells-Floto or Hagenbeck-Wallace will average between ninety and one hundred dollars a day for each car, depending to a great extent on how scientifically the cars are loaded.

This does not mean that every actual day during the season, and while the show is on the road, these amounts are necessary for its maintenance; but it must be remembered that for five months of the year the circus is in winter quarters, and the horses and animals never stop eating. Large forces of men are at work in the blacksmith's, wagon and paint shops; wardrobes must be renewed, tents purchased, seats rebuilt, and railroad cars renovated—for every circus nowadays owns its own cars. So, in figuring the expense in the ratio above stated, the amount spent on wintering the show must always be included.

And, speaking about wintering the stock, the methods taught by experience prevail with nearly all the shows.



Just as soon as the circus reaches its home town to go into winter quarters, and the wagons have been put away, the blacksmiths and their assistants immediately pull all the shoes from the horses and rasp down their feet, so that the hoofs will not become broken. Then they are turned out, usually on a stock farm that has been rented for the purpose if one is not owned personally by the management. The horses get the benefit of whatever late browsing there may be and are fed loose hay from wagons during the day.

At night they are all taken into the large stock barns, comfortably bedded, and fed a ration of oats, alternating with a mash, or some green feed, like alfalfa. It does not do to allow them to fall away in flesh, for the reason that an outfit with lean, hungry-looking baggage stock could never make a hit with the populace.

Keeping the Big Cats Healthy

THE big cats—lions, tigers, and so on—are housed in the home menagerie. I have often been asked why it is that they are generally so healthy and free from sickness. This is simple enough, and might be a tip for learned physicians and others who would comfort or caution us regarding the isms and ologies of the human system. Stand aside, brothers and sisters! The panacea is contained in one short, quick sentence: There is one day in the week when we don't feed them at all!

I hold no certificate from any college of physicians or surgeons, and should not dare to prescribe for the human tribe; but I will just say that if you have, for instance, a cork leg, a hard-luck story, or a preponderance or scarcity of teeth—not to mention any other bodily infirmity—just experiment on yourself. See if you can't stay off the butcher's wagon every little while for twenty-four hours.

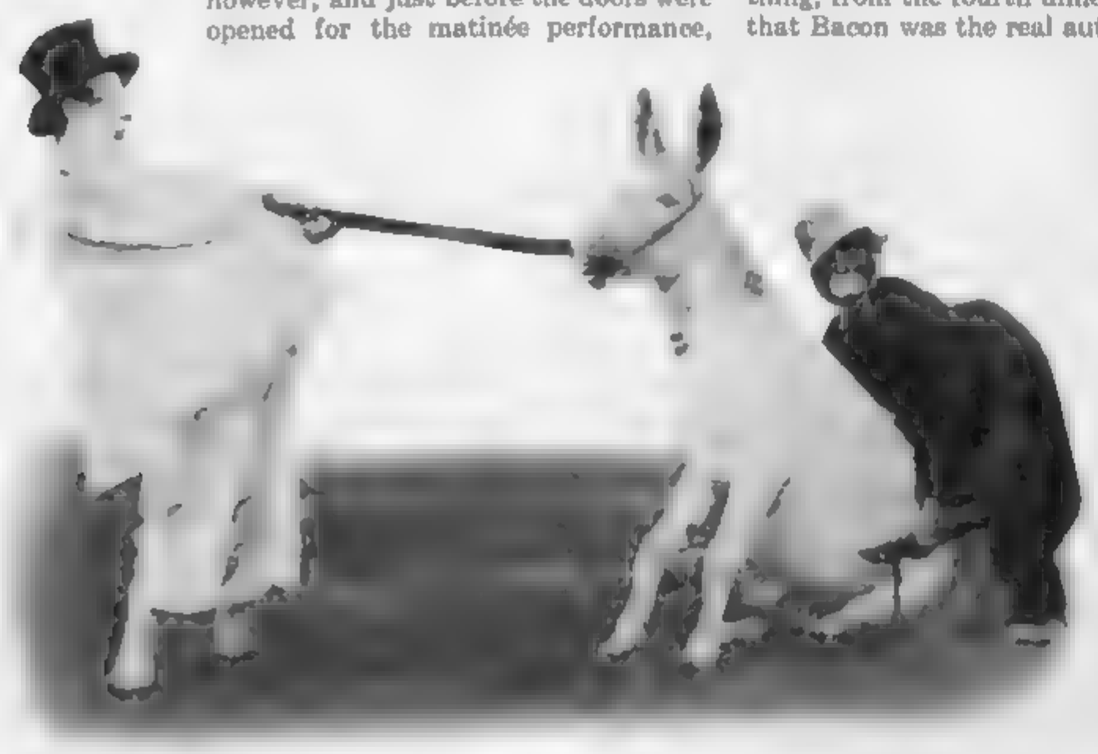
The elephants are wintered in a warm barn, usually heated by steam or stoves, but are allowed to be out in the yard on bright, sunshiny days. They, of course, being like horses and eating to a great extent the same kind of provender, are fed every day. An elephant is easily taught, and perhaps is the only animal used for exhibition purposes that will readily copy what the other elephants do. This has been proved time and time again, especially with young or baby elephants. They will watch their elders and then, sometimes without the slightest prompting, endeavor to do the same tricks. Once taught, an elephant hardly ever forgets what he has learned; and, even if allowed to go several years without performing, it will at once begin to show off if given the proper cue.

In connection with this might be cited a funny incident that occurred when the proprietors of the Sells-Floto Circus bought the celebrated performing herd owned by Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg. These animals were among the most expensive groups ever purchased; and when they arrived at the Denver winter quarters they were put in charge of the regular circus keeper.

After a few days' rest they were taken out and lined up. Then the trainer endeavored to put them through their paces. He gave the word of command, but not an elephant moved. He tried all the cues in his repertory, but the big beasts simply swung their trunks from side to side and gazed on him in an impersonal sort of way.

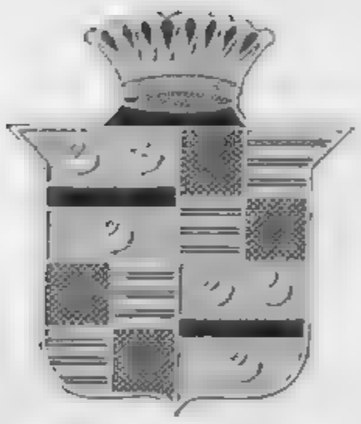
This occurred for several days; and finally Mr. Tammen, general director of the circus, wired Mr. Hagenbeck, who happened to be in this country, asking him to visit Denver. There was no thought in his mind that he had been cheated by the latter, because, be it said in this place, the Hagenbeck assurance regarding anything sold by them has always been regarded in show circles as absolutely eighteen carat.

(Continued on Page 33)



Teaching an Old Donkey New Tricks

TO RIDE IN THE CADILLAC IS TO REVISE YOUR IDEAS OF WHAT CONSTITUTES LUXURIOUS MOTORING



BETWEEN two cars, even of excellent riding qualities, you may be able to observe certain slight or indifferent distinctions.

But you will recognize that the difference between the smoothest, steadiest car you have ever known, and the eight-cylinder Cadillac, is not merely slight or indefinite.

It is impressively brought home to you that you must reject your previous ideals and that you must adopt new standards of what constitutes real motoring luxury.

Before you have ridden a mile in the Cadillac, you find that the qualities which you have most desired in a motor car, have been developed to a point that is absolutely new to you.

You discover—immediately the car glides into motion,—that the quality of quietness has been given a new significance.

You find that neither the engine nor any other part of the marvelously efficient mechanism intrudes itself upon you.

You relax into forgetfulness of the means by which you are carried forward.

You find that you are traveling more continuously on direct drive than you had thought possible in any car.

Pick-up, from a snail's pace to express train speed, is accomplished with so little effort that it is scarcely apparent.

Hills which, before, had compelled a car to strain and labor, seem almost to subside into a level roadway—so easily, so quietly and with so little exertion does the Cadillac surmount them.

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There have been no exceptions to the astonishment and delight of those who have ridden in this unusual car.

The handling and control are so easy; the springs and the deep, soft upholstery are so yielding; the smoothness, the quietness, the activity and the flexibility are so delightfully soothing; there is such a sense of velvet softness in every movement of the car, that you cannot resist its supreme charm.

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It carries with it the gratifying sense of owning something different and something superior—a car which surpasses ordinary standards and deepens and intensifies the enjoyment of every phase of motoring.

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The stream is steady, powerful, non-pulsating, reaching 30 feet. A seal at the nozzle shows at a glance that the J-M Extinguisher is charged and ready for use. These valuable features are exclusive with the J-M Extinguisher.

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Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

THE CALL OF THE CALLIOPE

(Continued from Page 31)

A few days later Mr. Hagenbeck arrived in Denver and, accompanied by the circus proprietor, went to the winter quarters. The elephants were lined up and the trainer gave the usual word of command; but not an elephant moved. Mr. Tammen looked grave, while Hagenbeck burst out laughing.

"This is no joke, Carl," protested the new owner seriously. "I gave you a fortune for them. Now look at the darn things! It's all we can do to get them in and out of the building—let alone have them perform. It's a joke on me; but it's an expensive one."

"Yes, it's some joke," Hagenbeck responded; "because, though I thought I told you all I knew about the elephants, I guess I forgot to inform you that they didn't understand English. Just talk to them in German and watch them!"

The shortest-lived animal in the circus is the monkey, which rarely lasts more than one season. If you take a hundred monkeys out with the circus in the spring you are lucky if you bring home a dozen. For a long time the Sells-Floto Circus people kept their monkeys housed during the winter in a menagerie, but they continued to die off regardless of how carefully they were nurtured. Then someone more enterprising than the rest cut a hole in the roof of the cage and built a wire inclosure through the ceiling, having a space through which the monkeys could climb to the open air from the warm compartment below. This they seemed to enjoy to the limit; and whenever the sun was out, no matter how cold the air was, they played continuously on the roof, and lived longer than any group ever owned by this circus.

But, speaking in a general way, the monkey tribes are all hard to handle; and, though they are a good drawing card, especially a pair of orang-utans, they do not, as a rule, live long enough to warrant the investment of much capital.

Perhaps right here something might be said regarding the longevity of different animals. I don't know whether or not a whale is classed as an animal, but, animal or fish, he has them all beaten when it comes down to protracted life. A whale will live a thousand years. Next to the whale comes the elephant. There have been cases on record regarding the latter where he lived four hundred years. A camel isn't old at a hundred, and it is claimed that a lion will live until he is past the Biblical age laid down for the human species. The average age of the rest of the cat tribe is fifteen years.

When the Elephants Run Amuck

Lions and tigers are comparatively easy to breed in captivity. I know of one tigress that has given birth to sixteen cubs and a lioness that is mother of eleven. Young lions are easily handled, but a young tiger gives all the evidences of his natural ferocity just as soon as he is able to crawl about. Circus people judge the birthplace of the big cats by the condition of their coats. A jungle-bred tiger or tigress has a hide as smooth as satin, while those bred in captivity are usually clothed with a rougher and coarser covering.

The big cat, horse and elephant acts are all broken in winter quarters; and in this connection the question has been frequently put to me as to which animal is the most dangerous. I have no hesitation in replying, the elephant. Normally the huge pachyderm is docile and biddable. When you see him reaching his trunk for the peanut offered by a baby or faithfully executing the most intricate stunts at the word of command, you get a mind photograph of a good-natured and excessively intelligent beast; but once let a herd of elephants stampede and you have seen the last word in consternation.

An elephant runs amuck under the influence of terror or extreme anger. He is blind to everything, starts on a straight course and keeps going. For their size, they are the most timorous things alive. The strangest sight I ever remember seeing was a herd of elephants charging a brick wall because a mouse strayed into their winter quarters.

On one occasion I was with a circus at Riverside, California, and during the parade one of the big gas tanks in the town blew up. Then the elephants started, each one cutting a path for himself. One of them bore down on the patio of the leading fashionable hotel and made straight for the door of the barber shop. A lady who happened to be passing described the scene to me afterward.

"As I came down the street," said she, "I saw a man run out of the barber shop, his face covered with lather. After him came the barber, shouting and gesticulating wildly, a gleaming razor in his hand. I had fully made up my mind that a murder was about to be committed when I heard a crash, and through the doorway shot a huge elephant, carrying with him the greater part of the little frame building. The terrified animal had simply gone through the back door and come out the front, wrecking the whole establishment."

It took the rest of the day to round the elephants up, three of them being found several miles away in an orange orchard. Under the circumstances no blame could be attached to the circus; but, notwithstanding this, it cost the organization over eight thousand dollars to settle matters.

Ricardo's Kindergarten

Training the young cats—by which I mean lions, tigers and leopards—is an entirely different proceeding from that which is popularly supposed. I used to think, with most other people, that when the trainer entered a cage in which were confined a new set of pupils he carried a crowbar in one hand and a loaded pistol in the other. I labored under this impression until one day I was at winter quarters and saw Ricardo, a famous trainer, about to enter a steel arena into which had been turned three young tigers and three lions. Up to that time it had been a popular superstition that lions and tigers would not work together. In his right hand Ricardo held a little cheap whip, and as he drew back the bolt of the door I asked him whether he was armed.

Ricardo is a man of peculiar personality. One might almost say it is isolated, because he has a way of accomplishing the uncanny in such a workaday manner that it seems to be something less than ordinary.

The trainer looked at me with his unwinking hazel eyes and laughed.

"I use only one weapon," he replied, "and I'm going to take it with me."

With his left hand he picked up an ordinary kitchen chair, placed it before him, swung the door open swiftly and stepped inside. For an instant or two the man and beasts regarded one another, the trainer's steady gaze never faltering. The animals shifted from side to side, uneasily pacing restlessly up and down.

Then Ricardo commenced to talk—talked as one would address a restive horse, or a speedy setter that had found his first covey of birds and needs steadying.

"These babies are going to be all right," said he in an even conversational tone. "I'm just going to visit with them a little while to-day."

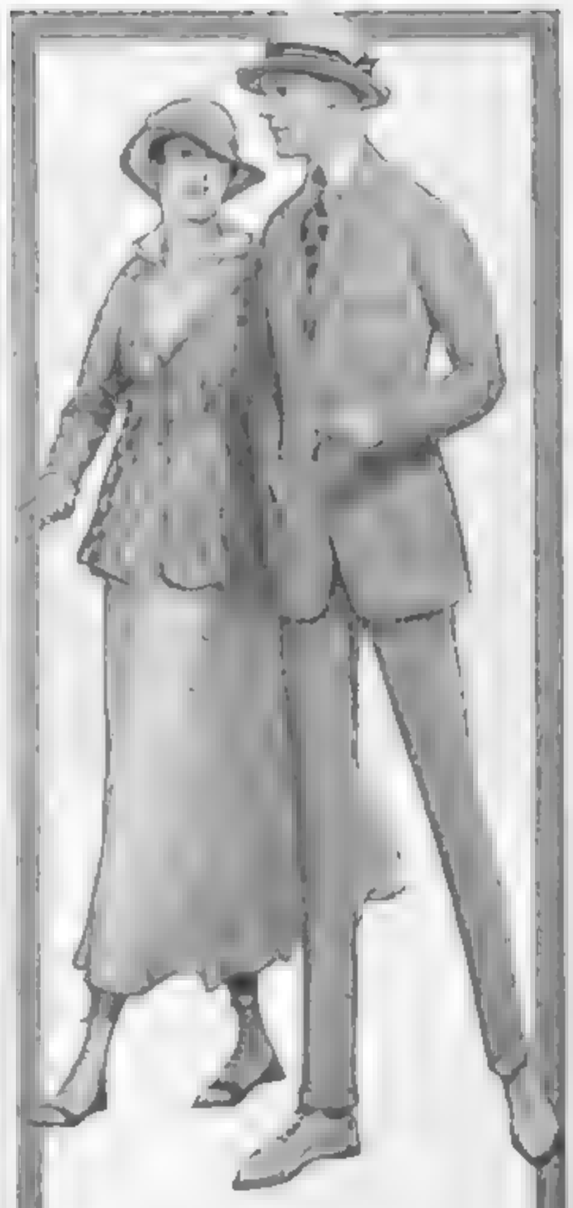
He put his chair down, sat on it, felt in his pocket for his pipe, struck a match and lit it. When he next spoke it was a revelation.

"You have to be awfully careful when you first go in," he continued, a remark that I may say appeared to me rather superfluous under the circumstances. Then he added simply: "I don't want to scare 'em. That's what I most dread—that they will become afraid of me. Once I gain their confidence, I can train them."

Two weeks after that Ricardo gave a public exhibition of his pupils. At that time they had learned to make pyramids by mounting pedestals, and to keep their places as a lot of children might in an ordinary school. I watched him carefully and never saw him use any harsh methods, or any other weapon than the little, flimsy ten-cent whip and the kitchen chair. There is a good deal to be learned at the Ricardo kindergarten.

Because I have dwelt on the apparent ease with which this trainer worked, do not labor under the delusion that the handling of big cats of any kind is not at all times a most hazardous and risky undertaking, and that the popular impression frequently expressed regarding the drugging of these natives of the jungle or otherwise controlling them is not the sheerest fallacy.

I have no statistics at hand; but I will venture to say, so far as my personal knowledge goes, that at least fifty per cent



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of the animal trainers I have known have at one time or another been either maimed or permanently disabled, or else lost their lives. Only last season three performers working in the steel arenas were literally torn to pieces before their companions could rescue them—not through any fault or carelessness of their own, but simply because the spots of the leopard never change, and the brooding savagery of the wild beast, lying dormant for years, suddenly finds expression in a return to original principles that ends in an orgy of blood-curdling disaster.

One thing which no doubt impresses itself on the visitor at winter quarters is that he rarely, if ever, hears any loud talking or swearing. You will see notices all round warning employees against breaking this rule, for experience has taught the circus people that the more reposeful their surroundings, the easier the education of the animals becomes. The average circus horse is particularly susceptible to unusual noises, because animals that subsequently become high-school stars are naturally of nervous temperaments.

We always figure that a horse must have some gimp in him, else he is without the peculiar foundation on which success can be built. And also, be it said, that if you purchase a horse with the idea of molding him into one of the stars of the sawdust ring you are indulging in some gamble.

In the first place, you must have the individual—which means, in conformation and color, a horse that, like an actor, looks the part. Then he must be intelligent enough to understand what is required of him and game enough to persevere. After that it is up to the trainer, whose main stock in trade has of necessity to be endless patience.

With some animals you can work several hours at a stretch and they never seem to get stale; others, like human beings, get their lessons a little at a time, the utmost care being taken lest they sour on their work. A sulky horse, like a sulky man or woman, is absolutely impossible. Once a pupil graduates, you can put your own price on him. I think I am correct in stating that the Ringling Brothers recently paid five thousand dollars for three statue horses, purchased by them from Rhoda Royal, who, be it said, is the best of all equine trainers.

Harking back to our own little enterprise, the close of the season found us with more than twenty-five thousand dollars' profit after all expenses had been paid, and over and above the cost of wintering the show. My partner juggled this money about as if the riches of Midas had fallen into his possession, and laid plans that would have made the historic presentations of the Circus Maximus fade into insignificance.

Playing Br'er Rabbit

Still, that was the dream side of it; and for the practical end he planned wisely for the betterment of our show in many ways. We both worked hard until the Christmas season arrived, and then once more I decided to take a little journey on my own account.

I had heard that Irene was playing a week's vaudeville engagement at Louisville and I set out for that city. I had no particular plan of action except that in a general way I made up my mind I would not again leave myself open to a rebuff. Arriving at Louisville, I put up at the best hotel and, on looking back over the register, discovered that Irene and her mother had arrived on the previous evening. At first I thought of sending up a card, but finally decided to play the rôle of old Br'er Rabbit, who always lay low. I hung round in the rotunda of the big, old-fashioned hotel until I knew it would be time for Irene to start for the matinée. Then I slipped outside and engaged a farmer, who had just driven up with a splendid-looking team, in a lively discussion regarding the merits of the horses. I was walking round them, examining their points closely, when Irene came out. Halfway down the steps she saw me, and her pretty face lit up with a happy smile.

"Why, Jimmy!" she exclaimed in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"I might ask you the same question, Irene," I retorted as I approached her, hat in hand and prevaricating glibly. "You're the last one I expected to see. Me? I'm down here buying a few horses for the show. Just landed this morning."

As nearly as I could, I endeavored to surcharge my remarks with an air of impersonal nonchalance; and I sensed that, beneath an outwardly calm exterior, she was somewhat puzzled by my attitude.

"Yep," I continued hastily. "Just got in here. Have to buy a load and hustle back. You ought to see us, Irene! We're working our heads off in winter quarters and going to put out twice as big a show as last year. And say, Irene," I continued with a spurious manifestation of enthusiasm, "you should see the riding act that little Ola North is framing. She's getting the somersaults and jump-ups down fine, and she talks of doing a tandem act before we open. If she keeps on I honestly believe she'll be one of the greatest riders in the history of the circus. What do you think?"

Irene stiffened perceptibly.

"That's good news, Jimmy," she returned calmly. "You sure did need some good riders, and if Ola is improving it certainly is something to be thankful for."

I caught the drift of this Parthian kick, because, be it said, there had always been some little professional rivalry between Ola and Irene

"Well," I said, "when we got her she was only a fair-to-middlin' kind of rider; but they all have to make a start. Some of them improve and some of them don't. And, anyway, I'm a great believer in a girl that spends her time in winter quarters trying to better her act."

Irene is Puzzled

This latter statement was made with the oracular air of one who felt the importance of his position as part owner of a circus. Irene laughed.

"It just depends, Jimmy," she returned evenly; "it just depends. There's a world of difference, you know, between a real natural-born rider and a made one." Then, as if as an afterthought: "I'm here playing in vaudeville for the week, doing my principal equestrienne act. Just starting for the matinée now. Are you going my way?"

"I'd love to, Irene," I returned fervently, which was no lie; "but I've got a million things to do. Say, what's the matter with you and your mother having dinner with me to-night? Because if I get through I'll have to leave for home the first thing in the morning. Suppose we have an early meal—say, six o'clock—and that will give you time to get over to the show afterward?"

My invitation was accepted and, almost before Irene turned to go, I again commenced a minute examination of the horses.

Some strategy, you'll say. I guess it was. Somehow or other I felt like a conquering hero; but even then I would have given a good deal to have followed Irene down the street and talked inanely until the door of the stage entrance had separated us.

That evening Irene and her mother dined with me. I was tremendously polite, but eminently reticent and somewhat mysterious regarding my present and future movements—except, of course, where Ola North was concerned. I lauded her to the skies and, adding insult to injury, expatiated to considerable length whenever opportunity afforded concerning her future in the professional world. The words of wisdom that had fallen from my partner's lips were not sown on stony ground.

One thing I noticed with appreciation, and that was, Irene's mother appeared to view me in a different light. In a subtle way she seemed to convey the impression that outlanders of a certain standing might be permitted to enter the sacred circle, even though they were not descended from a riding family. I should really have prolonged my visit were it not for the fact that I had already told Irene it would be necessary for me to leave on the first train in the morning, and I felt that I had to play the game and make good my bluff.

So all through the meal I maintained the attitude of one who is simply enjoying a little reunion with old friends and has no ulterior interest of any kind. There was no mention made of my blunder where the parade was concerned; and when the time came for parting Irene said good-by to me with many manifestations of friendly regret. On my part, I took very good care not to overstep the boundary line between friendship and something deeper. The next morning found me wending my way homeward.

(Continued on Page 37)

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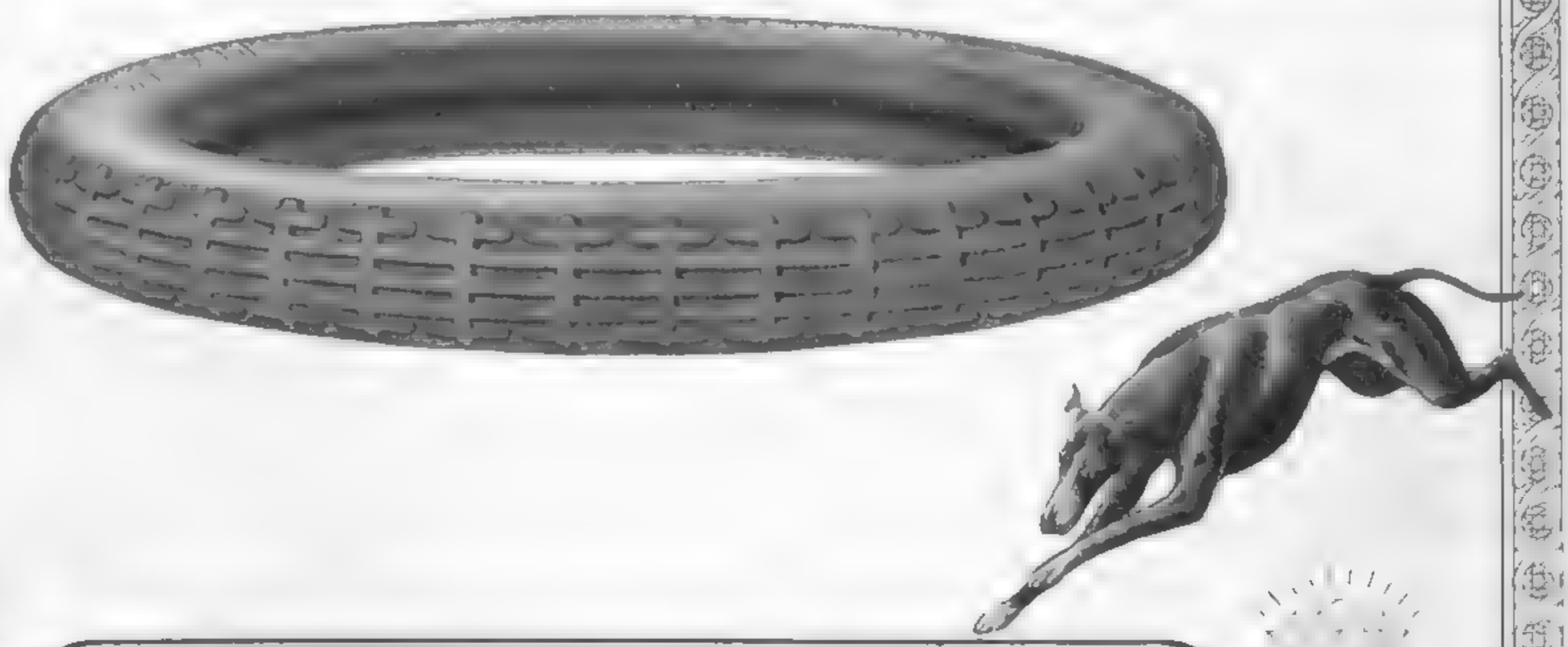

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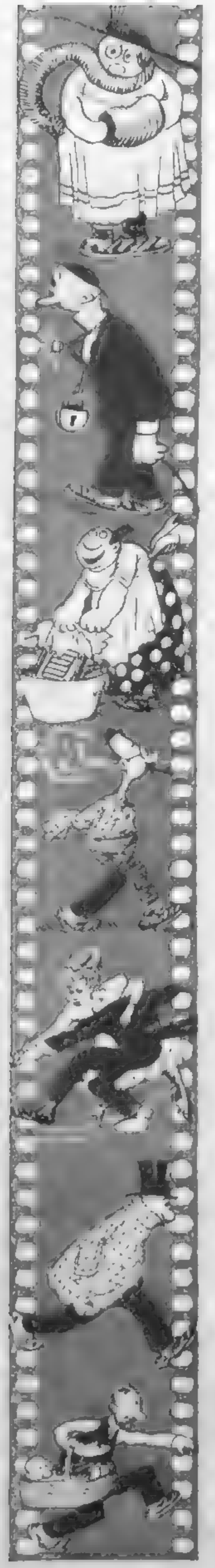


Goldberg in the Movies

—*and the Story of a Young Man's Climb from Nothing a Week to a Millionaire's Income*

Goldberg—cartoonist of the N. Y. Evening Mail and creator of "Foolish Questions," "I'm the Guy," "Father Was Right," and a half-dozen other syndicated cartoon successes known to 3,000,000 newspaper reading families all over the United States—has evolved *a new kind of moving picture.*

The House of Pathé has coaxed Goldberg into the moving picture field, and within a few days the Pathé Exchange, in conjunction with the N. Y. Evening Mail Syndicate, will show *Goldberg Animated Cartoons* in moving picture theatres in almost every city and town in this country.

For months and months, Goldberg has been sketching away in his studio in the tower of The Evening Mail office in New York, and now the Goldberg movie-comic is ready to step out. People who have seen advance performances of these new funny films say that every foot and flicker is a riot of laughter.

It is not strange that Goldberg has taken so well to the movies. *Goldberg, beyond all other American cartoonists, is a cartoonist of action.* Goldberg's characters are LIVE, living people. His newspaper cartoons themselves are almost *moving* pictures.

Goldberg Sees The Fun In Human Nature

But there is always more to a Goldberg cartoon than mere fun and action. Goldberg, in a good-humored way, gets human nature's number. He sees us with our coats and collars off—just as we are. He understands the human race—its foibles and its funny little frailties. And this explains why swarms of people buy papers with Goldberg cartoons day after day.

The biography of Reuben L. Goldberg reads like a moving picture romance, itself. Nine years ago he was graduated from an engineering college. Then he started to work at $12 a week drawing funny pictures for a San Francisco paper, after his father had advised him to stay out of the newspaper business because there was no money in it.

Sometime later he came to New York and got $50 a week from The Evening Mail, and he has been on The Evening Mail ever since. He jumped to $65 a week—then $75—then $100. Then other newspapers began to ask The Evening Mail to share Goldberg with them—their readers wanted him—and his cartoons were syndicated, and it was not long before Goldberg had an audience of about 7,000,000 readers a day. At this time his earnings increased to $450 a week. *Goldberg has now become a national figure, and 3,000,000 families contribute to his income. A contract just signed with The Evening Mail Syndicate gives him an annual salary of $50,000—and with moving picture royalties and other percentages his earnings the coming year will probably exceed $125,000.*

R. L. GOLDBERG

Goldberg is the father of a dozen phrases that have swept the country like popular songs the past few years: "I'm the Guy," "Father Was Right," "It's All Wrong," "I Never Thought of That," and others. He is also the originator of "Old Man Alf of the Alphabet," "Foolish Questions," and other famous cartoon series.

In the new Pathé moving pictures Goldberg will introduce some of his old familiar characters and a troupe of brand new ones, and—for the first time ever—Goldberg's "Boob Weekly."

Get your double share of Goldberg fun—in your daily newspaper and at your moving picture theatre.

You want to know Goldberg. If your newspaper does not have him—ask why.

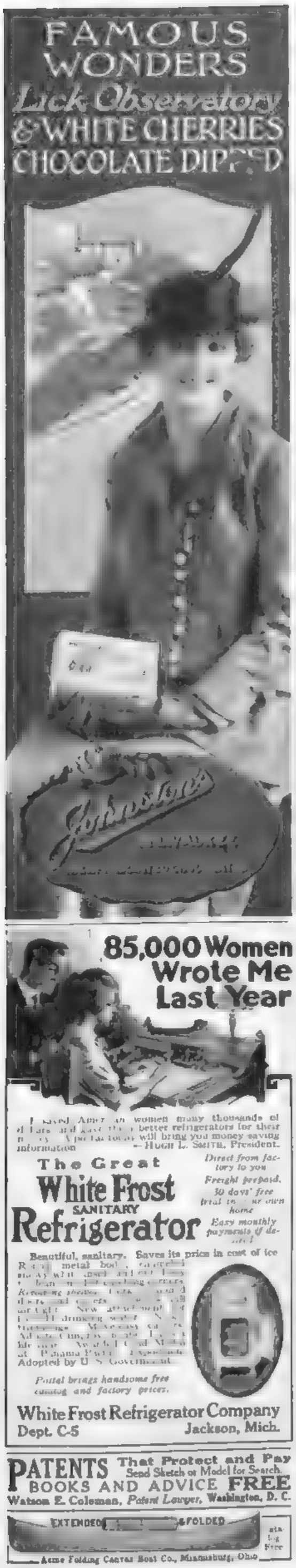
And ask the manager of your moving picture theatre to book Goldberg *soon.*

NEWSPAPERS WHICH HAVE GOLDBERG CARTOONS

New York Evening Mail
Chicago Daily News
Philadelphia Inquirer
Boston Journal
Altoona (Pa.) Times
Anaconda (Mont.) Standard
Atlanta Journal
Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen
Augusta (Ga.) Herald
Buffalo Courier
[illegible] News
[illegible] News
[illegible]
[illegible] Pa. Dispatch
[illegible] Pa. News
Lafayette [illegible]
Lexington (Ky.) Leader
Los Angeles Examiner
[illegible]
[illegible] News
[illegible] Bulletin
[illegible] News Sunday
[illegible]
New Orleans Item
Pittsburgh Leader
Providence Tribune
Raleigh (N. C.) Times
Reading (Pa.) Telegram
Richmond (Va.) News Leader
Rochester Herald
Rock Island (Ill.) Argus
St. Joseph (Mo.) News Press
St. Louis Globe-Democrat
San Antonio Express
San Bernardino News
San Francisco Bulletin
Savannah News
Sharon (Pa.) Herald
Springfield (Mass.) News
Stockton (Cal.) Mail
Toledo Blade
[illegible] Tribune
[illegible] News
[illegible]
[illegible] Union Star
[illegible] Pa. Blizzard
[illegible]
Des Moines Capital
Shreveport (La.) Journal
Washington (D. C.) Times

THE EVENING MAIL SYNDICATE, Inc.
203 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PATHÉ EXCHANGE, Inc.
25 W. 45th ST., NEW YORK



(Continued from Page 34)

Summing up, my visit had been without tangible result; yet I felt that my position had not been weakened and I was content to do anything which would ultimately lead to success. Therefore I arrived home in good spirits; best of all, I had no explanations to make. My partner never referred to the brevity of my stay or even asked me where I had been. I found him deep in the study of the following year's program. In my absence he had run foul of one of his usual tremendous ideas. This time the famous Consolidated Morse & Travers Circus, Wild West and Hippodrome was about to specialize in clowns.

"Jimmy," said he to me, "my notion is that you can't have too many clowns. Y'know, so long as I can remember, an' since tent shows got to be any size at all, it has been a popular form of amusement to advertise forty clowns. But nobody ever had 'em. What's th' matter with us having forty?—real, dyed-in-th'-wool, genuine manufacturers of joy an' gladness!"

Of course I agreed with him, as it was useless to do otherwise; but suggested that, as our tent was small and traveling paraphernalia limited, it would be hard to entertain the famous forty. This argument switched Morse from his first idea; but he still stuck to the potency of clowns as a drawing attraction, and gave me a roving commission to employ half a dozen of the best producing clowns I could find. There my troubles commenced.

The Good Old Acts of Yesteryear

Perhaps it should be explained here that a producing clown is one who by reason of being able to originate a new act that catches on with the public naturally assumes a similar position to a star in the world of the theaters. Seven out of ten clowns call themselves producers, when, as a matter of fact, the ratio is about seven out of a hundred. Perhaps, when it comes to being really original, the percentage would be still less. A clown with a new act is about as rare as the auk, and can be classed with the almost extinct animals that in the early days roamed the plains, but are now to be found only in zoological gardens.

Most of the acts you see on the hippodrome track of the circus are mainly notable because of their age. That they are laughter-provoking goes without saying, because they have stood the test of time and rattled down to us since the days of our great-grandfathers.

The ancient and honorable barber-shop act was, I believe, the original invention of Dan Rice, the celebrated ante-bellum clown. In this the Joey makes his entry carrying a bucketful of soapsuds, a whitewash brush and a big wooden razor, about two feet long. He plants a young man in a chair, lathers him ad lib. with the brush, jabs the soapsuds into his eyes, mouth and ears, then scrapes it off with the mastodonic razor. As a *pièce de résistance*, he usually takes the suds that are left in the pail and pours them over the victim's head. Here's an act, crude if you will, and as full as it will hold of slapstick comedy, but I never saw the time that it would not create a laugh.

From the sawdust I can remember how it found its way to Broadway and some few years ago was made a feature specialty of the Weber & Fields show. And who do you suppose played the part of the barber's customer? Ah, well, ladies, nobody but your own Vernon Castle! And Vernie was a wise boy in those days, because, believe me! he never took a chance on anybody's tampering with the lather. He made his own out of the white of egg, and it never left his possession until it was in the hands of Lew Fields, who played the barber.

I don't know how many clowns have claimed to be the originator of the barber-shop act. I remember how an old-timer who saw the Lew Fields exposition spoke about it afterward.

"Oh, yes," said he, "Lew rung a few changes when he hit the guy on the knees with the razor; but, pshaw! he didn't pull nothing new. Just stole my old stuff, that's all!"

A few nights later I purchased a ticket for another of my clown friends for the same entertainment. After the performance I made no comment; but we had hardly reached the sidewalk when he blurted out:

"What do you know about them hall-show folks? Huh! Ain't they got th' nerve? Did you get on to Lew? Stealin' all my stuff in that barber-shop act!"

Then there's the justly celebrated fire scene, which also belongs to the days long agone if report be correct. In it, you remember, a little canvas house is erected on the central stage; then somebody starts a red fire burning within, and clowns, appareled as stout old ladies in *robes de nuit*, commence to jump from the roof. Then the fire brigade rushes in, and, following that, the patrol wagon, drawn by the fiery little ponies that make all kinds of fuss and feathers speeding round the hippodrome track. The fire is put out, several innocent bystanders are arrested, much to the satisfaction of the kids; the ponies race out again; and, to make a fitting climax, the clown policeman falls off the patrol wagon.

Everybody shrieks with laughter, the equestrian director blows his whistle, and the band strikes up the music for the next number. Well, every other clown you meet claims to be the originator of the fire-scene act; and far be it from me in this place to decide that momentous question.

Do not forget the clown who reads fake telegrams from prominent people; the clown who conducts a prize fight single-handed; the balloon act; the fake human cannon ball; the wedding-breakfast act; the clown that has a dog rigged up as an elephant; and the clown who struts round followed by a waddling goose! All these are old; but, nevertheless, they always seem invested with springtime novelty.

You can call this brand of comedy whatever you like, but in the main it has stood the test; and, even on the stages of consequence in the largest cosmopolitan cities, you will frequently notice that the star comedian is not averse to borrowing a little of his laughter-producing ammunition from the people of the big top.

I have often wondered what a classic was, after all. Is it a ponderous essay? Or a humorous short story? The first is appreciated by a dozen college professors; the latter is hailed and lauded by the acclaim of two million readers. When you see the circus corn doctor coming along with a pair of blacksmith's pincers, and from the bandaged foot of a patient who limps painfully in he extracts a huge ear of corn, you may say that you have seen this before. Well, perhaps you have; but every time you see it, it makes you laugh. There's nothing much to argue about. It's simple, crude, and redolent of the old and honorable slapstick; but you laugh, and the mission of the clown down on the hippodrome track has been fulfilled.

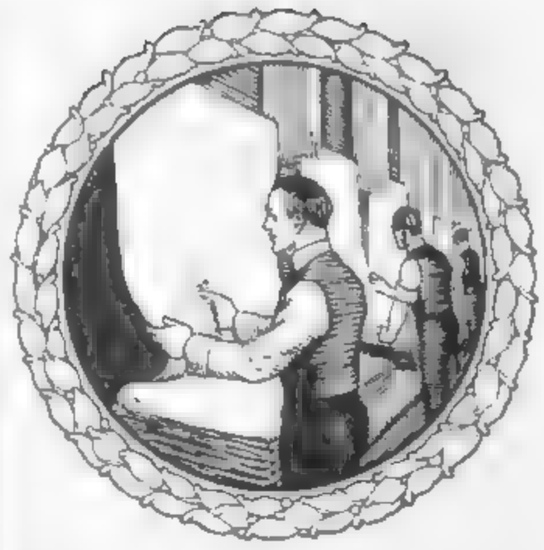
In the matter of securing real producing clowns I found that I had undertaken a task far beyond either our means or the possibilities presenting themselves; so I had to content myself with hiring half a dozen of the rank and file, and letting it go at that.

Where the Real Profit Comes From

The fact of the matter is, there were other matters more nearly pressing which were occupying my attention at that time. It has been said—and truly enough, perhaps—that the big crowd one sees in the main tent rarely if ever does more than pay for the actual daily running expenses of the circus. The real profit comes from the side-show and other privileges, such as programs, and so on. And a good showman is he who knows best how to farm out or operate concessions like the candy-and-peanut stand, the side shows, and everything and anything from which a revenue can be derived.

The circus program is handled in several ways. The advertising for the whole season is sometimes let out to a firm of agents who make a specialty of this work. They pay for the privilege either a lump sum or a percentage of the intake. If they have complete control of the program an agent of theirs travels ahead on the Number One advertising car and works up a trade among the local merchants. This man usually works on a percentage, generally about twenty-five per cent of the gross amount of business secured by him. Others of the big circuses handle the business entirely themselves, hiring their own men and paying a regular salary. The income from this end of the business—that is, the share of the circus—may run between ten and twenty thousand dollars, according to the size of the show.

Another source of revenue from the publicity standpoint, and one that was discovered early in the game by enterprising showmen, was the selling of advertising to be carried by the elephants in the parade;



How Was It Made?

Few clothes buyers ever ask that question.

Yet on its answer depend comfort, satisfaction, all that is summed up in the word "value."

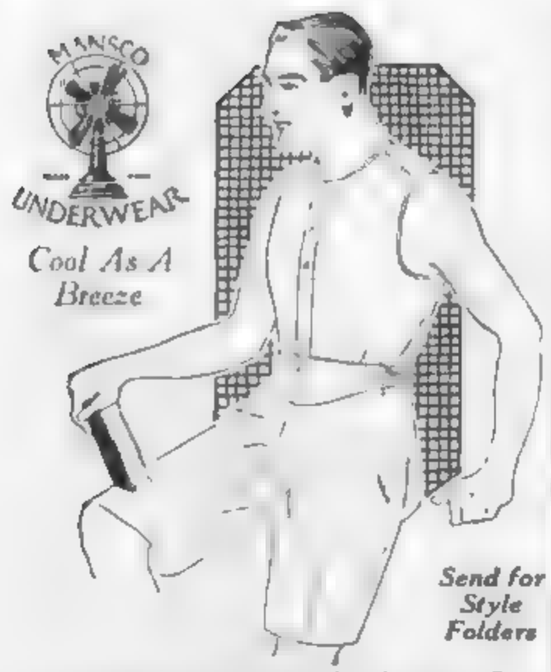
At this store we *know* what is back of the clothes we sell to men and young men.

We have traced Clothcraft quality back step by step to the searching tests of material, and the improvements in manufacturing methods, which have led to steadily increasing worth through 70 years of experience.

Come and see how the Clothcraft way gives you the benefit of style, comfort and lasting values.

CLOTHCRAFT SPECIAL SERGES
$15 Gray $15 Blue $15 $18.50 Blue
CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES
$10 to $25 Ready to Wear
Made by The Joseph & Feiss Co., Cleveland

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)



Send for Style Folders

Applying the Principles of Fine Shirt Making to

MANSCO UNDERWEAR

The MANSCO *Slide-Back* UNION SUIT unites the highest conception of Comfort with the Manhattan standard of Quality.

MANSCO *Two-Piece* UNDERWEAR has an *adjustable* waist band on drawers and handy buttonhole that keeps the *drawers up* and the *shirt down.*

UNION SUITS	$1.00 up
ATHLETIC SHIRTS	.65 up
KNEE DRAWERS	.65 up

Sold at the Best Stores

Send for Style Pamphlets of Manseo Underwear and Manhattan Shirts to Dept. A.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO.
89 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

BLUE STREAKS

GOODYEAR
Motorcycle Tires

How can you do better than to accept the tire-judgment of motorcycle manufacturers?

You cannot escape the fact of Goodyear goodness, when Goodyear Blue Streaks are standard equipment on leading motorcycles in America—equipped on 3 out of every 4 new motorcycles this year.

Easy to get from Motorcycle Dealers Everywhere

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

and a special agent travels with the first advance car to solicit this form of exploitation from the local merchants. Sometimes, of course, an elephant is sold for the season to a popular brand of cigar or chewing gum; but usually the banners you see decorating the sides of the huge pachyderms, as they walk solemnly down the street, holding each other's tails, are garnered in the local field.

The agent who does this work pays all his own expenses except railroad transportation; and he also pays the cost of lettering and for the material used in the banners. The usual arrangement is that of fifty-fifty, the show getting one-half of the gross receipts. Half a dozen elephants will earn in this way eight or ten thousand dollars during the season. A few of the larger circuses do not lend their elephants for advertising purposes; but they are the exceptions rather than the rule.

Then comes the camel. But the latter has never been so popular with the local magnate who would advertise silk lace drapery net at fifty cents a yard, or the place to take your best girl after the show. Still, occasionally you see camels shuffling along decorated with invitations to use certain brands of shoe polish, or announcing the fact that at Casey's Pool Parlor patrons are charged only two and a half cents a cue.

In the old days everything was a "privilege," and much revenue was derived from sources an outsider would never consider. The head porter had the laundry privilege; somebody else had the fresh-water privilege; another the cigar-and-tobacco privilege; and last, but by no means least, was the privilege car itself.

The latter was a Pullman car, fitted up as a buffet, in which performers and others could purchase refreshments of all kinds, both solid and liquid, while the show was traveling from one town to another. It is needless to say that the prices charged were twenty per cent higher than what the same accommodations could be procured for under ordinary circumstances; and this concession was usually let by the year. Large sums were paid for it and not a few concessionaires retired with comfortable fortunes after four or five seasons.

Then there was the booze camp. This was another fat source of emolument to the one who was fortunate enough to procure it; and if one knew the ropes it was always possible to procure liquid refreshment in some out-of-the-way corner on the route—most of the time behind the little curtain back of the main platform in the side show.

Here, also, the prevailing price was twenty cents for anything—beer or hard stuff; you could take your choice. And what became of the bottles? Well, in the old days, if you had gone on any circus lot the morning after you might have noticed a square patch of freshly turned earth, because the first job a circus bartender had to perform on reaching the circus grounds in the morning was to dig a grave for all the dead soldiers. As each bottle was emptied it was dropped into the pit.

The Accommodation Wagon

After these things, as a source of revenue, came the "accommodation" wagon. Perhaps the price of admission would be advertised at fifty cents; but when the intending patron reached the lot the first thing to attract his attention was an ornate gilded wagon, from the window of which a young man was offering tickets for the big show. If you were not wise to the *modus operandi* you pressed forward and purchased. And when you received your change back you probably found that each pasteboard had cost you sixty cents instead of fifty. If you remonstrated you were told, of course, that you could go to the regular wagon, twenty or thirty yards back, where the tickets were sold at the advertised price; but, of course, if you wished to avoid the crush and secure your tickets with celerity the accommodation wagon was at your service.

As the affable young man would explain, you were charged only a few cents more than the advertised price. In the course of a season the intake from the accommodation wagon runs up into many thousands of dollars. It has disappeared from the circus lot of the present day, but its two-legged prototype can be found on any beautiful evening along Broadway, immediately contiguous to the abiding place of dramatic uplift.

It's wonderful, after all, how the hall-show folks steal circus stuff; and you don't have to go out on the sidewalk, because nearly every hotel worth mentioning is running an accommodation wagon in full blast.

Now we come to the "walkaways." For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be explained that a walkaway in circus parlance is a nervous individual who rushes up to the ticket wagon, throws down a bill, asks for a certain number of seats, reaches for the tickets, and shuffles off before he receives his change. The ancient roster of the big top contains the names of many men who achieved affluence via the walkaway route.

In those days the presiding genius of the ticket wagon always wore the biggest diamond and sported the loudest clothes of any of the attachés. How much the kingpins of the game acquired during a season will probably never be known, because those gentlemen were always secretive; but it was a popular theory that a good ticket seller would average from twenty to twenty-five dollars a day. Oh me, oh my! but those were the gala days! Instead of being paid a salary for selling tickets, the old-time distributor paid the circus a good round sum for the privilege of being permitted to do so.

But, with the advent of new people, new ideas and modernized trend of thought, all these things disappeared; and, be it said to the everlasting credit of the circus men, none of them were slow to follow the initiative of those who were the first to declare in behalf of clean, up-to-date, strictly business methods.

Advertising the Show

And with the inauguration of new circus thought it was noticed that the circus patrons changed too. The walkaway didn't walk away any more. He stopped long enough to scoop all that was coming to him, with his right hand into his trusty left; so much so, indeed, that one ticket seller I spoke to a few days ago told me that the amount of change left on the narrow ledge of the ticket window did not average more than ten dollars a month last season—just barely sufficient to counterbalance the small shortages which were bound to occur on the other side of the ledger.

Therefore, when I speak of the present I speak of a new era, where the booze camp, the privilege car, and other questionable methods of adding to the general emolument are nothing but memories of a distant past.

In arranging the details of the new season it became part of my duties to consider the various forms of advertising, and this in itself was a liberal education.

The science of advertising has probably been viewed by the circus people with more knowledge and information regarding the direct results to be gained from various methods than by people in any other business or enterprise where publicity on a large scale is necessary.

Not so long ago it was a mooted question with some of the big circuses as to whether they should forsake the billboards in favor of the newspapers, and tell their story in the columns of the public press. This experiment was tried out by one circus sufficiently to demonstrate that in some instances the big twenty-four sheets on the dead walls of the city could be dispensed with.

Then, again, there were the rural districts, where the circulation of the local newspapers was not extensive. In these it was found that the billboards retained their original virtue and could not well be overlooked. But, from my own experience, if I had to take my choice of either, I should without hesitation decide in favor of the newspapers.

In the first place it is conceded that the people of to-day, speaking in a general way, are much better educated and have formed the reading habit almost universally—this being taken in comparison with the citizenship of twenty years ago.

As I said before, my partner and I were greatly enlarging our show, and all these details had to be carefully thought out. It was well along toward the middle of March before we finally felt that the frame-up was in concrete form; and so, with new wardrobes, several well-broken high-school horses, two elephants, and a couple of cages of the larger cats, we sallied forth, seeking new fields to conquer.

Editor's Note—This is the third article giving Mr Yates' circus reminiscences. The fourth and last will appear in an early number.

Fabrics:
Silk
Aerpore
Heetproof
Tropical Twist
Mandalay
Palm Beach

If you've never worn a Rosenwald & Weil "No-wate" suit, you don't know what real summer comfort is

Right now is a good time to buy one

Ask your dealer to show one to you; look for the "R & W" label

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
CHICAGO

A Hit!

The **Daredevil**

A New Novel by
MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS
Author of "The Melting of Molly"

The **Daredevil**

(With the heroine in boots)

A spirited, quick moving, dramatic story, full of sympathetic appeal, deft in touch, gay with humor, strong with heart interest. Miss Daviess' first long book and her best work.

All Bookstores $1.35 Net

Publishers REILLY & BRITTON Chicago

Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Men, Women and Children.

$1.00 Money back if not satisfactory. *Write for Catalog*

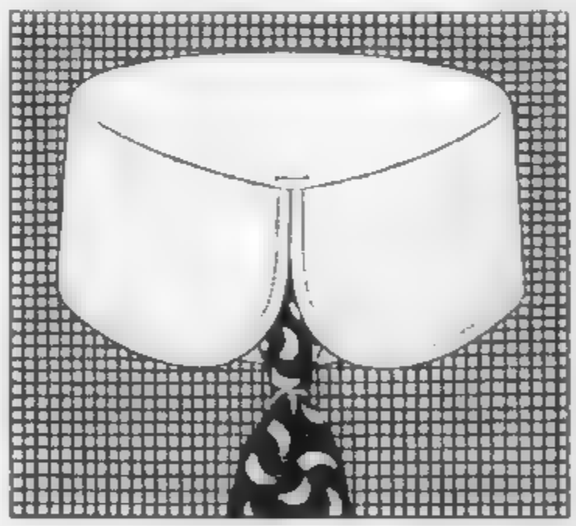
Panamas from $1.00 to $100.00

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 303 Mercer St., New York City

the best style is your style

TRUE style is not a narrow-minded autocrat. It meets you half way. For you are yourself and have a right to clothes which best become you.

For nearly fifty years the mark E&W has stood for much besides beautiful workmanship and finish. It stands also for true collar style—style at all times expressive of the latest fashion trend, yet style which concedes that the best style, after all, is that style which most becomes the wearer.



Mosswood will play a leading rôle in 1916 fashions . . . .

E&W

EARL & WILSON

2 for 25 cent

Collars

The best Style is your Style

This Was the Test
All over the country, for twelve months, business men have been proving the S-V in their hauling service. They used the S-V opposite any other tire they chose to buy in the open market, with the understanding that the S-V was to be free did it fail to show a lower cost than the other
Now these men *know* which truck tire costs the least on the basis of service.
GOODYEAR
S-V
TIRE
GOODYEAR S-V

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TRUCK TIRES

The S-V Proves Its Case

Truck tire buying—thanks to the Goodyear S-V demonstration—is now placed on a basis of positive knowledge.

For twelve months the Goodyear S-V was on trial—in practically every city of size—in the first wide-open competitive test ever given on a truck tire.

We agreed to refund the price of the Goodyear S-V if it failed to show a lower cost than any other make on an opposite wheel of the same truck.

Of all the thousands of tires sold by this plan, less than a dozen were replaced.

Records show that hundreds of S-V tires have averaged 15,000 miles or better, and are still going. The large majority of those sold during the test-year are still in use.

It is also shown the S-V rendered the characteristic Goodyear result—better service, longer mileage, and lower cost.

That is what the S-V started out to prove—and that is what it did prove.

Many business men, at sea on the truck tire question, studied the Goodyear S-V offer, then said:

"Give us S-V equipment all around. If you can afford to offer the tire on that basis, it must be good—and we want it!"

They sensed what was behind the S-V offer—our positive belief, and our moral certainty, that the S-V was sure to give better service and longer mileage—at lower cost.

The truck tire world knows that in actual competitive service our faith was more than justified.

The S-V proof will save you doubt and save you money on future truck tire equipment.

The nearest Goodyear Branch will be glad to submit to you the facts, figures and actual service records.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

UNCLE SAM—TRADE EXPERT

(Continued from Page 23.

care of the victims. Though we get a certain satisfaction in considering that we add to the comfort of every customer, we make and sell wooden legs for profit and not as a matter of philanthropy. It has seemed to me that we should do a good business in Europe, and I have come to you to learn how to get an export trade started; I am ready to follow your suggestions implicitly."

The general index, covering all information in the possession of the Bureau, was consulted as to the subject of artificial limbs. It was finally determined to make this matter the subject of a special consular inquiry. At the suggestion of the Bureau this manufacturer prepared a two-page circular containing an illustration of the kind of artificial limb he proposed to market in Europe. The text of the circular—which was intended exclusively for consuls and not for the trade—gave a concise description of the article, and also asked a number of questions calculated to reveal the possibilities of the trade quite clearly. These circulars were sent by the Bureau to the entire European force of consuls, with the request that the desired information be returned as speedily as possible. As fast as the replies came in they were forwarded to the manufacturer, who decided that though the general outlook was not promising he was warranted in sending two salesmen to certain countries.

This manufacturer is firmly of the opinion that the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is decidedly efficient when it comes to finding out what chance any given line of American-made goods will have in the foreign market.

The results of special consular inquiries are sometimes bound together in manuscript form, or perhaps duplicated; so that copies may be placed in the hands of trade associations—boards of trade and clubs—or even passed from one manufacturer to another before it is feasible to print and publish.

The job of the man in charge of a branch office is not that of peddling the printed matter put out by the Department. This can be done to best advantage at the Bureau, in Washington, where the big mailing lists are kept. His task is rather to form a living link between the manufacturers in his territory and the Bureau. He is the Man-on-the-Ground, who is assigned to his particular territory because of a special knowledge of its industries and products. His main duty is to visit those manufactories and to inspire their owners to seek a more intelligent knowledge of the export possibilities of their goods—and, having done this, to give them personal hand-to-hand instruction in making good on the trade opportunities.

Quick Service for Exporters

Suppose the commercial agent in charge of the branch office at Chicago, for example, sees that the Commercial Reports which have just arrived contain a trade-opportunity note to the effect that there is a demand in Manchuria for concrete mixers and other concrete machinery. He has a list in his office of every manufacturer in his territory to whom that report has gone, and also a list of other manufacturers who have not manifested enough appetite for foreign trade to ask that their names be put in the Exporters' Index. Familiarity with the output of each concern enables him to eliminate all whose make of machine is not fitted to compete for the possible order.

Then he reaches for his telephone and talks with the firm in line for the opportunity. If that house happens to be a firm not in the Index he knows that an opportunity to make a new fan for the foreign-trade service of the Bureau has come his way. He instantly becomes the special counselor of the manufacturer, so far as that business is concerned, and sees it through to a finish. His special knowledge may save the manufacturer from serious delays or mistakes after the order has been secured. His advice is likely to cover questions concerning cables, mails, insurance, tariffs, invoicing, packing, routing and collections. He knows what the Bureau can do, and how far it is able to go in any given direction, in order to make it possible for one of his manufacturers to qualify for membership on the Export Squad, to put his goods into a foreign port.

Another function of this official is to receive buyers from abroad and acquaint them with the resources of the manufacturers in that territory, at the same time giving the manufacturers all possible information about the buyers and their demands. The policy of the Bureau is clearly defined with relation to foreign buyers; it extends to all of them the courtesies of the office, but assumes no shadow of responsibility for them. If any of them have brought introductions from commercial attachés, commercial agents or American consuls, the manufacturers are made acquainted with that fact. Trade journals are furnished with a list of these buyers, and the visitors are allowed to have desk room and receive mail in the office.

It is not the intention of the Bureau to establish branch offices, beyond those now located in Boston, New York City, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco and Seattle. Instead, it is planned to cooperate with chambers of commerce and boards of trade.

Cleveland, for example, has shown a lively desire to secure a branch office. To the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has said: "You put a competent man in charge of this work, and we will not only give him encouragement and assistance in the work but will turn over to him all the information given our own branch offices." This offer has been accepted and the plan is in process of execution.

The Detail Work of the Bureau

Though the Bureau is as eager to help one manufacturing concern as another, without regard to its size, the fact remains that more small manufacturers than large ones take advantage of its service. The reason for this is not far to seek: the huge corporations have already invaded the export field and most of them are perhaps as well fortified with information touching the possibilities of trade in any foreign country as the Department of Commerce itself. The smaller concerns and those of medium size naturally are most in need of assistance in breaking into the foreign field, and therefore they are the ones to receive it. Entire impartiality is the rule of the Bureau, and it is rigidly enforced. The little, unknown shop and the greatest factory in America look alike to the Bureau so far as official desire to put them on the exporting list is concerned.

Much of the information sent by the Bureau to those who are clearly in earnest in their inquiries is in the form of confidential circulars, which give the names and addresses of foreign firms desiring to buy goods outright or to handle them as the agents of the American manufacturer. The penalty for publishing the contents of the circular, or for using it for any purpose other than to benefit the American firms to which it is officially sent, is the stoppage of all services on the part of the Bureau—and this is a penalty that few American manufacturers will lightly incur. A record is kept of the disposal of every copy of each confidential circular printed and distributed. In many instances, particularly in the case of bids and contracts, a complete set of blanks, with specifications, is sent along with the confidential circular.

It is the intention of the Bureau so to instruct and guide the American applicant for a particular piece of export trade that even the form of his application shall be entirely acceptable. Experience has taught the experts of the Bureau that written description often fails to give any adequate idea of the character of an article demanded by a certain country. To overcome this deficiency, and give every manufacturer a clear and definite mental picture of the article in question, a process not wholly dissimilar to blueprinting has been resorted to, with excellent results.

A summary of the forms in which the information gathered by the Bureau is distributed would include the following:

Commerce Reports and Their Supplements.
Confidential Bulletins and Circulars.
Commercial and Tariff Monographs.
Trade-Opportunity Service.
Statistical Bulletins—Monthly, Quarterly and Annually.
Branch Offices of the Bureau.
American Commercial Organizations.
Personal Calls.

The supplements to the Daily Commerce Reports are almost as important to the

"As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes"—

So the

Baldwin
Manualo

The Player-Piano that is all but human

responds to every stroke of the pedals, playing whatever notes the music roll picks out from great, crashing orchestral chords, impossible even in four-hand playing, to fast-flying trills of gossamer delicacy that tax the resources of a virtuoso.

Sold by responsible dealers everywhere. Write to nearest address and we will send you an interesting book, "The A B C of the Manualo", and arrange for you to hear this ingenious instrument wherever you live.

The Baldwin Piano Company

CINCINNATI 142 W. Fourth St. | CHICAGO 323 S. Wabash Av. | ST. LOUIS 1111 Olive Street
NEW YORK 665 Fifth Ave. | SAN FRANCISCO 310 Sutter St. | DENVER 1636 California Street
INDIANAPOLIS 18 N. Penn. St. | LOUISVILLE 425 S. Fourth Avenue

"You MUST put up those bathroom fixtures"

Those dreaded words are being uttered in many a just-moved-into home.

Also cup hooks, curtain fixtures, screen doors, hammock hooks.

These two splendid tools make home tinkering a joy.

Mr. Punch
An Automatic Drill

sinks a clean hole. All you do is to place the drill [illegible] and push. The drill whirls [illegible] wood. The handle [illegible] rest. In the handle are eight tool steel drills seen through numbered holes of same size as drills and released through hole in revolving cap.

Price $1.50

Goodell-Pratt Automatic Screw-driver No. 111—$1.50

First make a little hole with Mr. Punch. Then you insert the [illegible] to the hole. It doesn't drop out and roll under the bath tub. You don't have to hold it with your fingers. It doesn't refuse to bite [illegible]

Partial List of Goodell-Pratt Tools

Hacksaws Vises
Saw Sets Drills
Gauges Levels
Punches Lathes
Micrometers
Bit Braces
Grinders
Calipers
Squares

Send for story, "The House that Jack Fixed," which solves the problem of home tinkering and describes 15 tools needed in every home.

Goodell-Pratt Company
Greenfield, Mass.

Toolsmiths

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Here is Towel Satisfaction

When we originated the paper towel idea, we determined to produce a soft, absorbent, sanitary, economical towel that dries the hands and face quickly and thoroughly.

Our aim was to make ScotTissue Towels not only sanitary, but absolutely superior to the fabric towel in all ways, so that you might experience a new sense of towel satisfaction. And we have done this.

It is easier to set an aim than to make a towel, but little by little we have perfected ScotTissue Towels, until they now meet *all* of your demands.

ScotTissue Towels

The Soft, Absorbent, Original Paper Towel

The cabinet (pictured above) delivers one ScotTissue towel at a time, folded, which is the way to get perfect towel satisfaction.

ScotTissue Towels are easy to buy. Your jobber or dealer nearby should recommend them. If you buy supplies for any public or semi-public lavatories, be sure to write us before deciding on any towel service. Ask for samples and the booklet:

"Why You Should Install ScotTissue Towels"

In order to insure cleanliness ScotTissue Towels are always packed in a dust-proof carton.

ScotTissue Towels in folded form for cabinet

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

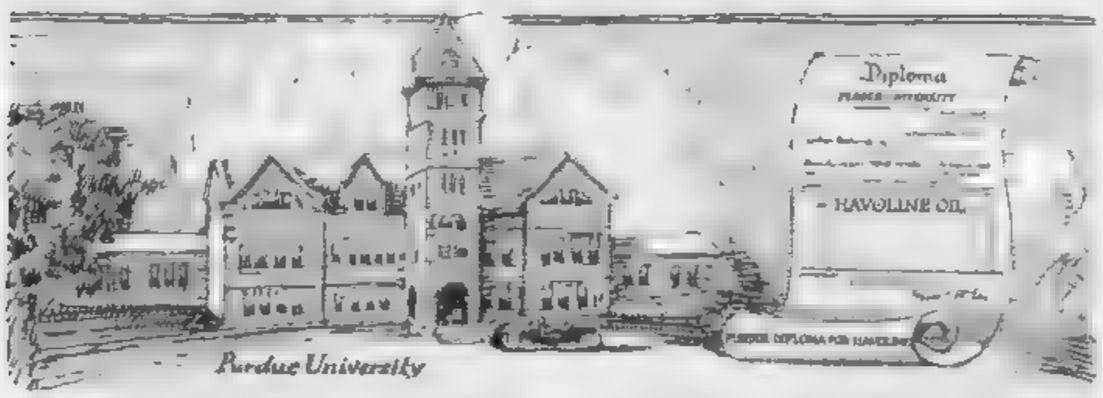
723 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia

CHICAGO 113 E. Austin Ave. — NEW YORK 30 Church St. — SAN FRANCISCO 356 Market St.

Address nearest office

ScotTissue Towels are packed in rolls for home use. There are many uses for ScotTissue Towels that every housewife should know about. Ask for the booklet:

"Why You Should Use ScotTissue Towels in Your Home."



Purdue University

Science Honors Havoline Oil

IN a competitive test held at Purdue University (Indiana's noted seat of learning), in which the twelve leading brands of lubricants were judged alike, Havoline Oil was awarded first place. Against the World's most famous lubricants, Havoline tested out highest, not merely in one, but in every essential element by which the value of lubricants is measured.

Never before have motor oils been subjected to the calm and unprejudiced judgment of science. The faculty of Purdue University carried out its test in the interests of science with the purpose of establishing a standard of quality in motor oils.

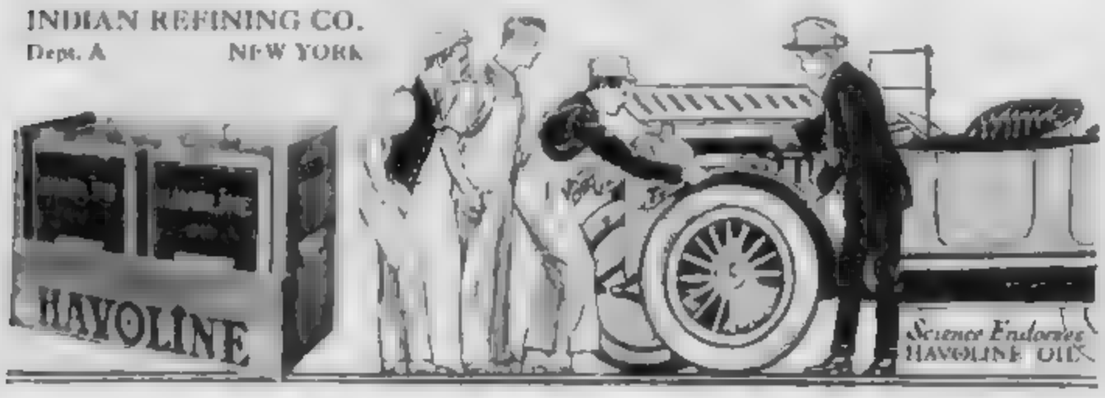
The decision is conclusive. Emanating from so authoritative a source, the superiority of Havoline Oil has been accepted by motor car owners, manufacturers and dealers everywhere. In the final analysis, it is corroborative evidence of the widely heralded Havoline trade-mark pledge "It Makes A Difference."

WHEREVER a car can go, you'll find Havoline Oil and Havoline dealers. You can depend upon one as well as upon the other.

Look for the Havoline sign over garages, supply stations and village grocery stores.

Send for booklet "Havoline Oil Goes to College." Read the whole story of the remarkable university tests which established Havoline Oil as the World's standard lubricant.

INDIAN REFINING CO.
Dept. A NEW YORK



American manufacturer as are the trade opportunities that appear on the back page of that publication. Each of these supplements is devoted to a country and is usually about twenty or thirty pages in length. It is moderate praise of these trade monographs to say that they are probably the most important lessons in commercial geography, brought down to date, to be found anywhere. To read them consistently is to know what is doing in the world of trade, finance and industry outside the borders of our own country.

The American manufacturer who proposes to master the possibilities of export trade in his line will not neglect to make the acquaintance of three other series of publications—the Special Agents' Series, the Special Consular Reports, and the Tariff Series.

As a rule, the Special Consular Reports are really handbooks on different countries—and very comprehensive and fascinating ones, too. The one on Russia, for example, has more than two hundred and fifty pages; on Australia, one hundred and twenty-five pages; on New Zealand, two hundred and twenty pages. At this writing a handbook on India is about ready for distribution.

Since January 1, 1915, the Commerce Reports have been handled on practically a daily-newspaper basis—the dead line on important cablegrams being nine-thirty in the morning. The edition is off the press at two in the afternoon and a copy on the desk of every subscriber within fifteen hours of Washington at the opening of business the following morning.

The Bureau Not a Credit Man

"We aim to serve!" is the businesslike watchword of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. In the words of its chief:

"There are two things we do not attempt to do for the American manufacturer who is out after export trade: we do not give an opinion as to the credit standing of a possible foreign customer, and we do not sell the goods. But we do undertake to place the opportunity before the American manufacturer or exporter, to give him all the information necessary to make his selling effort in an intelligent and acceptable manner, and to instruct him in the proper handling of the goods themselves and the official documents and accounts connected with them. If necessary, when circumstances seem to warrant it we will use the cables to get special information.

"The most common mistake made by the American manufacturer in his first attempts to get into export trade is that of not dealing direct with the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, here in Washington. Here is where all information centers and here is the center of authority. Many a manufacturer who sees a trade opportunity that interests him writes to the American consul who is named as the author of the item. That consul will be obliged to send the letter to this office for answer. All this loss of time is avoided by the man who deals direct with this office first, last and all the time.

"This is generally true even in the case of a manufacturer living in a city where the Bureau has a branch office. The ordinary distribution of information must of necessity be done from here, where the needed information and authority are always at the service of the business public; if there is anything out of the ordinary in such a case the commercial agent in charge of the branch office will be instructed to deal with it by a personal interview. There is hardly any point more important than this that may be made in connection with an attempt to get or to handle export business: Write to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, at Washington, for expert advice."

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, through its Division of Foreign Tariffs, is prepared to guide the American manufacturer safely through the entanglements of foreign tariffs, the fantastic angles of which have checked the advance of many enthusiastic but unwarned exporters.

When the Patent and Trade-mark Section was established by the Tariff Division a big stride was taken toward the protection of American manufacturers. It is the intention of the Division of Foreign Tariffs to have on file all the original text of the patent and trade-mark laws of foreign countries. This file will be always available to the American exporter, who is just beginning to realize the importance of foreign trade-mark legislation and its bearing on the export trade of the United States.

Because anyone may register a trade-mark in Latin-American countries—no steps being taken to learn whether or not it is the legal property of the registrant—many valuable American trade-marks have been registered in those countries either by the agents of some American manufacturer or exporter or by persons of speculative tendency living in South America. Frequently these registrations are made without authority from, or acknowledgment of, the rightful owners of the trade-mark.

The American manufacturer, as a rule, has been in the habit of selling his goods through a commission house, and really has had no knowledge of the country to which they were sent. When this manufacturer attempts to sell his goods to the foreign markets direct he often learns that his trade-mark has already been registered by his clever, farsighted agent, or by somebody else who recognized its value. And in order to recover it the manufacturer must pay this registrant a considerable sum of money.

A very interesting case of this nature has just come to the attention of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. One of the foreign-trade opportunities in a recent number of the Commerce Reports referred to a man in Spain who wished to get in touch with American manufacturers of typewriters for the purpose of handling their product. Not long after the appearance of the report a letter was received from an American manufacturer of typewriters stating that the person in question had handled their machine a few years before, and had taken the precaution of having their trade-mark registered in Spain. The manufacturer asked the Bureau to warn others against him.

The Bureau, however, was unwilling to send out such a warning without investigation, and the manufacturer transmitted certain correspondence with his former agent in Spain and his lawyer, in which it was apparent that the trade-mark had been registered for blackmailing purposes. In one of the letters the manufacturer was offered an opportunity to buy his own trade-mark for three thousand pesetas.

Foreign Tariff Kinks

There is a great difference in the consular fees charged by the various countries. They range from about two dollars a shipment, regardless of value, to six per cent of the value of the shipment. Some of the Latin-American countries collect enough in consular fees to cover the expenses in connection with their consular and diplomatic services. It is realized by some of them that the high consular fees amount in practice to an additional surtax on imports, as the importer has to pay for all expenses connected with the shipment of goods to those countries. A few of those Latin-American countries do not require any invoices, while others require from five to seven copies. Some charge as much as seventy-five cents for a set of blanks.

The American exporter can secure a lower rate of duty by making certain slight changes in his products—such as lowering the percentage of certain textile fiber, like silk, in his fabric, using a little less brass in his machine or vehicle, and by generally reducing the weight of his article, as most articles are subject to duty by weight. As an example of how an American manufacturer doubled the import tax on a shipment to Italy the Bureau submitted the following:

The Italian tariff classifies automobiles for duty according to weight, the duty on automobiles weighing five hundred kilos—about eleven hundred pounds—or less being one-half the rate on automobiles exceeding five hundred kilos in weight. In the case in question an automobile weighing five hundred kilos was imported, together with two lamps weighing four kilos; and it was claimed by the customs authorities that as the lamps were considered, for customs purposes, as part of the automobile, their weight should be included in the shipment and the higher rate for automobiles weighing more than five hundred kilos each should be applied to the shipment.

If the exporter had been familiar with the automobile schedule of the Italian tariff he would have shipped the lamps separately, thereby saving about thirty-nine dollars on the shipment.

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

The car of "her" choice

It is probably no exaggeration to say that nine women out of ten will prefer the Paige "Six-46" to any other car in the moderate-price field.

Certainly the automobile shows have gone a long way toward confirming this statement.

But—if you want the evidence of your own experience—take the "Missus" along with you next time that you visit Automobile Row.

Let her see *all* of the popular light Sixes. Then ask her to name the car of her choice.

It is, of course, the Fairfield's beauty of line and design that makes the strongest appeal to feminine fancy.

No woman can resist the charm of this long, graceful touring body with its rich, hand-buffed upholstery and luxurious appointments.

But don't forget for one minute that your wife will also be interested in the mechanical features.

This is the car that she can drive with absolute safety—and she will be quick to recognize that fact.

Though the "Six-46" is a *big* car, it can be controlled with amazing ease.

The powerful Six-cylinder motor throttles down to a mere snail's pace without change from "high" and instantly—eagerly—responds to the slightest impulse of the accelerator.

With so much flexibility at command, it is child's play to drive in the thickest city traffic.

The Fairfield "Six-46" is the *ideal* family car. That is why it makes such an instantaneous appeal to both men and women

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
1200 McKinstry Ave., Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-38" $1050
Fairfield "Six-46" $1295
f. o. b. Detroit

The Fairfield "SIX-46"
On Michigan Ave. Chicago.

Give your vacation to your country

and still have the best vacation you ever had

THE Military Training Camps at Plattsburg and elsewhere last summer were a great success.

Over 4,000 men, many of them prominent, rich, successful, left businesses, or gave up vacations, and were well repaid.

They learned enough of military service to be valuable to their country in case of war. Their vacation benefited them mentally and physically.

This summer you have an opportunity to do the same thing. Will you do it?

Fifteen Camps at Seven Points This Summer

Every man who is willing to make this splendid sacrifice will now have full opportunity

Camps have been established at the following points:

Plattsburg, New York—June, July, August, Sept
Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia—May, June, July.
Monterey, California—July.
Salt Lake City, Utah—August.
American Lake, Washington—August.
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana—July, August, September.
San Antonio, Texas—June.

Practically every able-bodied man of good moral character, between the ages of 18 and 45 years, is eligible. Plan now to spend four weeks this summer at the camp nearest to you. You will enjoy a clean, healthful, active life in the open air, with work enough to make you tired at night and hungry at mealtimes. You will associate with men like yourself who are alive to the needs of your country, and who are leaders in this work because they are leaders in everything they undertake.

Richard Harding Davis

who "did his bit" at Plattsburg last summer, says:

"The business men who to my mind are really successful are those who left office and home, if only for a month, to carry a pack and to sleep on the ground at Plattsburg. They enrolled, not because they are crazy for war, but to prepare against war, to assist our government in preparing against it, to make war impossible, to insure peace."

The Expense Is Small

The War Department furnishes tents, equipment and arms. United States Army officers instruct and drill the men. The board, $25.00 for the four weeks, uniform $12.80 (not including shoes), and railroad fare are all that you will have to pay.

Where else, for so little money, can you get camping, outdoor life, plenty of exercise (rifle practice, hiking, swimming), first-class food and good fellowship?

The Reward Will Be Great

Every man will spend at least four weeks in the camp. He will learn as much of modern military science as can be taught in that time. Those in charge are commissioned officers of the United States Army, and they know their business. Association with them and with your fellow volunteers will be an experience you will look back to with pride and pleasure the longest day you live.

Camp life is hard work, but exhilarating. Every man who went to Plattsburg feels that it was worth while as an outing, even if the good time had not been sweetened by the thought that he was doing his duty.

Employers Are Coöperating

Many of the largest businesses in the country are making it possible for their men to attend these camps. They are giving every man who is willing to go four weeks' vacation and full pay, without jeopardy to his position and future advancement. Every one is doing his part. Will you do yours?

Write for full information, descriptive booklet with pictures of the Plattsburg Camp (those on this page are some of them) and enrolment blanks.

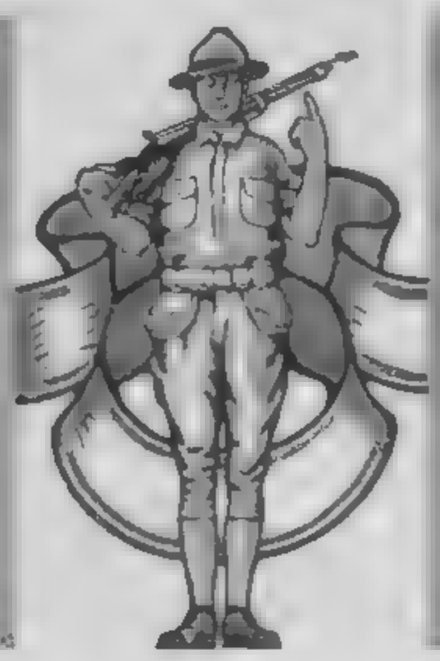
Plan with your employer or your partners or your subordinates to be away for four weeks this summer.

Persuade every man of your acquaintance that he should go also.

Military Training Camps Association
31 Nassau Street, New York City
OR
Officer in Charge Military Training Camps

Headquarters, Eastern Dept
GOVERNORS ISLAND, NEW YORK
Headquarters, Southern Dept.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
Headquarters, Central Dept.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Headquarters, Western Dept.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Federal Training Camps
Under the instruction of U.S.Army Officers



Thompson Photo Co.

THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

(Continued from Page 6)

"Look here, though," objected Puig, while he lifted his apronful of tools and the Jackdaw caught up anvil and bucket—"look here: Why does a beauty like that girl, and a gilded snob who's *tout ce qu'il y a de l'homme chic*, go mucking round among our kind, on foot, with a hairy old she-ass? It ain't natural. What's their game? Tell me."

Barjavel, the giant, laughed again and swept his arm generously along the picture of their surroundings—the ancient yellow-gray walls, the Tower of Constance looming against the sunlight, the garish colored fronts of house and shop across the way.

"Romance!" he chanted. "How can I explain? Nobody can. Nobody knows." He played thoughtfully with a broad piece of silver. "I suppose this pair, though, this Ralph and his sister, are traveling in a vain attempt to see what they have read in books. Yes, probably. A Scotchman whose name I forget once led a donkey round the Cévennes, then wrote about himself and his donkey. It was a dainty, pleasant book, which made ass-driving romantic. Hence our young friends to-day are trudging after—after what?—something which it is not in them to find, poor children."

Puig started on to cross the road, wagging his head, well satisfied.

"You're right," he agreed. "They'll try to do the same. They'll put us low-lives into print and make us fashionable. I understand now. She's a pretty girl, but like all the rest of 'em she has an oblong brain. Ah, bah! The brain sharp as a brick, entirely oblong."

This piece of slang gave so great offense to Jackdabos that he not only ran after Puig, but seemed ready to drop the anvil and fight him in the middle of the street. The peace-making colossus, however, shoved them both ahead with irresistible good nature, and so into the Café of the Universe. There sat Daddy in his black coat behind the zinc bar.

"Good day, my sons," he chirped, out of the perpetual dusk surrounding his throne. "What is the row? You are assassinated?"

Barjavel flung his money on the zinc.

"Three of the same, father, for three bad, thirsty boys. We are off to Arles. Kindly put Puigo's batch of tools in a sterilized place till we return."

A moment later the three friends were outdoors again, ready for the road. Jackdabos carried over his shoulder an old canvas bag, well stuffed. He marched with a light, rolling swing, foot over foot on a straight line, as a cat walks a fence or a man walks in moccasins. Puig went slouching, baggy and loose-kneed, with toes turned out and fists crammed into pockets. Great Barjavel, who overtopped them both, strode along jauntily, humming deep in his chest, rolling his head from shoulder to shoulder, with lazy half-shut eyes twinkling on the world. No one tried to keep step; and the brindle dog slunk behind them, abject and stealthy, as though afraid of being sent home when he had no home on earth.

"Vigni-vignons, vignons le vin,
La voilà, la joli' vigne au vin,
La voilà, la joli' vigne!"

The giant ceased his humming, to stick a red clay pipe into his beard, then struck a match on the town gate, and said, puffing lustily:

"Great things are before us. I feel my old bones coming to life again."

So with a fair start they passed from under the rampart shadow to the open country. Before them a hard gray road stretched monotonous, unpromising, far across flat fields toward the flat Camargue. For several miles they tramped in silence, briskly and doggedly; but when at Silvéreal they were ferried across the sad brown flood of the Lesser Rhone, and had hauled on the ferryman's cable to help him, their tongues were loosened again, and with pleasant loitering and gossip they stepped ashore on the Camargue itself. Over that plain, that strange "land of the white horse and the black bull," the afternoon sunshine wasted its last brightness. Though touched with pale green springtime, earth remained dismal, tranquil and vast, unrolled as a mere base for the sky and the long, distant ranges of gleaming clouds.

"But that's all right," sighed Barjavel contentedly. "Weariness underfoot; and overhead, the unattainable."

Jackdabos turned with a startled air.

"Do you think those things too?" he cried as if wonderstruck. "I never knew anybody else did."

"Ah, my boy," laughed the other, "you are very young!"

Puig, who hated such talk, lounged along in surly meditation. Against the all-pervading odor of vineyard phosphate he screwed up his nose and mustache into a twist, so that he walked perpetually sneering. From a long silence he broke out:

"That young man in the passion-coat, him and his sister, they're too much for me! What do the fools expect, tramping a desert like this, keeping time to a donkey's hind legs? Fools. That's what I say, a pair of fools!"

"And what," murmured Barjavel, "do we three fools expect?"

Puig had a superior grunt and an answer ready.

"One jolly gold plate," said he with gusto. "A piece of Cellini plate worth all the colored banknotes you can cram in your pockets, eh? Thirty years it's waited for us in Goiffon's garden, two meters from the cornermost orange tree toward the northwest. Is that clear or not? Come! Do you often catch me mooning? Is my name Philibert Puig? Am I talking vapors?"

Barjavel smoked his red clay calmly, humming and rolling his head.

"Nevertheless, we are fools, too, my dear," he replied. "A garden, since Adam, is the spot where one digs. Thirty years of digging will uncover many strange things. Ah, yes. And then sometimes a gardener cuts down his orange tree, if it has failed. Thirty years, my friend. Time, time is our enemy."

Puig halted, stared gloomily at his companions, then cursed himself and them.

"*Espèce de puant!*" he snarled. "You are right. The place will be dug from end to end, so what's the good of traveling farther?"

The giant only nodded, sagacious as before.

"Trust me, Puig," said he, thumbing his pipe. "Trust me and hoof it along to Arles. We are all fools, but all follow some kind of hope. Am I not right, Jackdaw? Time is our enemy, hope is our friend, and the life of an old hat is to cock it. Come! Follow me on the road to Arles."

"Right you are," sang the Jackdaw, shifting his old canvas bag. "No odds to me where I go now. Forward."

"No!" cried the crestfallen blacksmith. "Why make a bad matter worse? Let's go back where my tools are." He pointed toward the declining sun. "Dug up or not, that garden ——"

"Trust me," Barjavel repeated.

He spoke, and his eyes shone with good-natured but mysterious authority.

"Humph!" snorted Puig, and surrendered.

They marched on again. Through the sad but marvelous plain their trio of shadows, longer and longer, drew them northeastward on the gray road. Vineyards; acres of bare soil quilted with knotty stumps; broad floors of well-sprouting grain; empty pastures, whitened in long streaks by *sansouire* salt marsh—these and the reddening clouds brought a few slow changes in the journey. Sometimes a troop of horses or cattle beaded the horizon, and gradually hung clear of the earth, suspended by mirage over a glassy line of air. Sometimes a farmhouse appeared among willows or stone pines, humble masonry half-buried by golden thatch, and stabbed in its ridgepole with the hilt, all askew, of the holy cross. Sunset blazed, glorified all these things, and slowly faded.

"Supper!" cried Jackdabos, halting and pulling from his bag three loaves of bread, a parcel of cold meat, a wine bottle. "I am hungry."

They ate in a shelter of tamarisks by the road and saw the world become a shadow, above which in the twilight went winging a flight of red flamingos, like birds on fire from the sunset. Afterward the moon peered over a rim of undulating blackness. The travelers went northward, threading the gloom by fairy light.

"What," complained Puig at last, "are you going to do for us up here? Does this ramble fetch us nearer to any gold plates?"

It was after midnight when he put this question. The full moon riding aloft showed

"Glad both horns worked!"

On the dangerous curve—where the road is hidden—LONG HORN *never* fails.

LONG HORN "Always Warns"

This horn never "dies." There is *nothing* to get out of order. It costs a little more than most other hand horns, but its unfailing dependability alone makes it worth *more* than its cost.

A plunger pressed and LONG HORN *always* gives a long, low rumble or a loud, masterly, sonorous danger signal—at your will.

LONG HORN needs no fixing, no "adjusting" after being attached. It *never* will rattle—will *outlast* your car. It costs a little more, *but* it gives you *real* protection—and is cheapest in the end. We want you to put one on your car because it *always warns*.

Manufacturers: THE G. PIEL CO.

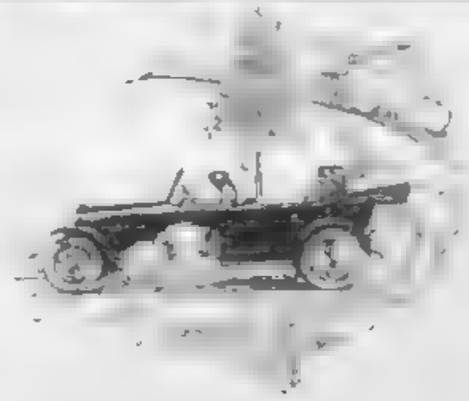
Sales Managers:

EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., 30 E. 42d St., New York City

The $5 HAND HORN

USERS—send today for our instructive booklet, "Trouble-proof Horn Service."

DEALERS—send today for our proposition—the most attractive in the trade.



The Measure of Value in a Tire

VALUE in a tire must be measured by the service that tire renders.

The fact that more G & J 'G' Treads, which are thoroughly effective anti-skid tires, are giving better service than do ordinary casings proves their value.

Knowing this fact, we unhesitatingly recommend that the next tire you purchase be a G & J 'G' Tread.

G & J TIRE COMPANY
1790 Broadway New York

Trademark
Reg U S Pat Off

Your home can be transformed like this with

Lowe Brothers HIGH STANDARD LIQUID · PAINT

You will take renewed pride in your home, when painting has increased its attractiveness. You will win the greater respect of your neighbors. You will set a good example which others will follow to the great benefit of your whole neighborhood.

Don't forget that you buy thorough protection in "High Standard" Paint. It is paint of time-tested, years-proven quality and durability. Withstands sun, wind, and wet for years—keeps its colors—fails only by gradual wear—leaves a good surface for repainting.

FREE Color plates of attractive homes

Write for "The House Outside and Inside." Pictures 18 homes inside and out, in actual colors, illustrating the uses of Lowe Brothers paints, varnishes, stains and enamels. Tells how each effect is secured, not only as to finish, but as to rugs, draperies and furniture.

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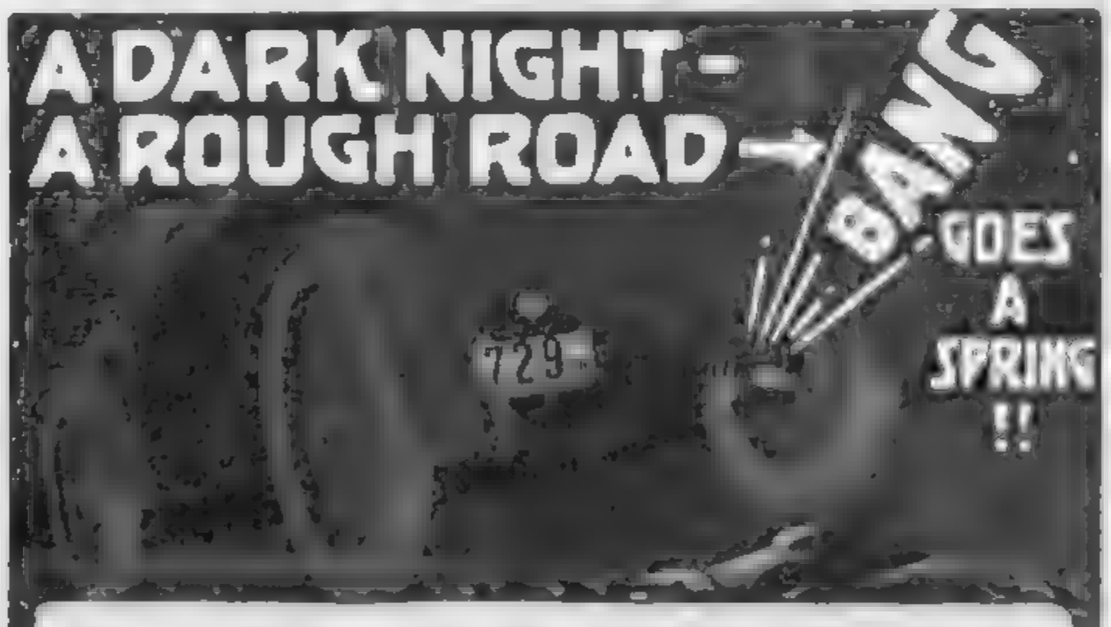

The man at the steering wheel cannot always stop or slow down in time to prevent the wheels of the car from suddenly dropping into a hole or coming into abrupt contact with a rise or bump in the road. This is especially true at night.

The resultant jar often breaks a spring and it is always uncomfortable for those in the car. When the springs of an automobile are controlled by the

*Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

a sudden jolt does not precipitate violent contraction or recoil of the springs. The body of the car is never driven upward, therefore it cannot drop violently and pound springs against axles.

Applying a soft, cushion-like, yet positive, frictional control to both movements of an automobile [illegible] the Hartford [illegible] preventing spring [illegible]

You can get our Comfort Chart for the asking. It shows how your car can be made doubly comfortable

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Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, E. V. Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper, Red Rack Jack.

Branches: New York Boston Chicago
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Make Every Road a Boulevard

in the distance a cluster of blanched walls and dark windows, the houses of Trinquetaille.

"I shall introduce you," replied Barjavel, "to a nice old lady. She knows all about such things, and what chance we stand of good fortune."

"Bah!" said Puig in disgust. "Fortune telling? Don't be an ass or think that I'm one."

Jackdabos also muttered something of disappointment.

Their huge leader smiled, and beckoned them farther on the white stillness of the road. They followed, mute and disheartened. The dog stole after them like a ghostly wolf. So they passed among the sleeping houses in Trinquetaille, came where the Great Rhone coursed like liquid snow, and saw beyond it the roofs, the towers and spires, the Roman circus rearing its formless mound on shadowy arches—the city of the Sixth Legion, Arles, quietly dreaming in strong moonlight.

"Don't sneer at my old lady," whispered Barjavel. "If she tells our fortune it will come true. It will be told for love."

IV

BY Trinquetaille bridge they crossed the snow-white river, their tired steps lagging with a hollow sound on the footway. Barjavel, a man with a purpose, led them straight through the moonlighted Place Antonelle, then, turning to the left, threaded a labyrinth of narrow streets and lanes choked with black shadow. They moved like burglars and seemed the only creatures alive in Arles.

"Know where you're going?" growled Puig.

"Yes. To bed," answered their guide. "Unless you prefer sleeping among the tombs in the Aliscamps?"

Jackdabos gave a chuckle.

"Not good enough," said he. "Many a time I've slept there with my nose to the moon, but I don't love that crowd. Sarcophagi make devilish hard beds, and cold, with the dust of dead men under you. Br-r-r!"

"Follow me, then," said Barjavel. "And please be quiet."

He felt his way along another walled alley, stopped at the shadowy likeness of a gate, and, fumbling and jingling in his pocket, brought out keys. A moment later the trio stood inside a small disorderly courtyard; then stumbling over rubbish, they gained the back door of a tall house, dark to the slant shadow of the wall, but its upper stories all outstaring the moon with cold, sparkling windows.

"In here," whispered Barjavel as he unlocked another door. "Take off your boots. No talking. I have my key to go and come, but on condition that I'm not too uproarious."

They slipped into the house. By the smell of ingrained cookery Jackdabos knew that he stood in a kitchen. Immediately, boots in hand, they mounted a dark staircase, then another, then along corridors where the dog's toenails clattered upon tiles. At last Barjavel opened a door and let his companions enter a great room, glimmering with reflected moonshine.

"Good night," he whispered. "Twin beds for you. I'm next door. See you in the morning."

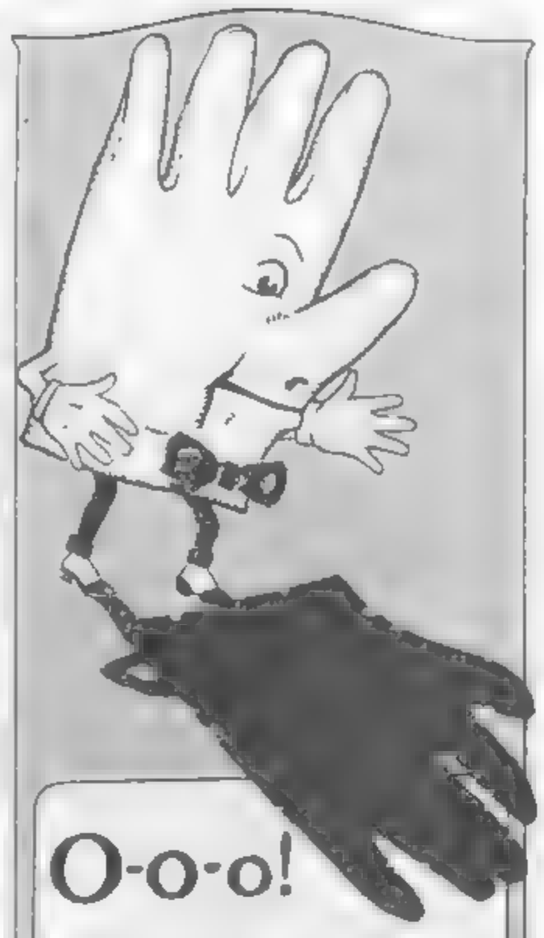
So saying the giant vanished. Puig, his dog and the Jackdaw stood in the middle of their floor, considering one another. It was a noble room, spacious and lofty, with two windows open on treetops.

"Where are we now?" said Puig aloud. "What palace has old Belshazzar brought us to?"

"Shut up!" hissed the Jackdaw. "He told us not to talk, and who cares where we are? Good night, old man."

He shuffled off his clothes, left them coiled on the floor, and slipped with a magnificent yawn into a bed of cool, clean-smelling linen. The last thing he saw was Puig's silhouette leaning cherublike on a window ledge, considering some moonlight mystery below and drinking thoughtfully now and then from a bottle. The last thing he heard was Puig's dog snoring in a corner. Then he slid into another world—a thrilling world, yet forlorn with enchantment, because the happiness was not real—where a white donkey plodded beside him, and a dream woman, young, with sea-blue eyes, looked ineffable kindness. He tried to say something vast, on which his welfare and hers hung trembling; but it would not out, and before he could force it into utterance

(Continued on Page 49)



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The only dark spots inside the Sterling Gum Kitchens are the shadows cast by the bright sunlight.

Sparkling windows all around. Snowy uniforms for all. And *clean, white gloves*—fresh-washed each morning—are worn through all 14 processes of making.

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We concentrate our efforts on the production of a single chassis—the Abbott-Detroit Six.

On this one car we center all our manufacturing resources—the consummate skill of our engineers—the zeal of our master mechanics.

Consequently, we are able to give to each Abbott-Detroit car that ceaseless attention to microscopic details which makes for perfection in any product.

Only work of the most intensive sort could have effected the exquisite balance in the relation of weight, power, gear ratio and wheel size that gives the Abbott-Detroit greater *power moment*—more power at speeds you drive—than any other Six, regardless of price.

It is in *power moment*—the actual measure of performance—that the Abbott-Detroit most noticeably excels.

And when you are buying a car it is in *actual performing ability* that you are most interested

The superlative *power moment* of the Abbott-Detroit is back of that restful, easy motion, with no sense of exerted power, which you notice the moment the car starts—and you sink back in the deep, comfortable seats, at ease mentally and physically.

On this six-cylinder chassis we mount five bodies, each possessing the striking harmony of lines—the handsome finish—the ultra-complete equipment you always find in the Abbott-Detroit.

No price can buy greater beauty, greater comfort or greater mechanical perfection.

Only by a trial of the car itself can you gain any adequate idea of its remarkable worth.

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Seven Passenger Touring Car	$1195	*Four Passenger Motor Coach*	$1495
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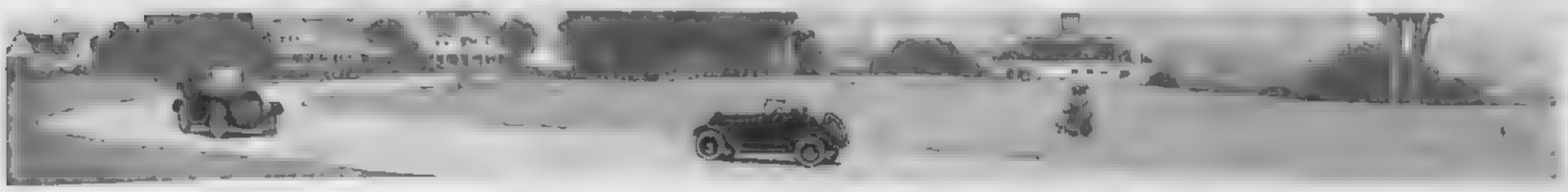
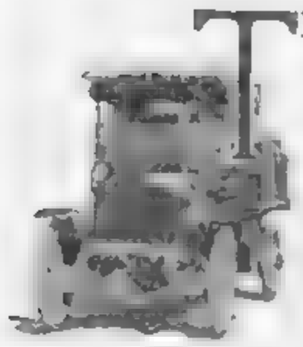


Why Worm-Drive Leads

It Lengthens the Truck's Life—It Reduces Upkeep
It Cuts Repair Bills



THERE must be some good reason for the tremendous change in power transmission for commercial cars shown by the comparison at the right of this page.

Reputable truck builders do not change their form of final drive until they have carefully weighed all the pros and cons. As a matter of fact, an immense amount of study and investigation has been given to the subject in the last ten years, in order to apply that form of power transmission which would be silent, simple and effective—which would be so strong and have so few parts that the commercial car owner could escape the breakdowns, delays and repair expense which too often in the past have offset any saving effected by motor haulage.

When the searchlight was turned on, it was not long before worm-drive came into its own.

Actual experience over all kinds of roads, on thousands of trucks during a period of over two years, has absolutely demonstrated the reliability, noiseless operation and superior efficiency of the worm-drive type of power transmission.

It represents the simplest rear axle in use on commercial cars. In a Timken Detroit Worm-Drive Axle you have but two strong, simple units enclosed in an oil tight, dust- and dirt-proof housing. The worm takes the power directly from the propeller shaft, and the worm wheel and differential transmit it directly to the rear wheels.

Ninety-one recognized truck builders use worm-drive. The accompanying list of fifty-six car builders who use Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles, either exclusively or in part, represents 61½% of the total.

We can't, in one advertisement, give all of the reasons why these builders have selected worm-drive in the first place and Timken-Detroit worm-drive in the second.

We will be satisfied if you will just think for a moment or two, of the unquestionable fact, that they must have mighty good reasons—reasons affecting the success or failure of commercial haulage by their customers—or they wouldn't evidence this tremendous tendency to make worm-drive dominant in motor truck building.

Fifty-three of these fifty-six truck builders use Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles with Timken-David Brown Worm Gears, mounted on Timken Roller Bearings. Three build their own axles but use Timken-David Brown Worm Gears.

Acason Motor Truck Co.
Armleder Co., O.
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Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co.
Dart Motor Truck Co.
DeKalb Wagon Works
Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Co.
Diamond T Motor Car Co.
Dorris Motor Car Co.
Dreadnot Motor Truck Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.
Gabriel Carriage & Wagon Co.
Garford Motor Truck Co.
General Motors Truck Co.
Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co.
Henderson Bros.
Hendrickson Motor Truck Co.
International Motor Co.
Kissel Motor Car Co.
Kleiber Co., Inc.
Krebs Commercial Car Co.
Lewis-Hall Iron Works
Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co.
Maccar Co.
Mogul Motor Truck Co.
Moreland Motor Truck Co.
National Steel Car Co.
Nelson & Le Moon
New England Truck Co.
Niles Car Mfg. Co.
*Packard Motor Car Co.
*Peerless Motor Car Co.
*Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Poyer Co., D. F.
Sandow Motor Truck Co.
Schacht Motor Truck Co., G. A.
Selden Motor Vehicle Co.
Service Motor Truck Co.
Signal Motor Truck Co.
Standard Motor Truck Co.
Stegeman Motor Car Co.
Tait Bros.
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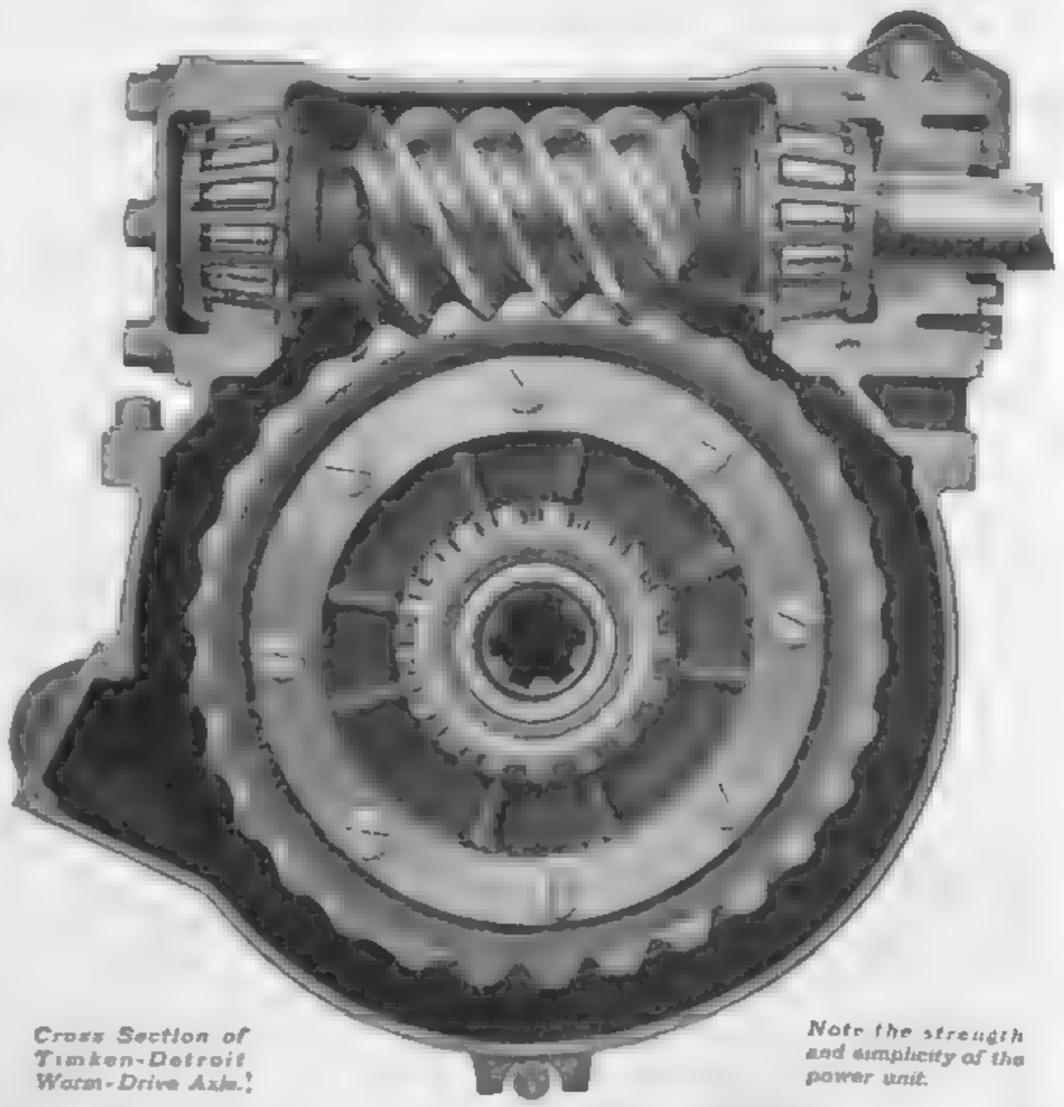
Velie Engineering Co.
Wilson Co., J. C.
Witt-Will Co.
Way-Cleanse Co.
Ward Motor Vehicle Co.
Zeitler & Lamson

*These firms build their own axles but use Timken-David Brown Worm Gears.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

1913
WORM-DRIVE 1%
ALL OTHER DRIVES 99%
1915
WORM-DRIVE 58 6/10%
ALL OTHER DRIVES 41 4/10%

The percentages given above are based on the total number of trucks produced in each year by recognized truck builders with an established production. Light delivery cars on pleasure car chassis and models of less than one-ton capacity are not included.



Cross Section of Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axle.

Note the strength and simplicity of the power unit.

TIMKEN-DETROIT WORM-DRIVE AXLES

(Continued from Page 46)

the donkey's ears divided them forever, flapping, growing monstrous, and at last revolving like windmill arms in a gale. He had lost her. The vision ended bitterly in the dry dust of ages.

When he woke the room shone full of morning sun. At his feet on his coverlet sat Puig, waiting, and watching him curiously.

"Know where you live?" demanded Puig as though they had never been asleep.

Jackdabos lay blinking and listening. The cool, bright morning touched with glossy reflections a red-tiled floor and fine old furniture, of which every contour shone polished and colored like a violin. Peace, order, cleanliness reigned in that chamber; and through the windows poured an agreeable sound, never stopping, never changing, but always novel and musical, one yet manifold as the waters of a brook.

"Is it Sunday?" yawned the Jackdaw. "If it is I'd bet we were in the Forum."

Puig let the subject pass and fired another question. His cat-green eyes watched close for the answer.

"How long have you known Barjavel?"

Jackdabos yawned again.

"As long as you have," he replied, stretching. "A week, isn't it? Never saw him before we all met down yonder."

"No more than that?" Puig stared with infinite suspicion.

"No more, no less." Jackdabos began to stare likewise. "What's wrong?"

The other tossed him a sheet of notepaper.

"Read this," he snapped. "Found it on the dressing table."

The young man rubbed his eyes and read.

"Received of Monsieur Barjavel," ran the brief manuscript, "full payment of the rent of his chambers for three months ——"

The sum was princely, acknowledged with fitting thanks, compliments, and the flourished signature of a hotel-keeper. Jackdabos rubbed his eyes again, read again and sat bolt upright.

"Tiny Saviour!" he mumbled. "Barjavel paid all that? What a sum!"

Puig nodded grimly from the foot of the bed.

"Just so," he growled. "But look here. Who is this Barjavel of ours? He never has money, eh? Travels on foot, eh? Couldn't buy a third-class ticket for the train—made us hoof it all night. Eh? What? How? And still he carries a private key to the best hotel and hires a set of rooms in the heart of town. Go look."

Jackdabos bounded from bed and ran to the nearer window.

"Heavenly cabbage!" he cried. "You're right. I was right. It's the Place of the Men."

Below him lay the Forum, a pleasant square surrounded by leafy plane-trees, and crowded from end to end with humble men, good plain men wearing their Sunday clothes. Their talk it was, the lively ceaseless music of Provence, which rose from half a hundred little groups and went on and on like runnels of a brook. A few soldiers and police moved among them fraternally. Mistral, the poet, in bronze, looked over them with neighborly pride from his sculptured pedestal. Their voices made as it were incense round his statue in the plane-tree light and shade.

"Aha, the beautiful Sunday!" said Jackdabos. "Oho, the good fellows!"

And he leaned forth naked as a god, sniffing the air, drinking deeply the sound of their talk.

"But come here," persisted Puig, hauling him indoors again. "That's all very well. We're living in hotel rooms on the Forum. Good! But Barjavel pays our bill, eh?" He shook the mysterious receipt under the Jackdaw's nose. "Now tell me: Who is Barjavel? How does this happen?"

Somebody just then knocked at the door.

"Come!" called the Jackdaw.

The door opened and in walked Barjavel himself. Two waiters followed him, bearing trays with coffee, golden-crusted *croissants* and glass pots of honey.

"Good morning!" sang Barjavel. He came smiling, greatly refreshed and rejuvenated, his beard well trimmed, his old black clothes brushed clean of travel stains. "I heard you talking and ordered breakfast for you. It's not too early?"

Puig beat a guilty retreat from the dressing table, too late. He was caught replacing the telltale paper. Jackdabos rushed for his clothes.

"There's no hurry." Barjavel ignored their confusion. "I've already breakfasted; but let me sit down at your table?" He saw that the trays were properly arranged, then dismissed the bowing waiters. "Have you slept well, boys?"

Breakfast was a good meal spoiled by constraint. Puig sat on nettles, waiting to be accused; Jackdabos became aware for the first time that Puig had vile, sticky manners at table; still, they ate and talked, while Barjavel smoked a cigarette, fed the dog and entertained them benignly. When the stream of Provençal voices from the Forum was at last running dry they rose, all three, and made ready to depart.

"I've got no business in a hotel," declared the Jackdaw, smoothing his bedraggled brown velveteen.

"Don't be vain," laughed their host. "Come on. Cheer-oh. Leave your bag here."

He herded them along red-tiled corridors, down two flights, and through a lobby from which a visored porter set them free, louting low, as if he saw nothing strange about them or their dog. They passed into the Place of the Men, a leafy place now almost vacant at the approach of noonday.

"Whoo!" Jackdabos vented a sigh of liberty. "It's better outdoors."

Barjavel nodded, and pulled his black felt hat to an arrogant pitch.

"Great deal better," he agreed. "How do you like this bronze Mistral up here?"

Jackdabos regarded the familiar statue as they passed below it.

"Well enough," he replied. "Looks too much like Buffalo Bill. I could make as good ones if I had a workshop."

"And metal," added Puig sourly. "Metal costs money."

Barjavel surprised them by showing emotion.

"No!" He halted, and stared fixedly down at the irreverent Jackdaw. "No, could you?"

It seemed an idle question, but he considered it deeply in silence, beard sunk on bosom, while they wandered through a succession of narrow streets. Contemplation of the Jackdaw's boast, indeed, made him forget nearer matters; for suddenly halting, he snapped his fingers, muttered a "Pshaw!" at his own absence of mind, turned about face, and led them back to a door which they had already admired in passing. It was a fine old door between a pair of twisted dolphin columns. Aloft in the house front a niche contained two fragmentary stone saints, gray, weatherworn, and both for their harmless piety beheaded long ago by some revolutionist fool. Curved iron bars guarded the street windows. Puig, nodding approval, fingered the graceful lines of this iron work. Jackdabos patted the stone dolphins. Barjavel whipped from his pocket a card on which, holding it against the door, he penciled a few lines; and then, to his friends' amazement, he lifted the great iron knocker and rapped loudly twice.

"Hold on!" cried the others. "What are you doing?"

The door swung open, and a grave, dark manservant, looking out, seemed ready to repeat this question.

"Good day," said Barjavel. "What a beautiful door it is your pleasure to keep!"

The manservant regarded them all three with disfavor.

"No doubt," he cooed like an ironical dove—"no doubt monsieur is an expert of beautiful doors."

He began to close this one, when Barjavel laughed and poked his card through the lessening gap. No sooner had the man spied the writing than his dark face grew convulsed with wonder and he flung the door wide open.

"Oh, it is ——" he cried, abasing himself and staring. "Come in, sir—forgive me—I beg I did not know ——"

He bowed them in, fluttering with a kind of joyful submission. They left Puig's brindle dog sitting disconsolate by the dolphin pillars, and entered the house. A cool, dark vestibule opened on a pleasant room which ran the full depth of the house. Here the servant left them standing by the front window, contemplating a vista of mahogany, marble, and dusky painted pictures. At one rear window the sunshine joggled in a large bowl of swimming goldfish.

"Hell!" muttered Puig, scuffing his feet and looking round bashfully. "I never asked you to bring me here."

A trundling noise interrupted his complaint, as into the room at the sunlit end came the manservant pushing a wheeled chair in which sat a little, frail, dark lady.

"Enough. Thank you," she sighed.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

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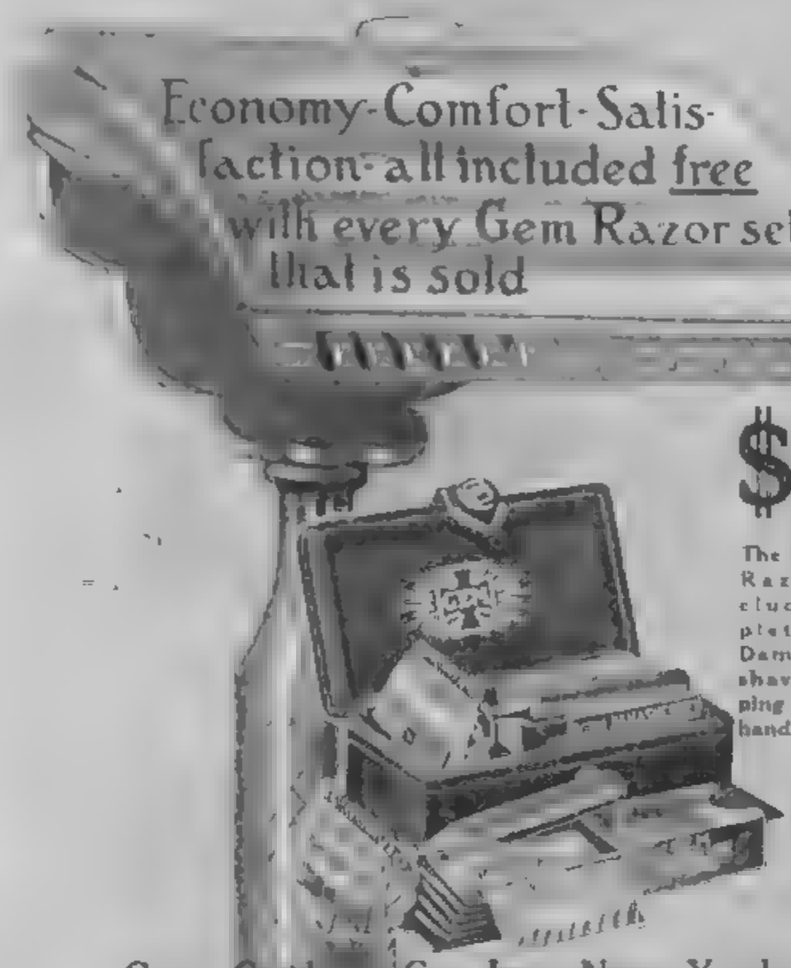

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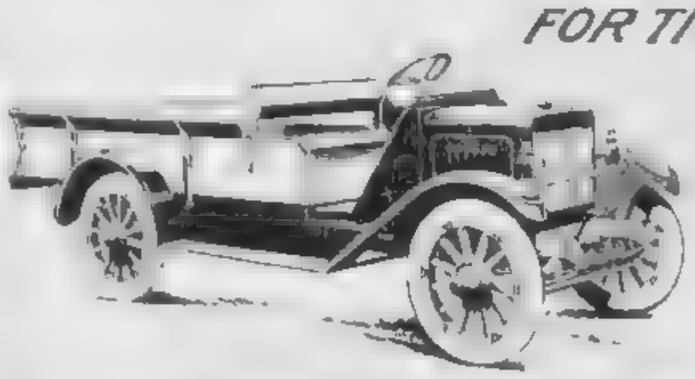

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[illegible] not only give you greater [illegible] but also give you *greater safety*

Temco Shock Absorbers must fully [illegible] and completely satisfy you in every way or you can return them and get your [illegible] back.

[illegible] Temcos on your [illegible]

$15 Complete Set of 4

get them for you. Most dealers [illegible] install Temcos and let you try them. If you have any difficulty in getting Temcos, write to us at once and we will see you are supplied

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YOU can buy Buckskin Tires from us at prices which are "the lowest in America" for a tire guaranteed for 4000 miles. This is a positive fact. And here is the reason:

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PLAIN & NON-SKID
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OUR GUARANTEE—Every Buckskin—patented basket-weave non-skid, or plain tread—is guaranteed for 4000 miles. If you don't get this mileage—and a majority of Buckskin users invariably get much more—a credit in full will be allowed for the unexpired mileage and we'll pay expressage both ways.

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The servant halted her chair near the goldfish bowl and left the room. She reclined with patient dignity, like a Roman matron; eyed her visitors pensively for a moment; then, lifting one hand from her lap, made a civil gesture with a card—Barjavel's card.

"My old friend, you are welcome," she declared in a low, silvery voice. "What you have written prevents me from saying how very welcome, and why. But that is understood. You leave me therefore only the pleasure of asking, in what can I serve you?"

Barjavel strode forward into the light, bowed over her chairwheels, and briefly named his two companions. The lady's black eyes sparkled at them. She nodded kindly.

"I have informed these young men," explained the giant, "that you know everything."

They bowed.

"We are adventurers who need your help. Will you please tell us," he continued, "whether Monsieur Goiffon's garden still has the orange trees which flourished there some years ago?"

The question puzzled her for a moment.

"You ask me? You?" she exclaimed, knitting her brows at Barjavel. "No. Indeed, no. His orange trees were all cut down before the garden—passed to its present owner. I believe new trees were planted."

"I feared so," he replied, nodding. "I could not remember. But was there not a map drawn by Monsieur Goiffon—a map or plan of the garden as it stood in his day?"

The lady raised a frail hand to her forehead, and thought.

"There was, my dear," she answered after a pause. "You are right. There is now. Framed under glass, a quaint little colored map in the old style—just such a plaything as he took delight in. It hangs or should hang to this day in the Villa Pervinca."

She looked up, smiling, like one whose memory had triumphed.

"Ah, madam," cried Barjavel, "you are as wonderful as ever. Was I wrong in saying that you know all things?" He beamed on the company, irradiating them. "Last night my friends here, who are young, spoke scornfully of gifts like yours. They must admit you know the past. Now do look them over and tell them their futures."

"Oh, no!" laughed the lady. "You are the same foolish boy."

"Oh, yes, I beg!" And he beckoned the Jackdaw and Puig to draw near.

They came across the room, stood beside him, and awaited further orders—the one sheepish, the other highly expectant, with dancing eyes. At close range they found the lady even smaller and frailer in body than she had first appeared, calm, almost apathetic, but wonderfully alert in her glances. Plain black silk she wore, with a lace collar. Her cheeks were pale brown; her features, at once bold and delicate, of the type called Ligurian; and while she sat there motionless the goldfish bowl cast a light quivering over her as though it were the outward shine and play of her intelligence. To so much had the Jackdaw given heed, when he found her smiling at him and saying:

"You are not the skeptic, my son, for in you I see plenty of faith. You are following beauty with your eyes shut. When you find her you will follow with your eyes open, as a man ought. She will come to you from the past, from something built in old stonework. Sorrow, too—yes, you cannot avoid sorrow. But have no fear."

She lifted her slender brown hand in sign of encouragement. Jackdabos made a sudden dart, quick as a humming bird, and as lightly kissed the hand before it withdrew.

"Madam!" he cried, enraptured. "You can read dreams, even a man's own dream!"

When Puig's turn came the Ligurian lady was not smiling. She looked long at the freckled blacksmith, who returned her look humbly enough, but steadily, with a dull patience.

"You, sir," she began in doubt; then sighed and took courage. "You must pardon the whims of an invalid, a woman who stays in her house all day. We think strange things, and if I must tell what I believe of you—— Shall I?" She glanced up and round. Puig nodded consent. His companions did likewise. "Then," she continued gravely, her coal-black eyes looking clear through them all, through the long room and as it were out of the house—"then

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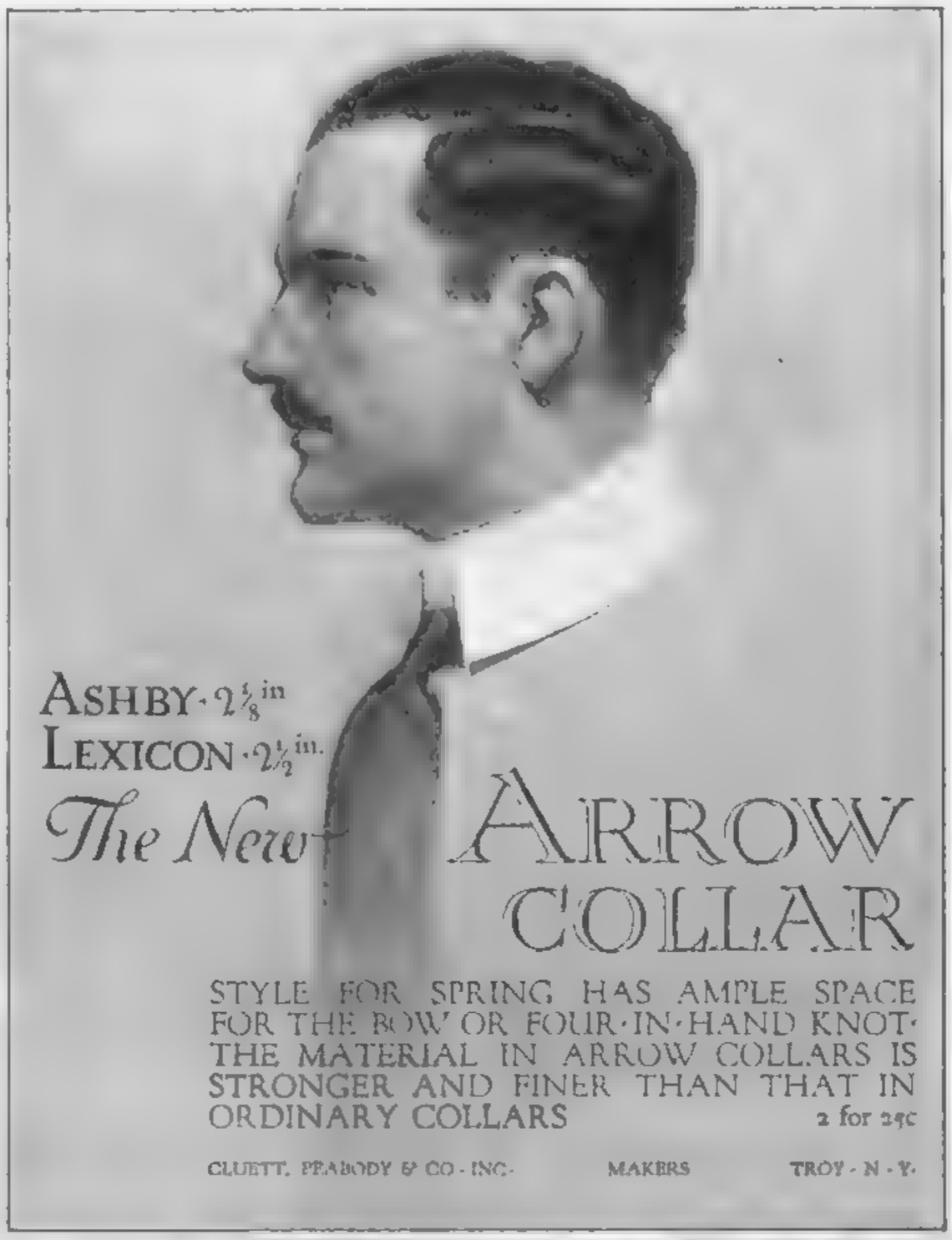
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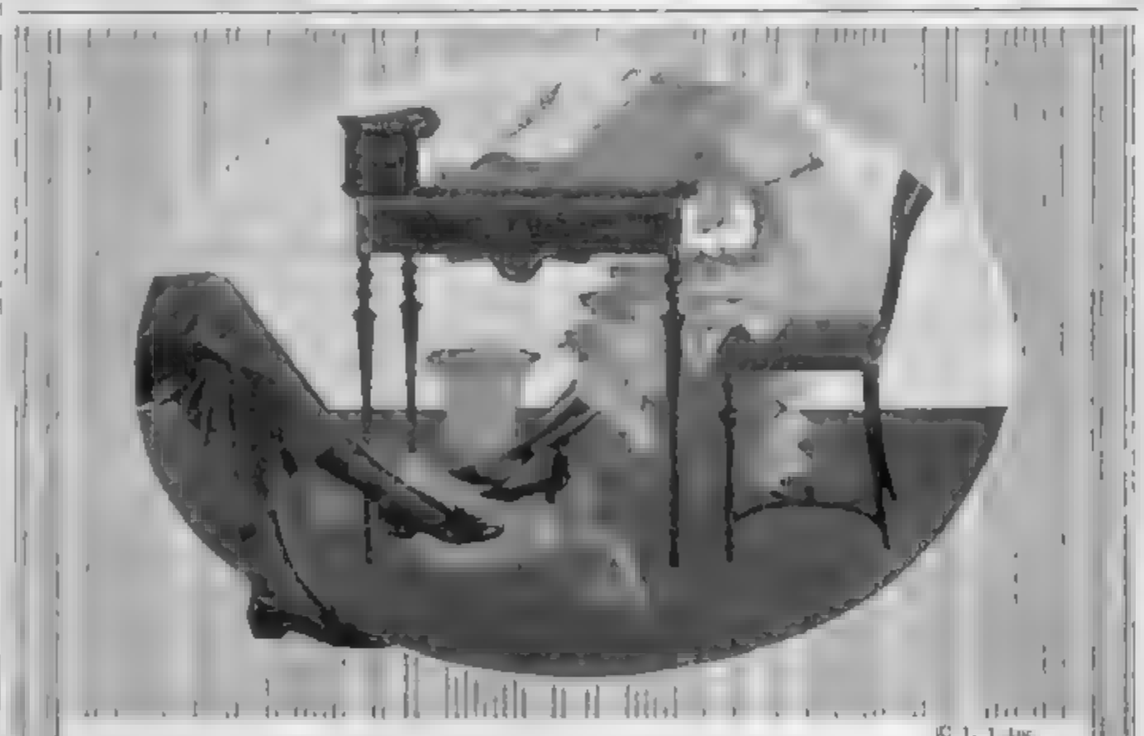
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this is what I believe. Sir, you will never be happy till you do day labor, working hard for a man who beats you—beats you with tongue and fist, and conquers you. That is the far future as I see it. The near future ——" She paused again; her eyes returned from their search to meet Puig's green orbs balefully staring down at her. "My friend, I'm sorry to say there is death in it. You shall lose the one who loves you most."

Silence followed her words and filled the dusky room as with a spell. Then Puig broke it, shifting his awkward boots.

"Most?" He gave a bitter laugh. "Madam, you flatter me. There's no person who loves my kind at all; nobody would think twice of me. Maybe my dog. He gets his food. No one else."

"I am sorry," replied the dark lady. "What I have said —— But perhaps it was a sick-room fancy—no more."

So saying she lifted from a taboret beside her a bronze apostle bell, and set it jingling musically. Her sober manservant answered the call, fetching a tray with three glasses of wine.

"Not to my health," she said quickly as they raised their glasses. "I desire no health or prolongation of days, as you" her glance rested on Barjavel with a melancholy smile—"as you desire no future. Drink, my dears. To your adventure."

When, after due ceremony, they filed outdoors again and were halfway down the street they went like people wrapt in a day dream. The two older men moved slowly, downcast and somber; Jackdabos walked on air; and the dog, released from his post of watching by the dolphins, gamboled awkwardly roundabout and was pushed away unregarded.

"Who was she?" said Puig at last. "How can she pretend to know so much?"

"She?" murmured Barjavel, turning into a narrow way which led toward the P. L. M. station. "She is Goiffon's widow. You didn't know Goiffon. He died young, or he'd have made a great painter. I *mean* great. One of that crowd, he was, who gods of mankind, I'm talking ancient history! They're all dead. You can't even remember the old inn stairs at Gretz."

While he spoke, a purring sound behind them grew swiftly into a muffled roar, as like a blast of wind came whirling a low, gray monster that charged and scattered them right and left. They caught an impression of goggling brass lamps, of a leather-clad puppet steering, and of complacent cushioned women lolling, veiled, in a row. A bark and a yell of agony mingled in this vision. Then the motor car was past, flipping back some refuse from under its wheels—twisted refuse that grew limp and straight.

The brindle cur would never gambol underfoot again to be shoved aside. He lay flat on the roadway, dead, with a band of whitish dust across his poor, ugly hide.

"Oh!" cried all three men in a wail of pity; the beast had been so exuberant with life, and now lay so clumsy and still.

Puig stared for only an instant; then his right hand flew behind his hip and made a peculiar twisting motion.

"*Je me venge!*" he cried, choking. Bright steel flashed in the noonday sun. "*Oh, je me venge!*"

He leaped over the dead body and, gripping a naked knife, ran at full speed after the monster of gray metal that fled purring down the narrow way.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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He had learned which end of a rifle was the business end, when a young lieutenant, just out of West Point, entered the barracks where several rookies were being put through the paces by an exhausted noncom. Our recruit gave no heed to the lieutenant.

"Attention!" snapped the West Pointer, halting a few inches away from the Florida volunteer.

The youth, who was sitting down, gazed at him languidly.

"Attention, you!" snapped the lieutenant.

"Mister," drawled the novice, "you don't need to be yellin' at me thataway. Go on—I'm a-listenin' at you!"

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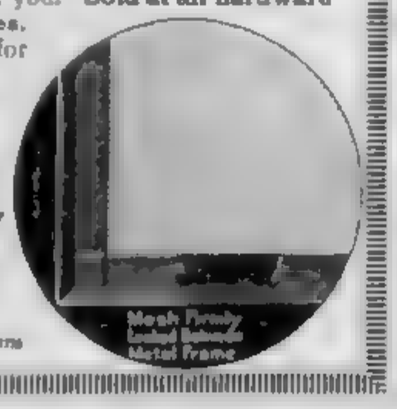


THE MAN NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 25

It was getting towards night now before long and I hadn't made no break at all. I set and set, and didn't have no nerve. By and by it was too late to say anything that night.

We heard Bonnie Bell coming down the staircase, and we went to the door to meet her, like we did usual, because we liked to do that; she was so pretty when she was ready for dinner. The servants didn't look up to her pa and me very much, but they'd jump through hoops all the time for her.

She was dressed all up now in a pale-blue dress, some sort of soft silk, and she had on all her diamonds, for she was shining all over. Her hair was high up and it had a little band on it, and a little pile of it stuck up behind on her haid. Her neck was cut low, like they wore 'em at the hotel where we lived once, and her dress didn't have no sleeves in it. She had rings on her fingers, though not no bells on her toes—only little blue slippers; and her socks was pale blue, like we could see when she come down the stairs.

I don't expect there was any handsomer woman in the world than she was then—they don't make 'em any handsomer. We stood looking at her, us two cowmen, both in clothes that was always getting mussed up, and with tobacco in the pockets. We couldn't say a word. We got scared of her, I said; you would, often, when you looked at Bonnie Bell, she was so pretty. Yet she didn't know she had such looks.

"Daughter," says Old Man Wright, and he went up to her slow, like he was afraid of her, "you're very beautiful to-night," says he. "What makes you pale? You're a mighty fine girl. Dast you kiss your old pa before he goes in and gets into togs fit to eat with you?"

She looks at me and then at him, and she knows I haven't said nothing about that talk with the hired man. She was pale and didn't smile. She went up to her pa like she was tired—she didn't have much color that night in her face—and she just puts up her arms around her pa's neck and laid her haid down on his shoulder, and didn't say a word. She didn't cry; she just let her haid lay there.

I seen his arm go around on her bare shoulders easylike—he didn't hardly touch her for fear she'd break; and he didn't say a word. He was that sort of man that almost any sort of woman would like to put her arms around his neck and lay her haid on him if she was in trouble.

"What is it, Honey?" says he at last.

"Why, nothing, dad," says she. "I love you—that's all. You believe it, don't you?"

"Will you always, sis?" says he, sort of funny.

"Always," says she, quiet. "Now," says she, "run off and get dressed up. Have you forgotten that the Kimberlys are coming for dinner to-night with us? Curly, you must go get on some dark clothes, you know."

You see, I was one of the family. I maybe give them plenty of trouble, but they never'd let me eat anywheres but with them all the time. By this time I'd learned quite a few things from Bonnie Bell—about how not to put a napkin up too high, or to break my bread up into little pieces and pile them up, or to pour out my coffee, or to use the same spoon for coffee and other vittles, or to sidle up my plate for the last drop of soup there was in it—oh, several tricks like that; though I knew the game was a heap complicated and I hadn't learned it all yet.

She looks at me when I went out the door and I shook my haid to show I hadn't said nothing. She set down, all in her silk and her shining rings and things, right on our old hide lounge; and she was looking at our painting of the Yellow Bull Valley and the old ranch house. I left her there, all in her diamonds, her hair tied up high—about the richest girl in Chicago and, like enough, the miserablest right then. But she didn't have nothing on me at that.

When we come back, all fixed up the best we could, she was still setting there. She was pretty—Lord, how pretty!—but sad.

She gets up now and begins to laugh and talk right fast to the old man, and by and by, before anything broke, Old Man Kimberly and Old Lady Kimberly drifted in.

"The young folks'll be over before long," says he; "we didn't wait for 'em, because I just wanted a taste of the old bourbon that I find here and can't find anywheres else. Where did you get it, Colonel?" says he.

Most everybody called him Colonel now, from me doing it first, and then Katherine.

"We had a few barrels out on the old ranch," says the boss. "A little of it escaped in the massacree. I'm glad you like it."

It come now about time for dinner, which was always pulled off on the tick of the clock. On the ranch in camp the cook always calls "Grub pile!" for the hands. In the home ranch he's more particular, and he says "Come and git it!" when dinner's ready. But here in our new house our butler, William, always'd gumshoe in and say it so low you couldn't hardly hear him: "Dinner is served, Miss Wright." But as them kids was a little late in coming, Old Man Kimberly finds time to take another nip.

"Why, Henry!" says his wife to him, "I'm surprised!"

"It's funny how you're surprised," says he, chuckling in his shirt front; "but I'm glad to have you keep up my reputation by saying you're surprised."

Somehow it was with them like it is with plenty of folks in the States—the women always seem finer, more delicate, than the men; yet they seem to like men that ain't fussy. Old Man Kimberly was a good sort; but to look at her you'd wonder why she married him. She always set up straight, away from a chair or a sofa back, and she had a face that was clean-cut, like one of them cameo faces on cuff buttons. Katherine was some like her pa, and a good sort too.

"How sweet you look to-night," says Old Lady Kimberly to Bonnie Bell after a time.

She always seemed to want to reach out and touch Bonnie Bell, or kiss her once in a while—they natural liked each other—Bonnie Bell especial, from never having no ma of her own, very much.

But after a time our William come to the door and stood there like he was a pointer dog and had found some birds; and says he with a stop between, like he always did:

"Miss Kimberly—ahum! Mr. Thomas Kimberly—ahum!"

XVIII

I RECKON if Katherine's brother, Tom Kimberly, had of knew how much we was waiting for a look at him he might of been some fussed up about it; but when our William brought him and Katherine in he didn't seem rattled.

He was a right tallish young fellow, maybe twenty-four years or thereabouts, slim, and with a wide mouth. He had a good deal of brown hair, which he combed back from his forehead, without no part in it. He was dressed up like city folks do for dinner, and his necktie wasn't tied careless, but right careful. He looked a good deal like a picture in a tailor shop. His hands didn't even seem to bother him like mine do me sometimes—I often wish't a man could have forty pockets to put all his hands into.

When he seen Bonnie Bell he lit up. Katherine hurried him over.

"Honey," says she to Bonnie Bell, "I've brought over my brother Tom and I want you to like him and I want him to like you." She always spoke all at once.

"That's going to be the easiest thing you know," says he, smiling.

He had right good teeth. Bonnie Bell she give him her hand, her arm straight out in front of her, and I didn't think she shook hands very hard; but he did. He kept on looking at her like he was fascinated. It was plain to see that the kid had him on the ropes in the first round.

We went on to the big dining room right soon. This was the first time the Kimberlys had ever et at our house, except cookies and tea and things in the parlor or in the ranch room. When Mrs. Kimberly come into our big dining room she taken one look up and down. Maybe she'd been thinking it was like the ranch room all the way through. That showed how little she knew about Bonnie Bell.

They was arranged in pairs as long as the women lasted—this Tom and Bonnie Bell, of course, together; and Mrs. Kimberly and Old Man Wright; and then Katherine and me and Old Man Kimberly. William helped Old Lady Kimberly and Bonnie Bell

set down, like they had rheumatism, and I done what I could for Katherine, her and me being pretty good pals. Old Man Kimberly found his cocktail without no help. Right soon he set down to have a pleasant time, him.

We had a good dining room—large, with white trimmings and some carpets that cost as much as two thousand dollars each, and chairs that matched the table, and plenty of pictures.

I been around now a lot among our best people and I notice that unless you've got some pictures of sheep in your house you're no good. Any artist just natural has to paint sheep; yet that's the meanest animal there is, and I don't see why a cowman especial should have sheep in his house. But we done so because it was correct—though I've never et sheep meat. Also, a couple of gondolas, by some Italian, near the sheep, is usual.

Besides them, if you've got a good house you've got to have one picture about twilight on a lake, with a broken tree on it and some weeds, and a crane standing there like it didn't have no friends. We had one of them crane pictures too.

When Old Lady Kimberly seen we had sheep and gondolas and weeds and cranes in our house, same as anybody else, she seemed to feel more comfortable. I told Katherine some of those things I'd found out about art and she come near choking in her soup, and said I was awful funny, though I was serious.

"Everything you've got," says she, "is perfectly lovely."

"She done it," says I, which was true. The old man and me, if we was left alone, would never of had a picture of sheep in the whole house. There never was a plate of sheep cooked in it once.

Like enough you've been at dinners in cities where they don't have everything on the table in big dishes, like at a ranch, but a little at a time; so you've got to guess frequent whether you're going to get enough to eat out of things that's coming on later. We was pretty well trained, Old Man Wright and me, since we come to our new house, for Bonnie Bell and William and all the rest run a regular city system on us.

Bonnie Bell was easy as Mrs. Kimberly would of been at her house. She didn't have to say a word to William; he shore was some butler—I reckon he buttled as good as anyone in the Row. I reckon he was born a orphan, he looked so sad.

We had some soup made out of turtle, which is better'n you'd think, to look at a turtle. Afterward was fish I couldn't name. Then there was ducks and potatoes, cooked together so you couldn't tell 'em apart, and considerable other birds with things put on; and alfalfa, with kerosene on it, maybe. After a while comes soft cheese, with strawberries, and yet softer cheese, with little onions cut in it, if you liked that better—I can't remember all them things now or how they come, but we was a couple of hours there and got considerable to eat before we quit. Also, Old Man Kimberly got plenty to drink. He says to the boss:

"You'll excuse me, Colonel," says he, "but I can't help saying a word in favor of your choice in wines."

And then—"Henry!" says his wife, as though it wasn't polite to say you liked things.

Since Katherine was talking to me all the time, and since Tom couldn't see nothing but Bonnie Bell, I reckon the whole party was pretty well suited.

After dinner, while we was setting in the ranch room—which they all liked so well—and could have sherry or coffee, or both, or maybe Scotch, Mrs. Kimberly kept on saying to the old man:

"Henry, I'm surprised!"

"So'm I, my dear," says he—"surprised that we've never been here all the time before. You may mark us down as steadies now," says he.

We had in the middle of the house, offen the ranch room, a long room with a piano in it, and a smooth floor, and rugs that could be easy pushed away. Nothing'd do for them folks but they must go to dancing now. Sometimes Katherine played the piano and sometimes Bonnie Bell; she shore could slug a piano plenty when she wanted. She didn't get to play much, because Tom he wanted to dance with her all the time—turkeys' trots, I think they called it, or fox hops, or something of the kind.

Seems like she could do that, too, for she had lessons down town. When Katherine got Old Man Wright to dance with her there wasn't no one left to play; so we set a music box going, and Katherine made me play on a jew's-harp too.

Tom Kimberly certainly was up in all the late steps of dancing; that was one thing he could do. While him and Bonnie Bell was dancing I could see all the old folks looking at them quietlike. It was plain that he was mighty hard hit with Bonnie Bell. Old Man Wright he'd look at him once in a while—right close too. As for Bonnie Bell, she was pleasant, like she always was; but it didn't seem to me she laughed as much as usual. We was all of us showing off our goods.

When they come to go away, Katherine she hugged Bonnie Bell tighter than ever, and Old Man Kimberly held her hand for quite a while.

"You'll take pity on a old man, won't you," says he, "and come to see us often? You really must."

"Yes, my dear," says Mrs. Kimberly; "come and liven us up sometimes. It's been very delightful to see you young people enjoy yourselves so much—and you old people too," says she, and laughed at her husband, who maybe was some illuminated.

It was plain enough to me when they went away that our place had turned out better'n they thought it would. Bonnie Bell, too, if she'd been on inspection for them, same as Tom Kimberly was with us, certainly'd more than made good.

"What do you think of him, Curly?" says he to me after Bonnie Bell went upstairs.

"Well," says I, "it ain't just as though the cat had brought him in. He's good-looking," says I, "and he can dance; and he's a pleasant fellow enough. I only sort of got it in for people that drink cocktails instead of straight liquor and push their hair back thataway."

"Well now," he went on, "you've got to allow for differences in different places. Riding and roping ain't so important in Chicago as dining and dancing—not among our best people," says he. "You've got to take account of that. A girl might do a lot worse."

"There ain't nobody good enough for Bonnie Bell," says I, "when it comes to that; but I was just sort of thinking I like a man to know something about riding and shooting, and that sort of thing, as well as dancing."

"Curly," says he, "you said your pa was a hard-shell?"

"Yes," says I.

"A hard-shell Presbyterian?" says he. "Anyhow, your folks must of been right exacting. Now don't you be too hard on young folks."

"Listen to me, Colonel," says I: "Suppose you had two of 'em right here—one that didn't have no family nor no money, but took to ranch work sort of natural; and one that could dance and dine like you say. One of these men parts his hair on one side and one combs it back, without no part. Which one of 'em would you like most?"

"I'd have to see both men and size 'em up," says he. "But what makes you ask? The other kind of young man you're talking about ain't showed up yet. Besides, one thing that favors Tom is he don't have to marry for money. Bless you, he ain't thinking of her money—not one dollar; just thinking of her, right the way she is. He's gone—that's what he is."

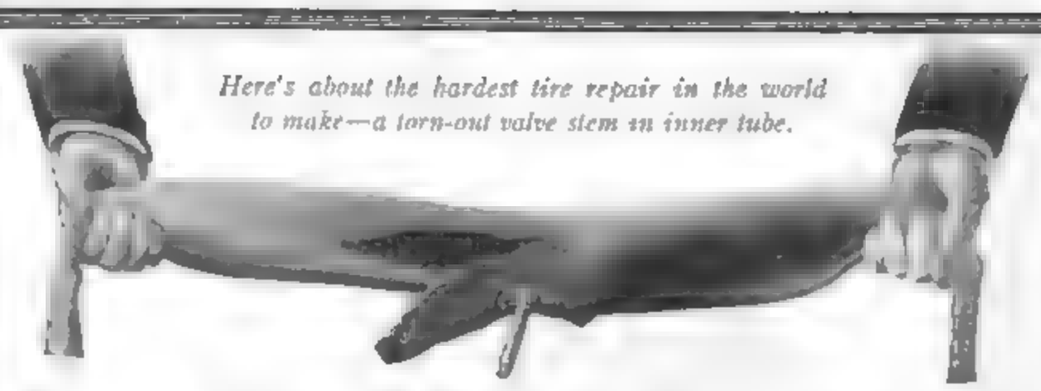
"That's so," says I; "that's certainly so. But how about her?"

"They all take their chances," says Old Man Wright, solemn, after a while. "Anyway you can fix it a woman takes a chance. She's in a gamble all her whole born life. She's a gamble herself and she has to play in a gamble from the time she begins to toddle till the time they fold her hands. She can't tell if her husband's going to stick; she can't tell if her husband's going to make good; she can't tell how her kids is going to turn out—that's all a gamble too.

"Do your best, Curly, and try your damnedest, there ain't no way you can protect no woman against them gambles. If I wait for exactly the right man to come along, that don't comb his hair back, how do I know he'll ever come? If he does come maybe he'll have a eye on her bank roll, or maybe he'll measure forty inches around his pants. Either one—ary one—it's all a gamble for a girl."

It wasn't no time for me to say anything about any hired man now. By and by the old man quit looking into the fire and got up and went off to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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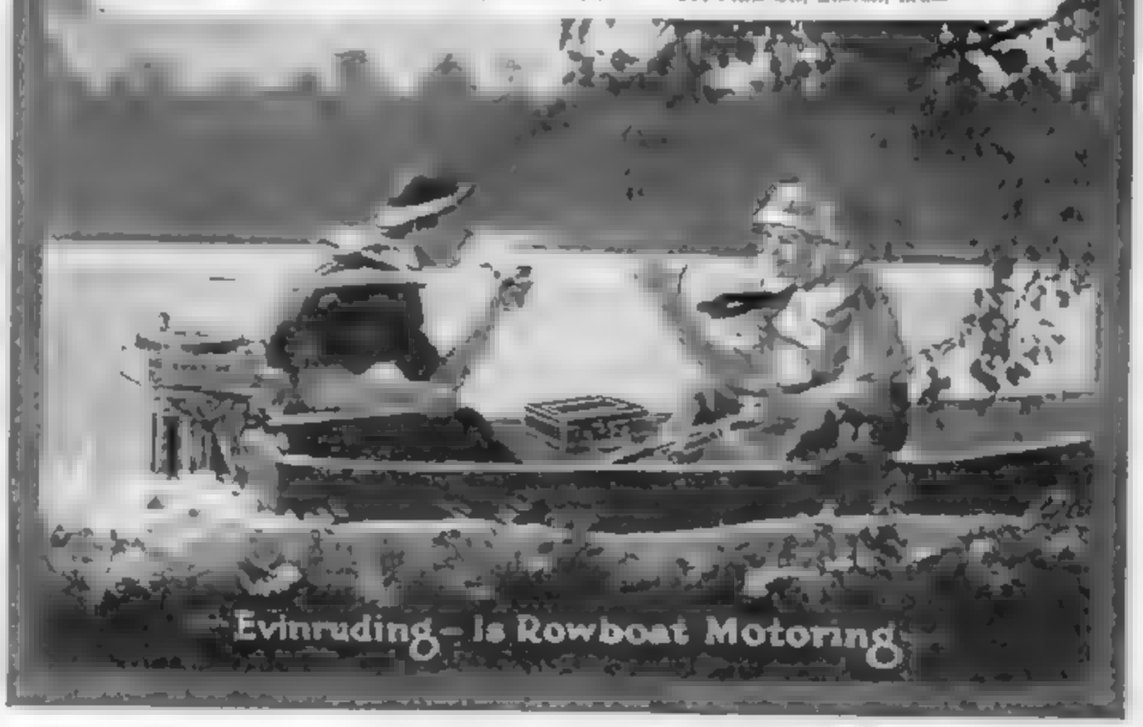

WORLD PICTURES

Wm. A. BRADY Announces— To Theatre Goers

Six weeks ago today I became Director-General of the World Film Corporation. And on that date all the talent and all the resources of two great organizations—the World and the Equitable—were combined.

From now on, I supervise *personally* every World Picture Play, from start to finish. Please do not think that I am lending my name—I am giving myself. I bring to motion pictures the experience I acquired in the past twenty-five years in the dramatic world.

This means to me a new ambition—I believe a new career. I am here to establish new standards.

"We must leave the beaten path," I said to Mr. Shubert. "Our prestige, our futures, are at stake. Here is our supreme chance for a greater place than ever."

* * * *

When I consented to enter personally into the production of feature pictures I demanded in exchange many conditions which are bound to create new artistic values.

I am convinced that there has been and still is an over-production of mediocre pictures. Quantity, not quality, has been the custom. Over-strain has robbed Art.

Scenario writers, directors, actors and photographers, everybody must have more time, so as to put better craftsmanship into their work.

For this is truly an Art, not an industry. And creative art of any sort cannot be put on a purely manufacturing basis.

* * *

Now the most talented actors and directors of two great companies have been united—giving me, I believe, a most remarkable opportunity to express, in every detail, what I consider the utmost in this art.

I shall now produce but one picture a week. To do this, I have at my command the artistic and financial resources formerly used by two leading companies which made two good pictures a week. As in my stage plays, I will now be able to put into World Pictures nice handling, unusual treatment, infinite pains.

Around me are gathered such master players as Clara Kimball Young, Robert Warwick, Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Carlyle Blackwell, Gail Kane, House Peters, Frances Nelson, Holbrook Blinn, Muriel Ostriche, Clara Whipple and Mollie King.

To assist me, are directors of the highest calibre, such as Maurice Tourneur, Albert Cappallini, Frank Crane, Emile Chautard, Barry O'Neil, Edwin August, and S. E. V. Taylor. I do not know of any group where so much dramatic experience is combined as in this one. Each man has great successes to his credit. Every World Picture is bound to be a study in technique.

* * *

So now I am surrounded by the *one* organization which permits me to carry out my most cherished plans on a large scale and establish those standards which I feel must finally prevail throughout the realm of silent drama.

The World Pictures now being released are the first of my new-day productions. These plays typify those standards which have led me to success. They are clean plays and gripping, heart-touching and real. In them and in their presentations you'll find my highest conception of real dramatic art.

Thousands of theatres are showing my new productions. Go and see them. On your verdict I will either rise or fall.

William A. Brady
Director-General
World Pictures

SOME FAMOUS WORLD PICTURES OF THE PAST

Clara Kimball Young	in "Camille"
Robert Warwick	in "The Dollar Mark"
Alice Brady	in "As Ye Sow"
Holbrook Blinn	in "Butterfly on the Wheel"
Wilton Lackaye and Gail Kane	in "The Pit"
Robert Warwick	in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"
Clara Kimball Young	in "The Yellow Passport"
Alice Brady	in "The Rack"
Lew Fields	in "Old Dutch"
Lillian Russell	in "Wildfire"
Holbrook Blinn and Alice Brady	in "The Boss"
Kitty Gordon	in "As in a Looking Glass"

Alice Brady | Robert Warwick | Ethel Clayton | Carlyle Blackwell | Gail Kane | Clara Kimball Young

WORLD FILM CORPORATION

WORLD PICTURES

LEE SHUBERT Announces— To Exhibitors

Mr. Wm. A. Brady, in producing World Pictures, opens up a new Photo-Play epoch.

He now brings to the screen all his high ideals, all his ability as a director and all his ambition to win the friendship of a larger audience.

This means for the silent drama the same high standards he attained in spoken drama. It brings to picture plays new interest, new respect. World Pictures, from this time on, will occupy a plane of their own.

Famous names have heretofore been loaned to screen productions. But now for the first time a producer of first magnitude takes personal charge.

* * * *

When Mr. Brady consented to become Director-General of World Pictures his first aim was for fewer pictures, because fewer pictures means better pictures. He demanded the following conditions:

(1) *Concentrated efforts.* He rebelled at over-production and spreading out artistic and financial resources. Mr. Brady insisted that we discontinue Equitable Pictures temporarily and transfer entirely all their resources to World Pictures—thus uniting two great companies.

(2) *More artistic talent.* Mr. Brady exacted that, without losing any of their own artists and experts, World Pictures should gain all the famous actors, all the wealth of plays, all the seasoned directors, and all the photographic genius formerly belonging to Equitable Pictures.

(3) *Plenty of time.* Mr. Brady maintained that it was artistically impossible to produce master-plays under forced schedules. World and Equitable formerly produced 104 picture plays yearly. Now the united forces may halve the strain of production and double the time for real creative work.

(4) *Unlimited finances.* Mr. Brady has been given free rein. Every dollar necessary for unhampered productions is available. His artistic resources are unlimited.

Mr. Brady now predicts the very summit in histrionic art, and I, appreciating the changes which have taken place, stake my own dramatic place on that prediction.

* * *

This is but the initial announcement of our new policy. There will soon be a universal desire to see plays produced by Mr. Brady. The public will quickly awake to these new standards and the theatre world will applaud them.

Several new Brady-made plays are now ready for release. These plays are certain to popularize the theatres which show them.

May I urge those progressive exhibitors controlling the better-class theatres who wish to please their patrons at once with the new Brady-made productions, to telegraph me immediately or fill out the coupon below and mail it in a special delivery envelope to me *personally*?

Of course in every community we will have to adopt the rule—"First come, first served." That is why I suggest telegraphing, so that one of my representatives may be sent to you without delay.

Lee Shubert

Vice President
World Film Corporation
130 W. 46th St., New York City

SOME COMING WORLD PICTURES PRODUCED BY MR. BRADY

Clara Kimball Young	in "The Feast of Life"
Robert Warwick	in "Sudden Riches"
Alice Brady	in "Tangled Fates"
Kitty Gordon	in "Her Maternal Right"
Carlyle Blackwell and Ethel Clayton	in "The Woman of It"
Gail Kane	in "The Other Sister"
Kitty Gordon	in "The Crucial Test"
Holbrook Blinn	in "The Way of the World"
Alice Brady	in "La Bohême"
Robert Warwick	in "Friday, the 13th"

House Peters

Frances Nelson

Muriel Ostriche

Holbrook Blinn

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MR. LEE SHUBERT
Vice-President
World Film Corporation
130 West 46th Street
New York City

Please tell me your new plans and give me the details of the new Brady-produced pictures.

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THE BRIDES OF WASTEWATER

(Continued from Page 11)

and lipping the dry fringe of grass and coconut shells that lies along the shore. The trees rocked and doubled in the wind. There had been no rain for a long time and whirlwinds of dust blew down the long road.

Maria had been ill with toothache, and Martin had driven her into town the night before. The house was silent, damp, odorous; even the kitchen was cold and idle. Tante and I had our midday meal almost in silence. She had made tea and boiled eggs on the kerosene stove; my bread seemed to taste of kerosene.

"I hope he will be reasonable. He must wait," she said after a while.

"He may marry and never come home," I said.

"Then what of you? Then what of you?" she said half to herself.

Presently she carried away my grandmother's tray and I was alone.

The wind whispered and whined about the roof, sometimes rising to a scream, sometimes sinking to a sound like the voices of people talking. The house creaked and rustled all about me. Loose shutters banged and doors closed, and loosened, and shook, and closed again.

I began to feel very uneasy. I went up to grandmother's door and listened. Not a sound; not a voice. Yet she and Tante were there.

Then I went slowly down to the cellar. The kitchen door banged loudly behind me and somewhere a pan fell with a crash. I began to tremble all over. A little lamb Martin had killed, still in its soiled little bloody coat, was hanging in the gloom.

I had meant to take upstairs an armful of wood and try to start the kitchen fire. But I was afraid to stoop over and pick up the wood. Afraid of something—behind me. I sat down at the kitchen table and curled my feet under me, and began to read.

The house was deathly still. I began to think I heard my grandmother's dress rustling softly down the stairs. I turned about quickly, more than once, to see if she had opened the hall door and was standing behind me, watching me, and smiling ——

At about half past three the rain spattered suddenly against the windows in a mad, wild rush of wind. And, looking out at the storm, I saw the surrey coming down the hill. Two persons were on the front seat, their heads bent before the wind. Martin and Maria, I thought. What else could I think?

But it was Philip, drenched and blown and tired; and with him was Janet—the littlest woman I ever saw, smaller than I, with cheeks rather pale, perhaps from the trying trip, and bright, eager eyes.

A great wet veil was wrapped about her face, but she tore it loose and put her wet, cold cheek against mine.

"You're Cecily!" she said. "Oh, Philip, what a darling! Cecily, I'm so glad you're here. We're freezing and we're starving! Where is a fire?"

I was too surprised to speak. We all went in. Philip told me that Maria was with her sister; Martin was drinking again. He said the house seemed cold. Janet said that she and I would start the fire while he went up to his mother.

But we had barely gathered the wood when Tante came down, pale and nervous, and sent us up to grandmother's room.

It was terrible there. Her fire was out; perhaps Tante had been just rebuilding it. Janet was chilled and wet, and Philip ill at ease. My grandmother was very gracious, but he and I knew what anger and confusion were in her heart. When he tried to take Janet away she overrode him.

"Come, young people!" she said. "Why this haste? Take me into your confidence. You decided to be married suddenly, my son?"

"My father had to go West ——" Janet began.

"I spoke to my son, Mrs. Venable!" said my grandmother. "Your wife is quick with reasons, Philip; but it seems to me more becoming that they come from you. You had my letter?"

"I know you are ill, mother," Philip said gently; "but I must ask you to be a little more hospitable to my wife."

Janet had not felt my grandmother's tone or words; I think she was too much surprised. But she felt this. Her lip trembled and her eyes brimmed. My grandmother watched her, though she spoke to Philip.

"What have I said?" she asked innocently. "You are too sensitive, Philip. This is my house, after all, my son. You bring this young lady here; your wife, you say—your wife, of course, if you say so. But I am surprised; I am taken unawares; I am unable to pick and choose my terms. If you decided hastily to marry, doubtless you had your reasons. We will let them go."

"They had no lunch, grandmother," said I. "May I go down to help Tante?"

"One moment! Maria is not there?" she said.

Philip explained. The minutes dragged on. I was wild to be gone.

"Cecilie will call you when she has something ready," my grandmother said.

Janet grew paler, but she answered questions and held up her pretty head bravely. Philip grew more and more nervous. At last he sent me down to see how supper was progressing.

I found Tante standing outside the kitchen door, near the mill, staring down at the sea in the fast deepening night. It was five o'clock, the rain had stopped, and the wind dropped to a restless murmur.

"Supper!" she said with a start when I spoke to her. "I never even thought of it. Poor child, it is a strange welcome home! Come, Cecily, we will do what we can."

We were still struggling with paper and matches when Philip and Janet came down. She was shivering now, and Philip started a languishing fire in the dining room for her. It was long after six before we had our meal. Tante got it by a series of brisk beginnings which would die away as she fell into deep moments of abstraction.

We had tea and toast and eggs served in the dining room; but Janet was too tired and excited to eat. She kept an old coat of Philip's about her shoulders. Tante found some of Maria's fruit cake and some cheese; it was a queer meal.

After supper, of course, we went back to my grandmother's room. Janet said she was tired and must get out of her wet things; but grandmother explained that Tante must dry the sheets and warm the room. Philip, looking distressedly from one face to another, said that he would help Tante, and went away.

We sat on and on. The fire, the clock, the shadows—these were as they had always been. The room, and my grandmother's red face, and my own fast-beating, uneasy heart—how drearily familiar it all was! Only Janet was new—a tired, brave little figure in an uncomfortable chair. My grandmother was trying to make her welcome a miserable one, and Janet knew it. She was troubled and puzzled, I could see.

"Perhaps I could help Philip, and—Tante," she said after a while.

"No," my grandmother answered only; but she said it with a quiet certainty that kept Janet still.

Presently my grandmother added a few words more.

"You are a stranger here ——" she began, and paused.

"Indeed, I feel it!" Janet tried to speak gayly, but tears suddenly brimmed her eyes.

"—— so perhaps you will understand my asking you to address my housekeeper as Cecilie," my grandmother said pleasantly; "she and I understand each other; and she knows her place."

Janet was silent; we waited. At nine o'clock I went to bed, leaving them there.

It was a hot night and I could not sleep. There was a warm, wet wind blowing, thick stars, and a bold, bright moon. One could not even imagine sleep that night. My window was open, and I could hear the windmill, and the eucalyptus, and the little slish and fall of waves on our beach. After a while doors opened somewhere, and Philip and Janet came quietly to their room across the hall. I heard Tante shaking the bars in grandmother's grate.

The bright, nervous night made me uneasy and for at least an hour I sat propped in pillows, staring at the moonlight, and turning my eyes continually toward the door. After a while I must have fallen asleep.

When I awakened, the moon, very red now, was opposite my window; it was the hideous hour that seems to belong to neither the day that is gone nor the coming day. I was uncovered, cold and stiff. Before I

was fairly awake I joined my own gasp of terror to the scream that was ringing through the house.

My heart was shaking my whole body; I leaped from bed and ran into the hall. It was all in darkness, and in the darkness something was moaning and struggling. I thought it was the end for us all. I don't know whether it was pistols I feared, or knives or poisons, or something unnamed, worse than all. But I screamed in mortal terror.

Tante opened a door and stood, deathly pale, within it, holding high a lamp. And then I saw that the crying shadow was Janet, and that Philip was trying to comfort her.

I pressed my hands over my heart and sobbed myself still; and Janet was quiet too, though she clung to Philip and panted like a frightened bird. I went with them into their room and she got back into bed; and Philip sat beside her.

She said that she had been restless; that she could not sleep. She had lain thinking of Thomas and Mary, and Louisette—for my grandmother had been telling her about them—until she became frightened. So she had wakened Philip and had asked for a glass of hot milk. Philip went down at once to the kitchen.

While she was waiting, Janet said, beginning to tremble and cry again, she had heard footsteps and a rustling dress at the door. And she had looked there—she had looked there, she said in a sort of wild wail—and it was my grandmother who stood there in her lace cap and fringed shawl—not looking in but down at something in her hand—and smiling!

She began to shake again, and I cried with her. After a minute she went on.

She had said "Madam Venable!" at first, more surprised than frightened. But as my grandmother did not speak she grew cold with fright. She got out of bed and spoke again. And the figure was gone; and the hall, when she reached it, empty. Then her one idea was to get to Philip—the cries that brought him flying upstairs were uttered before she knew it.

"But, my darling," Philip said nervously. "My mother—walking!"

Janet was still panting. She fixed her eyes on him with a sort of doglike faith.

"Oh, Philip," I burst out, "you know—we know she can!"

We looked at each other.

"I have seen her," I said, trembling. "And, Philip, you did, too, one night."

Philip said nothing. The sorrowful look I know so well fell upon his kind face, and he sighed.

"You must stay here to-night, Cecily," Janet said, glancing restlessly about the big room. "Let's all stay together. How—how horribly near the sea sounds!"

But just then Tante came in with the burned hot milk, and we three drank it. Janet's color came back, though she looked exhausted; and Philip was so pleased to see her calmer that his own look brightened. As for me, to have them there with me, instead of facing one more dark vigil alone, filled my heart with utter content.

"Cecilie," said Philip in a low tone, "does my mother ever leave her chair?"

She looked at him in agony.

"You mustn't ask me, Philip," she said. "She—but you know her! I can't say anything; I have too much to lose. To have—to have Louisette's last wish denied—to have the one thing I have in the world taken away or turned against me—I can't!"

Janet looked from her face to mine, and back again.

"Well, we'll talk about it to-morrow!" she said briskly. "Roll up in that comforter, Cecily; and Phil, take the big chair. Nobody can sleep now. Let's just talk."

Day was breaking when I went out of their room, sleepy at last. I left Janet drowsy, Philip dressing. I went into my own room and curled up in blankets, and in another moment was deep in dreams.

When I wakened, the house was utterly still. Thinking of the troubled night I dressed slowly; there was not a sound about me. The sun was high; the hot night had given place to a hot, silent day.

I slipped quietly downstairs and into the kitchen. Tante, pale and red-eyed, was at the stove. The clock struck eleven.

"Where are they?" I said.

"Philip has driven into town for Martin and Maria," she answered with a troubled look. "He was up early; he never sleeps. But she was asleep when I looked in at nine, and she's only just finished her breakfast and gone out somewhere. The pretty thing!" She gave me my porridge. "Oh, Cecily," she said suddenly, "pray that your grandmother will change toward her! She is very angry now. She will try to crush her as she has the others!"

I tried to comfort her; but it was of no use. With a foreboding of evil I went out to find Janet.

I wonder if any mere words can describe her as I found her—white-clad, eager, rosy with excitement over her explorations and discoveries. She called me from the shore: I don't think I have ever called out in my life as gayly as Janet's voice was ringing over Wastewater. She was beautiful against the background of sleepy blue sea, but more than her beauty was the fresh sunniness of her, her radiant interest and joy.

"I was a baby last night," she said cheerfully as we wandered about the cemetery. "But I ask you, Cecily, did ever a woman have such a home-coming? I was nervous, excited and distressed over the first parting from my father; tired, hungry, cold and strange—to say nothing of the fruit cake! If I had only seen Philip this morning, to tell him how well I slept and how ashamed I am! But he'll be back!"

"I wish he hadn't gone," I said uncomfortably.

"What a little bundle of nervous fancies you are!" she said, laughing. "And no wonder! But I'll fix that. I'm going to have my two brothers here, Davy and Sid. They'll lead you a dance and you'll be so tired at night that nothing will keep you awake. We'll open up those big rooms——"

"Grandmother never will permit it!" I said excitedly. "And she'll anger you and drive you away, Janet; and then it will be worse than ever."

"Your grandmother ——" she began. Suddenly she checked herself. "But I'll leave that until Philip comes," she said. "He ought to be coming now."

We looked up the long road and, with a great plunge of relief at my heart, I saw that the surrey really was returning. The three figures could be distinguished clearly.

The color came into Janet's face.

"I told you so!" she said joyously.

"But they won't be here for another hour," I reminded her.

"Never mind; we'll go meet them," she said gayly. "Come on, Cecily! Show me the way."

Up the hill we went, the hot sunlight on our backs, the sea behind us. Into my heart there began to creep a trembling hope that somehow she would change Wastewater—this eager, sensible, joyous Janet. Perhaps the shadow on us all would drift harmlessly over that determined little head.

"Where does that little path go to?" she said.

"That's the Brides' Pool but don't go in there!" I said.

Her quick feet were already on the dry little trail with the thistles about it

"Why not?" she said.

Somehow all the horror had come back to the glaring sunlight and the lisp of the sea. Philip, coming down the hill, and Janet and I beside the Pool ——

I followed her in between the oaks and bay trees, and we stood together in the warm gloom, looking down at the ugly, shining surface of the water, where dust was floating. The eternal sucking and choking stirred the surface by the dam.

"What a horrible place!" she said, very low, catching my wrist. "Why Brides'?" As I was silent, though indeed I was trying to speak, her eyes moved round to mine and widened. "Oh, this was the place!" she said softly. "I see!"

"Don't stay here, Janet," I begged her. "It's awful here! I hate it so."

"I don't blame you!" she said quickly. Her quick look went from side to side of the pool. "All this underbrush and the dead ferns, and whatever stops the water there should be cleaned out," she said in a troubled tone. "This is so dismal!"

I was in agony while she stayed there. But she paid no attention to what I said, if indeed I really expressed the miserable misgivings I felt so strongly in my confused mind. She caught up a long stick and, frowning faintly, with her distaste for the stagnant water showing in her face, began to stir the surface. She prodded under the shelving banks, frightening the dragon flies and driving skating water bugs here and there in panic. At the dam she wrestled in vain. No rush of pent rubbish freed the bubbling water.

(Concluded on Page 62)

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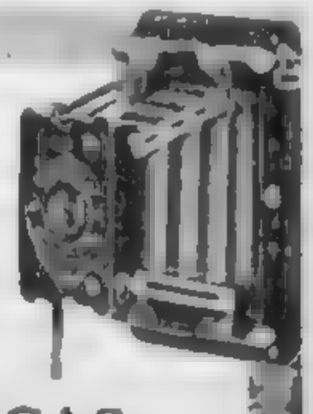

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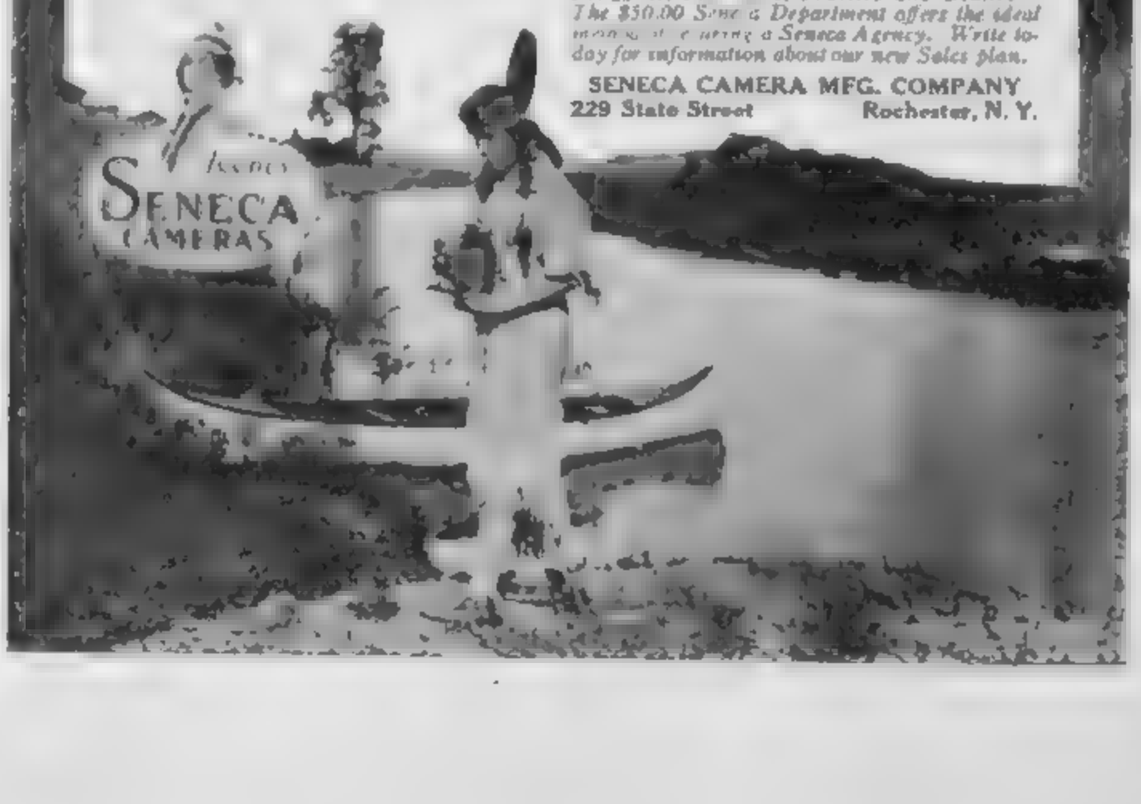
So simple they require no adjustments: pull out the front, point it, press the lever, and you have your picture. The back comes off, so loading and unloading is as easy as winding your watch. Made in two sizes—"The Little Indian" takes pictures regular vestpocket size 1¼" x 2½" and is so small it slips into your pocket or hand bag—"The Seneca Junior," only a trifle larger, takes pictures 2¼" x 3¼".

1916 Seneca Catalogue Free On Request

It illustrates the different size pictures each model will take. Shows the enlarging value of the vestpocket, tells the capabilities of each instrument, and describes fully each Seneca, from the Scout at $2.00 to the Superb Roll Film Senecas. It's a book that will be a great value to every camera lover. Send a postal for your free copy to-day, or ask your dealer.

Druggists, Stationers, Jewelers and Dealers—The $50.00 Sales Department offers the ideal opportunity of securing a Seneca Agency. Write to-day for information about our new Sales plan.

SENECA CAMERA MFG. COMPANY
229 State Street Rochester, N. Y.



No Car Is Better

Every day thousands of people are perplexed as to which car to buy—which one represents the most for the money invested.

You ask your friends and their opinions are as varied as the names of American-made automobiles.

You turn to catalogues for convincing evidence for a sane and safe basis for decision—but car manufacturers' catalogues are usually a confused mass of technical data about as clear to the layman as the Greek alphabet.

You talk with salesmen regarding different cars you have in mind to choose from, but you feel that what each car salesman says is prejudiced.

You want the car that represents real value all the way through. You are trying to avoid the car with fine motor but poor upholstery; fine finish but poor transmission; beautiful design but cheap, unreliable accessories, etc.

You probably know little or nothing about engine and chassis construction; little about paint and upholstery quality; little about any one of the points you are asked to judge and invest your money on.

There must be some simpler method by which you can judge the value of a car in all its component parts.

Your purchase of an automobile is about the largest investment you'll ever make for the convenience and pleasure of your family.

How are you to satisfy yourself that the car you are about to buy represents full value for the money spent?

A simple way to decide has been found.

In the final analysis no car is stronger than its weakest point.

The simplest and surest method of arriving at a car's value is to analyze the accessories and units on that car. These are things which you can see and about which you constantly have definite knowledge as to quality and service.

Ask for the names of the makers of the Magneto, Carburetor, Starting System, Speedometer, Warning Signal, Gasoline System, etc.

Then you can accurately judge the mechanical excellence of the entire car. Then judge it as you do a man—by the company he keeps

Each of the component parts on your list should bear the name of a manufacturer who is building his prestige and his business on the maintenance of the highest quality in his products.

Each of these parts and accessories should bear a name which is constantly presented to you in connection with quality and service through dignified, persistent advertising.

Advertising persistency is the acid test for the quality of any part or accessory, for no inferior product can live long under the searchlight of public scrutiny.

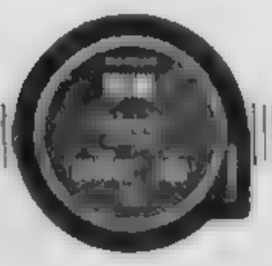
No fly-by-night accessory manufacturer depending on the low price of his cheapened products to sell car makers dares advertise persistently, for unless a product has primarily the highest quality and service to sell it has nothing to advertise.

It costs money to build real merit and quality in any product and the automobile manufacturer necessarily has to pay a slightly higher initial price for standard accessories and units.

Isn't it safe to judge that any car manufacturer who is willing to pay a little more for real quality and service for you in the accessories he offers on his car is determined that every unit of his car, whether it be visible or hidden, shall be of the highest quality?

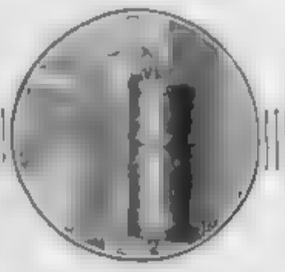
Stewart Products For Sale by Accessory Dealers, Automobile Dealers and Garages—Everywhere

Warner
Auto-Meter
$50 to $200

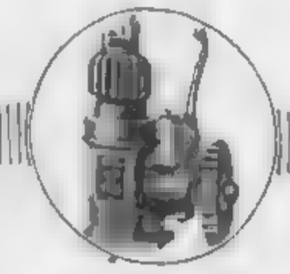


Stewart
Motor Driven
Warning Signal $6

Stewart Vacuum
Gasoline System
$10



Stewart
Tire Pump
$12



ward

Than Its Accessories

Can't you fairly judge a car manufacturer by the faith he keeps with you—by his pride in his own product as evidenced by the standard quality units and accessories he pays a quality price for?

No automobile manufacturer would pay the quality price for quality accessories and skimp on the vital units of the car.

But it is pretty hard to believe that the car itself is really good when the car manufacturer permits himself to use accessories that are unadvertised and unknown—low in price and quality.

The quality of a car's accessories is your only safe guide as to the quality of the car as a whole.

As competition grows keener in the automobile business retail car prices are forced down and down.

This is no excuse for your getting less and less for your money, for increased volume with its bigger buying power and manufacturing savings enables the car producer to manufacture for less per car.

You benefit by this competition.

The car manufacturer who tries to meet these conditions by skimping on the quality of the accessories should not be disappointed when you refuse to buy his car.

Here is where those manufacturers of unknown, unadvertised, low quality, cheap price accessories come in.

They try to convince the manufacturer that the public pays little attention to the accessories on a car. They tell him he can "get by" with their accessories as factory equipment and save the price of quality.

Can a car so equipped "get by"?

It is for you car buyers to say.

Judging the relative values of automobiles by their inherent quality, as evidenced by the accessories they are equipped with is your one safe, simple way to be sure that you are getting full value for every dollar you invest in your automobile.

No car is better than its accessories.

Ninety-five per cent of all the automobile manufacturers in America use Stewart Products: the Stewart Speedometer; Stewart Tire Pump; Stewart Warning Signal; Stewart Vacuum System—as standard equipment.

All these car manufacturers have found that the best for the car buyer is the best and the most inexpensive for them to use in the long run.

They have found that accessories offered as being just as good are just the reverse.

They know from experience that substitution will not answer the purpose—will not do the work.

They know that standard products—like the Stewart—even though they do cost a little more are well worth the difference.

They know that the persistent advertising of Stewart Products for years is a guarantee of their quality and of the good faith of the Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation in always maintaining Stewart quality.

They know that there is but one quality that is worth consideration—the best—the Stewart.

When you next look at an automobile that you are considering buying see that it is equipped with Stewart Products.

It is the best evidence that the maker can give you that the entire car represents full value for every dollar you invest.

You will be making no mistake in buying such a car.

See that it has the Stewart Speedometer; Stewart Tire Pump; Stewart Vacuum System; Stewart Warning Signal.

They are the world's standard.

And again—

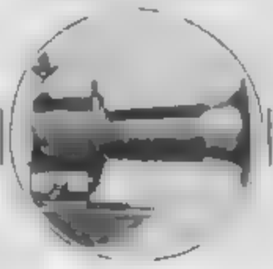
No car is better than its accessories.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

Branches and Service Stations in all principal cities

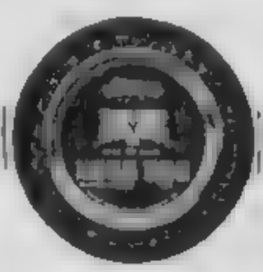
Stewart Speedometer $25 up

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $3.50



Stewart Starter for Fords $40

Stewart Speedometer for Fords—$10



Efficiency, Mr. Manufacturer, can now be applied to Your own Dressing

ONE motion instead of ten—like showing an employee how to do his work with one-tenth the effort—that's the increase in personal efficiency offered by

THE
Hatch
ONE-Button
UNION SUIT

It's the Twentieth Century American undergarment, designed in the spirit of saving time, temper, annoyance and of giving added comfort and pleasure—underwear that fits perfectly and cannot work out of place during the day.

You can get these suits in nainsook, in knit goods, or in the famous Keep-Kool mesh, at the best haberdashers' and department stores everywhere, but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers *at Albany, N.Y.*, and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A Short Cut
To Ten Advantages
(One for each button cut off)

1 Perfect comfort
2 Perfect fit
3 Time saved
4 Temper kept
5 No gapping
6 Quality fabrics
7 No bunching
8 No lost buttons
9 No torn buttonholes
10 Splendid workmanship

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 18, 1914

PRICES

Men's—Knitted or Nainsook $1. $1.50, $2
Boys'—(Knitted only) 50 cents

A catalog illustrating the complete line of summer and winter weights will be sent free on request

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Manufacturers
ALBANY NEW YORK

BARNES KNITTING CORPORATION
Sole distributor to dealers 303 Fifth Avenue, New York City

(Concluded from Page 59)

"If I were on the other side ——" she said meditatively.

"Don't cross! Please!" I begged.

But she made her way to the head of the Pool, stepped over, and faced me from the opposite bank.

"A dreadful place to die, Cecily!" she said gravely. "We'll cut the trees, and clear out the dam, and put flowers here. We'll make a swimming hole of it and all its old history will be forgotten."

It came to me suddenly, as she stood there gazing thoughtfully down at the Pool, that yesterday and to-day were not a dream; that Philip was really gone, and that nobody was near us except my grandmother and Tante. What was Janet doing at the Pool—Janet—the one thing that mattered in Philip's life?

The air about the Pool seemed to stifle me; the hills and the fresh open spaces seemed miles away. I thought that if Janet and I could only get away—before it happened ——

There was a little snapping of breaking twigs where she stood. She turned and flung out a hand to steady herself, and again the treacherous bank gave way. A stream of loosened earth and twigs splashed down to the water, and she looked toward them, then gave me a swift, bewildered look.

And then a root, or perhaps a dry, dead vine, caught her foot ——

The black water of the Pool seemed to rise up to meet her as she fell, with a hideous stumbling plunge —— Oh, Janet! Janet!

I remember screaming a prayer for help as I ran:

"God—save her! God—save her!"

But I know I did not think of help or of God. I was going mad, I think.

Suddenly the surrey was there, and Philip. I ran into his arms and tried to scream something—only my voice did not come and I could but claw at him with my hands. But he seemed to know.

"Not Janet! Not in the water!" he shouted.

I tried to answer, but could make no sound. Maria screamed, I know. We all ran in together to the Pool.

The surface of the water was unbroken again. A little stream of dirt still trickled down from the spot where Janet had been standing only a moment or two before. In a quiet eddy her white hat was slowly twisting and floating. Already water bugs were darting to and fro in the shade, and where a bright, merciless shaft of sunlight struck through the trees midges were spinning in their steady column.

"Cecily! Cecily! Cecily!"

We looked at each other, my brain rocking, Philip ghastly pale, for it was Janet's voice.

Such a moment fortunately is short. There was no time to think and to go mad. We ran out from the trees and toward the voice. It came from the marshes below the Pool.

And—there we found Janet, breathless, laughing, loosening the masses of her dark hair. She was sitting on an old weather-beaten log, washed silver-gray from the seas and brought here on some high tide a hundred years ago.

She ran to Philip, wet as she was, and flung her arms about him.

"Did I frighten you, Cecily?" she asked. "You look like a little ghost. I went under the dam, Phil. There's quite a passageway there; it can all be cleared out easily. I thought for a moment I'd have to give it up; but there's oceans of room. How curiously you stare! You know I am a prize winner as a swimmer, Phil; I have done things a thousand times harder than that."

We sat there on the sunny log—three cheerful young persons discussing the change that should turn Wastewater into a home. There have been happier hours in my life since, but never an hour quite so wonderful as that one, when the old shadows seemed to rise into the peaceful summer air and drift away forever.

Suddenly I was not afraid any more—I, Cecily Venable, not afraid of anything!

"Your mother, Philip, must be managed, my dear," said Janet as we talked. "I've got something to tell you and Cecily about her. This morning, as I came out of my room, I met Tante in the hall. She was carrying something—a lace scarf and a cap. I didn't say anything, but I went in to see your mother.

"We had a long talk, Phil. She admitted it. She has bullied poor Tante into that dressing up and midnight masquerades, just to satisfy her love of mischief ——"

"Janet!" we said together; and I suddenly felt angry—just angry—with my grandmother.

"Indeed it's true! We must have found it out very soon anyway. Why, what is more obvious? Tante feels herself in her power ——"

"But why?" I asked.

She looked at me.

"Think why, Cecily," said she.

"Myself?" I asked slowly after a long silence. And then more slowly I added: "I am Louisette's baby; and Louisette was her daughter?"

Philip was breathing hard.

"Think just a little more, dear little girl," said Janet, her eyes on mine.

"And Thomas—was my father," I said very low; I felt as if I had always known.

Janet flung her arms about me and kissed me, with tears raining down her face.

"Now you know it all, dearest! And is it so very terrible?" she said. "That is what has frightened your grandmother—your mother's mother—for so many years. You were not to be told; you were not to be cast out and sent away—and now you know, and we can start fresh. Why, Cecily," she went on, her arm about me as I stared from her to Philip and back to her again in my confusion, "you are the child of love and goodness, whatever they say! And you shall have your share of the Venable millions, for that was Thomas' legacy. And you have more—another talisman ——"

"What?" I asked as she paused, smiling.

"Something that has to do with purple eyes and yellow hair," she said, kissing me again. "You will find its name fast enough! So, come now, and give your mother's mother a kiss, and tell her what you know. And we'll change and go and see your mother, Phil," said Janet. "She was in a terrible state when I left her this morning. I told her we were going to have a cook, and a piano, and a car, and house parties ——"

I think I have never been in such an ecstasy of mirth. I laughed until she had to stop talking to laugh too; and even Philip laughed—Philip, whose laugh was almost unknown to me.

"Indeed, but I think that we'll only have to threaten a trained nurse now and then to have her behaving perfectly," said Janet. "I went so far as to hint that unreasonable old persons sometimes found themselves with guardians in this day and generation. And I told her that when she sent for me I'd go in and talk to her—but not before."

"She'll never send for you!" said Philip.

"She has, my dear. Before the hour was out she sent for me. But I wanted to wait for you; and I want to ask you, Phil, to be kind to her."

"I!" Philip ejaculated simply.

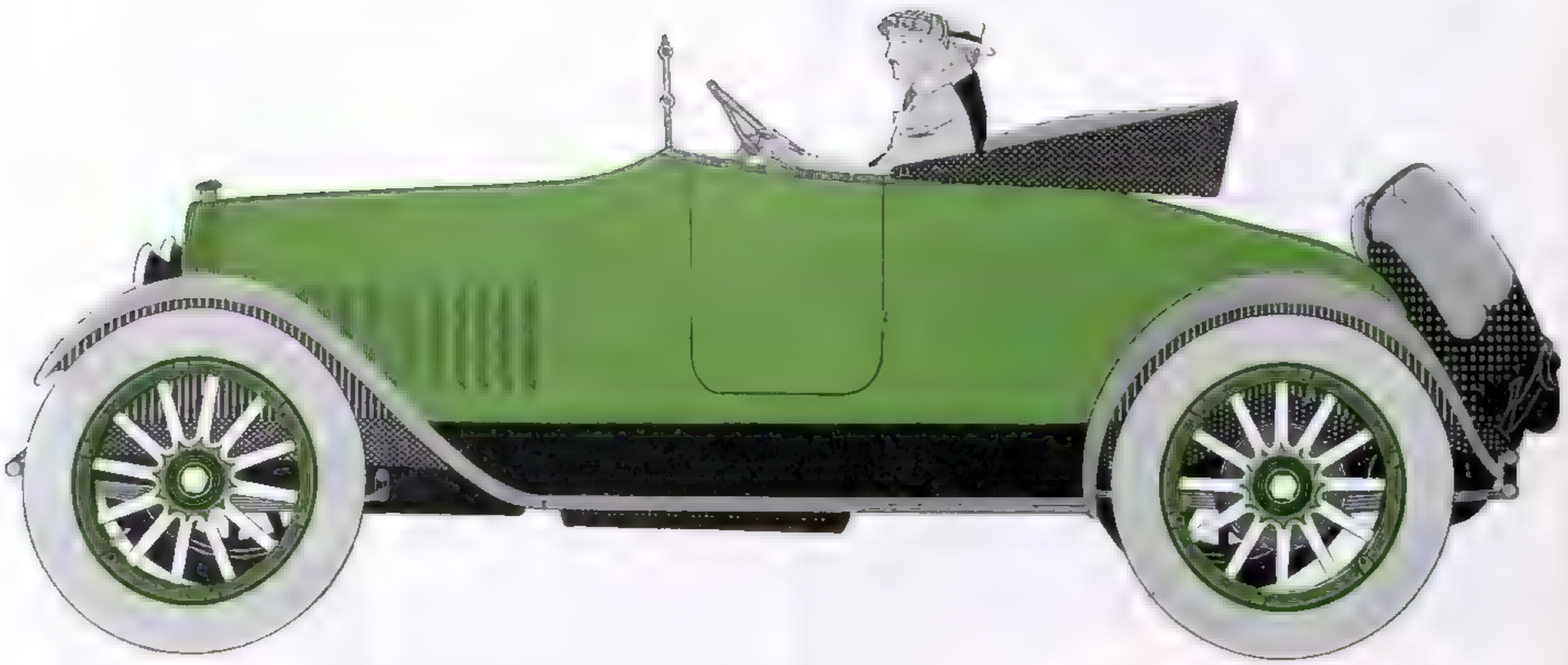
"Well, she'll probably hate all the changes at first," Janet pursued. "You've all spoiled her. I certainly frightened her; I didn't mean to. . . . And now, there's that Cecily laughing again!"

"Let her laugh," said Philip. "She has some arrears to make up." He stood up. "The Hall looks pretty to-day, doesn't it, Cecily?" he said.

The afternoon light lay kindly on Wastewater Hall, and on the garden and the blue water. It glinted through the eucalyptus trees in the windbreak and touched the white stones tenderly in the grassy space where the Venables lie sleeping.

We three locked arms and went down in the sunshine together.

Quality First



There is Fervent Flight in this Uncommon Carrier—the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

The tang of the primitive is in the rush of her engine.

Thousands of motorists to whom this car has brought the thrill of glad going, rejoice that Chalmers engineers hit upon 3400 r. p. m.

For that's the key to a three-fold motor revelation.

Performance, price, and operating economy are here blent in a brilliant manner never before believed possible.

A throbless, uninterrupted stream of might—the boon of instantaneous pick-up—irresistible attack on grade and hill—are no longer for the few.

The new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers at $1090 has popularized super-performance and democratized the delights of travel.

3400 revolutions per minute, the highest crank-shaft speed ever attained, so far as we know, in an American stock car, means that every drop of gasoline that sweeps through her carburetor is torn apart and translated into the highest available degree of dynamic energy.

The swift succession of cylinder explosions reduces to the minimum the loss of heat through radiation—and heat is might.

And yet the 3400 r. p. m. is no creature of useless might.

You get speed where you need it most at—10, 15, 20, 30 and 35 miles an hour. That is to say, you get acceleration—a wonderful wealth of pick-up that responds as instantly as the flight of lead to the trigger.

You get 60 miles an hour when you want it, and always that swift, smooth transition from speed to speed that motorists prize above and beyond any other phase of performance.

A gallon of gas takes on new, strange meaning when fed to this uncanny, uncommon carrier. Every gallon that takes the fiery course graduates into 18 miles of obedient and fervent flight.

And the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers doesn't gulp down gas as some high-speed engines do. She'll save you $150 to $200 per year in fuel bills, while by virtue of her unfretted ease of going she adds many, many miles to the life of your tires.

You ought to know more about the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. Her pick-up is plush; her velocity is velours.

Touring Car, ... $1090 Detroit; $1515 in Canada
Three-Passenger Cabriolet, $1440 Detroit; $1940 in Canada
Roadster, ... $1070 Detroit; $1495 in Canada

— Colors: Touring Car and Roadster, Oriford maroon with hood to match, or Meteor blue, with black hood; Cabriolet, Oriford maroon or Valentine green with hoods to match, or Meteor blue with black hood

Chalmers Motor Company - Detroit, Michigan

CHALMERS "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905.
DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905
UNDERWEAR

This Label on Every Garment

WHAT a wonderful measure of Summer comfort in underwear so open in texture that you can see right through it! It's pretty near to nature's way to stay cool. And then—it's light, flexible and durable, too, with satisfaction guaranteed to the limit.

Of course the *making* and *materials* of Chalmers "Porosknit" are superior. The Closed Crotch of the Union Suits is elastic, therefore there can be no short-waisted feeling—no cutting in the crotch. The Closed Crotch is comfortable, fits, stays put, cannot gape open nor bulge. The loose garment gives freely with every turn or bend.

Chalmers "Porosknit," instead of clinging, sweaty and irksome, to the skin, gives real Summer comfort. Demand the genuine.

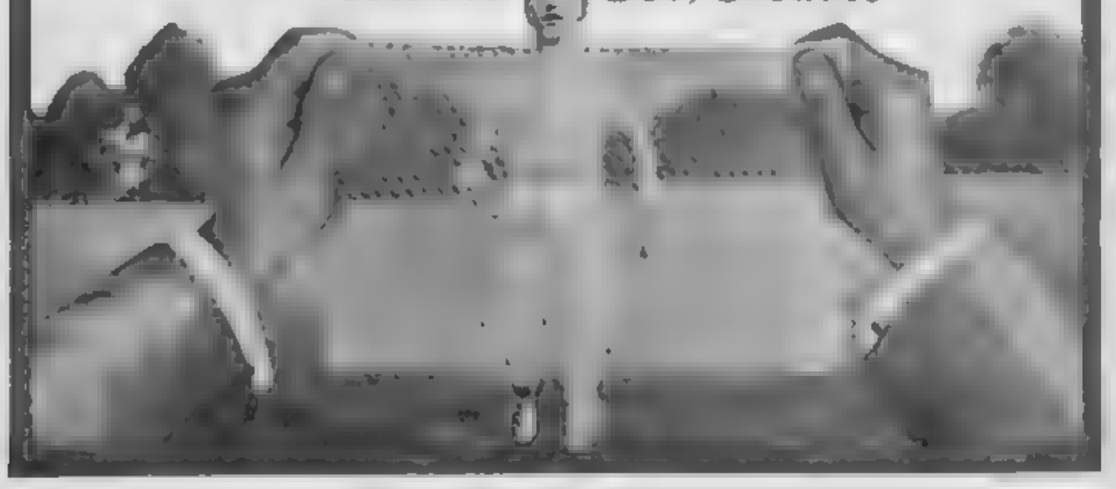
Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men		For Boys
50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	25c
$1.00	UNION SUITS Any Style	50c

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear for Fall and Winter

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, Amsterdam, N. Y.

"Lets the Body Breathe"



YOUR NEXT WINTER SUIT

(Continued from Page 20)

and that item has drawn heavily on home supplies. Between seventy-five and one hundred million pounds of wool and high-class wool waste has gone into blankets.

We have made fifty million yards of uniform cloth, weighing from twenty-six to thirty-two ounces a yard—another hundred million pounds of wool and wool waste Then there have been sweaters, woolen underwear, woolen stockings and flannel shirts by the shipload. One of the important items of export has been roofing paper, used by millions of yards for lining trenches and covering huts and dugouts, thus taking our wool waste in its final form.

There are no official figures yet on the weight of woolen goods sent abroad last year; but in dollars we did the biggest export trade we have ever known in that line more than forty-two millions. This does not tell the whole story either; for, though army orders for cloth have now ceased coming here, much of the stuff made up last year is said to be still in the United States awaiting ships. Last spring a New York commission man took an order for uniform cloth from a neutral country. Deliveries were hurried along, so the cloth was ready by fall. But just the other day the first shipment was loaded for Europe—the cloth has been waiting on the docks ever since last fall.

To meet these orders for woolen goods we imported last year more than four hundred million pounds of raw wool. That is almost as much as we use ourselves in a normal year, domestic and imported together. At the same time our imports of woolen goods fell to one-third those of 1914, and we also kept at home most of the woolen rags and waste that we ordinarily send over to the big rag markets of England and Germany.

Raw wool has been climbing steadily since the war started. Its price curves, unlike those of most staple commodities, show no downward fluctuation between the time hostilities began and the orders for military uniforms and blankets developed. Our domestic wools have increased fully thirty per cent in price, and Australian wools as much as fifty per cent. There has been great activity picking up all the wool to be had, all round the Seven Seas.

How the Price of Wool Has Climbed

In Western States buyers have purchased the sheep's winter overcoat two months or more before it was to be taken off, paying prices exceeding anything known in the past. And as fast as ships could be secured, or foreign embargoes raised, wool held in other countries has been brought in. San Francisco's January imports suddenly shot up to fifty per cent more than for any single month in history. Investigation showed that the increase was due to wool, twenty million pounds of it coming in from Australia bound to Eastern mills.

A story is told of a wool buyer who paid twenty-two cents a pound for some wool. It was bought by another dealer, and another, until it had risen to thirty-six cents. The sixth man who bought it was the first to take samples out for determining the grade. The wool was below the standard at which it had changed hands and not worth what he paid for it.

In ordinary times he would have lost money; but not in the wool market of 1916! He simply put that lot away, confident that in a few weeks the price of the lower grade would rise to the figure he had paid. And it did.

Raw wool off the sheep's back is an extremely variable commodity. When the grease and dirt have been scoured out the shrinkage in weight will be anywhere from twenty to seventy-five per cent. Good English fleeces yield eighty per cent of their weight in scoured wool, while fleeces from some of our Western range sheep net only one-quarter of their gross weight.

In scoured wools the percentage of price increase is higher. Some of the finest grades are approaching a dollar a pound. When the scoured wool is combed into "tops" for the spinner the advance is in still greater ratio; and so with the yarns and the finished cloth.

The woolen rag market is a story in itself. At the beginning of 1915 the grade of rags known as tailors' clips was worth from nine to twelve cents a pound. To-day it is from twenty to twenty-five cents and will probably go higher; some authorities nervously whisper "fifty cents" as the possible future price.

The words "rag trade" bring up a mental picture of the rag peddler driving his boneyard steed through back alleys to an accompaniment of a tin horn or jangling bells. But the rag peddler is really incidental to this business.

A very large proportion of the woolen rags used for shoddy, mungo, wool extract and other filling is new—in this country at least. Every clothing factory, tailor and dressmaker is constantly producing rags for the trade.

Russia placed an order here for uniforms. Each outfit for a soldier consisted of coat, trousers, vest and overcoat, and took about twenty pounds of cloth. To get weight, warmth and wear at a price, the cloth was woven with about twenty per cent best shoddy, made from new rags. In cutting each outfit about one pound of clippings resulted. These clippings were immediately bought by the rag trade, sorted, sold to the mills, torn into shoddy again, and woven into more cloth, to make more clippings, to make more shoddy, to make more cloth, to make more clippings—and so on. About five per cent of all the new cloth cut up for clothing goes back as rags, to be worked over in this way.

Then there is a great deal of new mill waste to be torn up—short fiber from the combing and carding machines; short ends of tops and yarns; defective material, and the like. This is all gathered in by the rag trade, to be sorted and sold back to the woolen mills.

What the rag peddler collects must be passed through an extensive trade organization before it can be utilized.

The Gatherings of the Ragman

These are prosperous times for the ragman. Before the war, with mixed rags worth only seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half a hundred pounds, he was lucky to earn wages. To-day, with prices round three dollars, he can earn six, eight or ten dollars a day.

The ragman of the back alleys takes everything into his wagon, as a rule—cotton and woolen rags, old rubber, old iron and brass and lead, and maybe waste paper and old bones. He sells his rags to a mixed-rag dealer, who sorts the cotton from the wool. Cotton rags go direct from this dealer to the paper mills. They are up, too, about a cent a pound, for the paper industry always comes back strong in good times and needs them, and the makers of explosives have also found that cotton rags can be worked up into guncotton. Owing to the very simple sorting into a few grades, and the way this material is reduced to paper pulp, the mixed-rag dealer can do the grading in cotton.

But woolen rags are shipped to the woolen rag houses, which sort them into many grades. All the dress goods are separated as "soft rags" and graded into merinos, flannels, knit goods and the like, and again by colors and coarseness. Overcoatings and suitings go in the "rough-cloth" class. Wool carpets make up another division. New woolen clippings are sorted in the same way. Often the rag trade is able to sell a woolen mill enough new clippings of some standard color, like blue, to make good cloth of the remanufactured fiber alone without dyeing.

It is largely by sorting everything into grades, and selling each kind of material where it can be used to the best advantage, that the rag trade makes its profit. Everything has value for some purpose. The poorest, oldest grades of wool fiber are excellent for roofing paper. Before the war this roofing stock sold for fifteen dollars a ton; but to-day it sells for fifty dollars. Wool fiber ground so fine that it resembles powder is dyed and sold as "flocks," and is the material forming the surface of velvet wall papers.

About ninety per cent of all the rags used for woolen cloth must be "carbonized," it is said. Many are mixed goods, containing cotton; and everything made up in a garment has cotton or linen thread. These fibers are torn up with the wool and must be removed before weaving—they would spoil the cloth when it is dyed, because animal and vegetable fibers take dye in different ways. So the fiber is passed

Look for this girl in your dealer's window

Your Attractive Straw Hat

can be made as fresh and dainty as new—by using

Colorite

Colors old and new straw hats

The fountain of youth for straw hats. It is a liquid—sold in bottles with a brush for applying. Waterproof and durable. There are thirteen colors—Jet Black, Dull Black, Cardinal Red, Yellow, Navy Blue, Cadet Blue, Sage Green, Cerise, Burnt Straw, Brown, Violet, Lavender and Natural. Anybody can apply it—it dries in 30 minutes. Also used for coloring Satin, Silk and Canvas Slippers and Basketry. Sold by drug and department stores in United States and Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you

Let Us Send You

a full size bottle of Colorite and Ekin Wallick's new instructive book "The Attractive Home." This book is worth one dollar, and the Colorite sells for 25 cents. We will send you both—$1.25 worth for forty (40) cents in stamps. Mr. Wallick is a national authority on home decoration. He tells all about rugs, wall coverings, lighting, pictures, etc. Every woman ought to own this book. Write today giving the name of nearest drug or department store—and be sure to mention shade of Colorite desired. Colorite sent alone for 25 cents.

Carpenter-Morton Co.

Also makers of Campbell's Varnish Stain

72 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Distributors: A. Ramsay & Son Co., Montreal

Over 11,000 Miles!

On Vitalic Tires

What ordinary bicycle tire could come anywhere near that record? None! It took VITALICS to do it.

Out of over 60 tires used during a period of 25 years by Dr. [illegible] of Florence, Col., the Vitalic was the only one to reach anywhere near this mileage. Nearly [illegible] the tires he [illegible] other makes showed signs of the [illegible] more than one-half of them much longer [illegible] than the Vitalic. But Vitalics can *more than* [illegible] the average mileage [illegible] as [illegible] kept [illegible] worn to before a notary of the seven next best makes of tires used

It is this unmatched mileage which Vitalics are giving wherever used that proves beyond question their unequalled standard of construction: highest quality of rubber in [illegible] the heaviest and toughest [illegible] tires [illegible] of heavy [illegible] fabric [illegible] rubber instead of [illegible] common bicycle [illegible] extra heavy inner tube of pure white rubber.

Try one pair of Vitalics on your wheel and you will soon be convinced that they outwear ordinary bicycle tires *more than two to one* [illegible] *with much less tire trouble*

Write for folder "From Boston to San Francisco on One Set of Tires" told by the man who rode the bicycle.

Continental Rubber Works
1904 Liberty St., Erie, Pa.

VITALIC TIRES
TRADE MARK

through a sulphuric-acid process, which destroys all vegetable fiber and at the same time thoroughly sterilizes the wool.

War is using up the world's stock of woolen rags even faster than its new wool, if rag prices are any guide; for woolen rags have risen in a higher percentage than wool itself. Some of the prophets believe that it will take a long time after peace returns to restore the world's balance of rags.

So, if your new winter suit contains any remanufactured wool the price of rags has entered into its cost. The dyestuff shortage has put something into the cost. The freight embargo and the increase in mill wages, and various other changes brought by war and prosperity, have affected it. As your suit has come along through the various trades, each has been compelled to add something here or there; and these increases have rolled up like a snowball, until finally the suit has reached the retail clothier with all its accumulated price advances and adjustments and trade perplexities. And now he has to study the problem of handing the whole thing over to you and keeping your patronage.

This new winter suit of yours will be different from any you have worn for some years, from the trade standpoint. Ordinarily your clothes are made under the conditions of a buyer's market. The wool dealer seeks the spinner and offers raw material in competition with other dealers; the spinner caters to the mill; the mill to the clothing manufacturer; the manufacturer cultivates the retail clothier—and so on. Production overbalances demand in ordinary times and the buyer waits for the salesman to come round, soliciting his patronage as a great favor.

A Good Year for Sellers

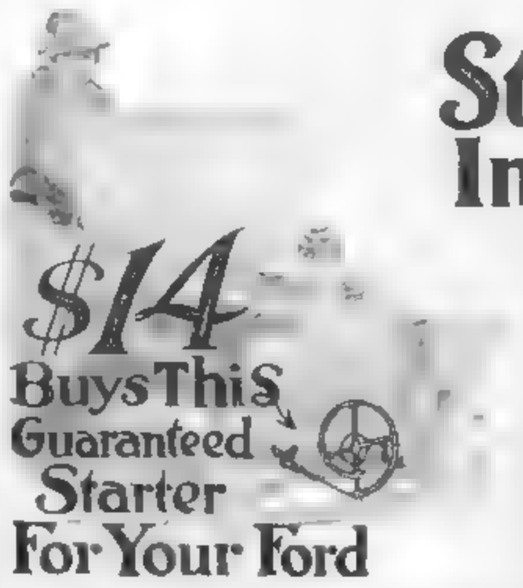
But this year it is distinctly a seller's market all along the line. The wool dealer is in so little hurry to sell, in the face of rising prices, that he lets the spinner seek him out. The spinner has so many orders that, even if the mills hunt him up and try to purchase yarns, he is 'way behind on his deliveries. The mill men are cutting down their regular customers' orders for cloth, and the cutting-up trade, which turns this cloth into clothes for man, woman and child, is permitting the retail merchant to come and place his order for goods, provided he has been a good buyer in the past, instead of sending the salesman round to ask for his favors.

The seller's market is a great place to even up old scores. One of the big clothing manufacturers in the East has long been detested for his high-handed haggling methods of buying. The trade has a proverb about him: "Nobody ever made a dollar out of Blank." This year Blank is on the other side of the deal and not very happy in the general scramble for goods. The salesmen remember every time he made them wait on him in the past, and the manufacturer and commission man recall each demand for deferred dating whereby he got a slice of their profit. Most buyers are coming out fairly well, considering conditions; and even the little man is being taken care of by the seller when he is the sort of fellow people enjoy doing business with. But Blank is having just a devil of a time, and is appealing to the Government and public opinion to protect him.

Goods really are scarce. Everybody had been skimping along on short stocks. The removal of our tariff on raw wool threw woolen manufacturers into black depths of depression. They looked ahead to free soup kitchens in the mill towns, and might have seen them but for the coming of war. When the war demand emerged, and our new prosperity on top of it, everybody wanted goods.

The consumer stopped patching old garments and figured on new; the retail merchant took heart and prepared to stock up. Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard all along the line.

And the cupboard was bare. Following the tariff revision under President Taft, in 1909, there was a great expansion in woolen mills, so extensive that for six years not more than seventy-five per cent of our facilities were employed, and much of the time not more than half. To-day every card, comb, spindle and loom is running, where wool and dyes can be obtained. The industry is one hundred per cent busy. Six hundred million pounds of raw wool used to be regarded as the largest amount we should ever use in a year. Now we are running on a basis of seven hundred and fifty million pounds.



Start Your Ford Instantly From the Seat

PUT your Ford in the high-priced, start-from-the-seat class. Get real enjoyment out of your driving, free from the danger of back-fire, out of the dust or mud and rain. Be rid forever of the inconvenience, embarrassment and delays that go with the old-style method of hand cranking.

SANDBO Guaranteed Two-Compression STARTER

Price complete with Foot Primer, only $14.00

The only mechanical Ford Starter that turns the engine over a *complete revolution*, past *two compressions*, past *two ignition* points.

Winter or summer, the Sandbo never fails to start any Ford engine that's startable. The *odd-shaped wheel* (an exclusive patented feature) is what gives the increased leverage that enables you to spin the motor faster from the seat with the Sandbo than can be done by hand crank. That's where the Sandbo differs from all other mechanical Startera.

The new improved 1916 model is equipped with a positive automatic release which prevents any possible danger or damage in case of back-fire.

The simplicity and yet wonderful efficiency of the Sandbo has amazed the scientific men of the motor world.

First cost is extremely low (only $14.00) and yet that is practically the only cost, as there are no complicated parts to get out of order, no expense to operate, no batteries to burn out. Guaranteed.

A lady or boy of 12 can operate. No expert or mechanic needed to attach. You can put it on in less than an hour.

30 Days' Trial You risk nothing. Prove what we say by trying the Sandbo Two-Compression Starter on your Ford 30 days. Then return it at our expense if not satisfied. Write for descriptive folder and trial offer.

Agents or Dealers The Sandbo Starter offers unusual money-making opportunities. Every Ford owner is looking for a *real* Starter. A demonstration convinces. Men with Ford cars are averaging five sales a day. Territory being taken fast. Write quick for agency proposition, and learn how to get *your own Starter* FREE.

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F. E. Wentworth, Seattle, Owner and Designer

Is This Your Ideal Bungalow?

A pure type of Bungalow of striking beauty, walled and roofed with Red Cedar Shingles—Nature's Imperishable Covering. When you build *your* bungalow home, build with—

RITE-GRADE
Red Cedar
SHINGLES

The Rite-Grade label on Cedar Shingles means full value in that bundle. It means that the Association has inspected and O. K.'d them for NO SAP, for selection, for thickness, for size, for grain; in a word, it means an [illegible] shingle as sold—true to specification. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Please give name of dealer and architect.

We publish a Big Four Building Library—A Bungalow Book, a Distinctive American Homes Book, a Farm Building Book, and a Boy's Builder.

We will gladly send you one, or all of these, free.

Send 2c stamp for each book to defray mailing

Shingle Branch, 1016 White Building
West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Seattle, Wash.

That Quality
Which Shows
in actual service on the road — and travels on long after the mileage guarantee is forgotten—is what draws the tire-experienced to Pennsylvania Oilproof
VACUUM CUP TIRES
And the thousands of new users ever coming in express the same old amazement at the actual power of the Vacuum Cup Tread to absolutely prevent skidding.
Guaranteed, per warranty tag on each casing, for
6,000 Miles
Guaranteed not to skid on slippery pavements else returnable at purchase price after reasonable trial. Guaranteed Oilproof.
Pennsylvania Rubber Co.
Jeannette, Pa.
Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada
VACUUM CUP TIRES
6000 MILES
You pay for the Quality – the Safety costs you nothing
You will know Vacuum Cup Dealers by this Blue and Yellow Sign.

Goods are scarce and that will be a factor in your winter suit. But there has been some speculating with it, too, and also some poker playing.

When the market suddenly turned to the advantage of the sellers, the buyers held off at first. They did not believe the sellers' talk about scarcity, for the seller is always using scarcity as an argument. "Prices will soon drop again," they predicted. But, instead, prices steadily advanced. They began to soar. Buyers were scared, yet still afraid to purchase, for fear they should load their counters with goods at boom figures and be caught in a falling market.

Finally it became clear that these unheard-of prices were genuine values for at least the coming season, and then there followed a stampede to market. Everybody wanted goods at once. New York filled up with merchants and manufacturers seeking merchandise and materials, and facilities were so overtaxed that it became necessary to limit the quantities sold to each customer.

The offices of woolen manufacturers and commission men have looked like a bank sustaining a run by depositors, or a lambs' market during a Wall Street boom. The salesman no longer goes on the road with samples of weaves for the fall trade, but telephones his customer at his New York hotel and tells him that between eight and twelve o'clock to-morrow the fall line will be shown at the company's offices, and he had better come early if he wants to see samples at all. The customer is on hand at eight and waits two hours in an excited crowd of buyers before he can find a salesman to take his order. At noon the line is withdrawn because the mill's capacity has been sold. More than that, it has been oversold; and a few days later the customer receives notice that only half of the quantity he ordered can be delivered.

Old Customers' Orders Cut

A large clothing manufacturer showed me a letter from a mill from which he has purchased a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods every season for many years. When he placed an order for the same quantity of fall goods, such as are needed to make your winter suit, the mill notified him that, though it valued his trade, and wanted to do everything possible to serve him during this crisis, it must cut his order down twenty-five per cent. Had he not been an old customer, he would have got no goods at all.

Nor could it deliver exactly what he wanted, for part of the order was for certain staple shades of blue and brown, for which he had specified the use of German dyes to insure fast color. The mill manager said that those dyes were almost unobtainable. Several days before, he had succeeded in buying a small quantity in China for eight dollars a pound and they would cost ten by the time they reached the mill. The best he could do was to offer goods dyed with German colors, if they could be obtained, at an addition of ten cents a yard. If domestic dyes were used the mill would not guarantee colors in any way.

In the pockets of your new suit you may find a few poker chips; for some of the buyers maintain that this wonderful sellers' market is not based on wool shortage altogether, but that the sellers are playing a game of bluff with merchandise.

A bull market in merchandise is just like a bull market in securities. First, a long period of depression and moderate prices leads buyers to feel that they can always get all the goods they need. They stock up cautiously, keep the cupboard almost bare, and the sellers are despondent. Then trade picks up a little—orders come more easily, prices stiffen, sellers put forth more energy, buyers lay in larger stocks. It is rumored that prices will advance, and they lay in more goods, to be on the safe side.

Prices do advance, and they buy still more. Before long there is speculation—buyers scramble for goods; prices go up, up, up; buyers buy, buy, buy; and not much attention is paid to stocks already put away, or where the ultimate top of the market may be reached. In that sort of situation it is naturally to the advantage of the sellers to sweeten up the jackpot as much as possible, and in the present woolen excitement they have probably not overlooked any opportunities to increase the tension.

The bull market in woolen rags offers a fair idea of what has been happening. An Eastern banker has many woolen-rag dealers among his depositors. Early last year they began coming in for loans, and he lent them money on perfectly good notes until the amounts began to run past all previous experience. One day he made a tabulation of the woolen-rag paper carried by the bank and found a total that led him to send for the dealers.

"What are you doing with all this money?" he asked.

"Come with us and we'll show you," was their reply. They took him to warehouses filled with bales of rags, sorted, ready for sale to the mills. "These have advanced from forty to seventy per cent since we bought them."

"Why don't you sell then?"

"We are holding because the market will go higher."

"Well, that may be so," decided the banker; "but, with all this money invested and rags bringing such a profit, just sell a few and finance yourselves."

Nobody knows where the top of the woolen market may be. The weight of opinion just now is with the bulls. But perhaps the bears are sound in their conservatism too. The bulls are certainly protecting themselves in the buying excitement; for if a mill can get its books full of orders for the next six months at present prices it will be well insured against a sudden drop of values due to changes in the situation abroad.

Neither the bears nor the bulls can take that extra five dollars off the retail price of your next winter suit, however; for it has been financed, made and passed along in a boom market.

If the War Continues

The unusual conditions will make it a somewhat different suit. In making your selection you will miss some fancy colors and patterns. The greens, olives, browns and blues will be more restricted in range; and, unless you buy of a reputable clothier or look for the label of a manufacturer who has a reputation to maintain, there may be surprising changes in the color after you wear it a while, for much of the cloth now being made is sold without any guaranty whatever as to dye.

If it is a high-grade suit, ranging in price from twenty-five to thirty dollars, you may not notice any very great difference in the patterns laid out for your inspection, and the colors for next fall will probably be fast in that grade of goods, the chief difference being in price. If it is a medium-price suit, from fifteen to twenty dollars, the range will be narrowed; and on popular-price suits, retailing from ten to fifteen dollars, it will be narrower still, because the demands for military cloth have made heavy inroads on popular-price materials and manufacturers have been compelled to abandon some of the staple goods made for a fixed price.

Your clothier faces as hard a problem as anybody in the trade, because his stock will cost him more money this year; he will have to cut his profit as much as possible to hold his customers, and some of the latter will probably decide to get through the winter with last year's suit or overcoat. Besides investing more money to do less business, he has the big job of explaining things to the public.

All the advances and adjustments that have come in woolens, between the sheep and the clothing store, are matters dealt with by men of technical knowledge, who have followed developments and are familiar with the why and wherefore in changes. But the public knows little of these matters, and when a man walks into the clothing store next fall with the price of a suit and discovers that five dollars more is needed for the suit he has in mind, there must be an explanation; and the retailer will have to make that.

By the spring of 1917 changes will be even more pronounced—say the wool men if the war keeps up, wool scarcity continues, and dependable dyestuffs are not obtained. Prices will advance further and colors will no longer be trustworthy, even in the best grades of cloth and clothing.

If the war should cease before then it might not mean any lowering of wool prices, because many observers believe that wool will rise to its highest value when peace terms are signed, on the assumption that all Europe will immediately want new clothes. But it is not safe to look much farther ahead than next fall.

If you want information about your next spring suit, go ask the War God!

To 1,250,000 Ford Owners

"Solve the problem of lubrication and you have solved 75% of all the difficulties you may have with motor cars."
FORD TIMES, May, 1915.

"After careful experiments and tests, we have adopted White Star Extra Quality Motor Oil here at the factory and for use and sale at our branch houses, as best adapted for Ford cars.
(Signed) FORD MOTOR CO."
WHITE STAR
EXTRA QUALITY
MOTOR
OIL
WHITE STAR REFINING CO.

STRONGER than any claim we might make is the above signed statement.

When you consider the responsibilities of the Ford Motor Company to over a million and a quarter owners—

When you realize the thoroughly reliable tests, ***covering a period of three years,*** that led to this decision to use White Star Extra Quality Motor Oil ***exclusively*** in Ford factories and service stations—

Can we make any more logical bid to you or any other car owner to use this oil in your motor?

You can depend on it as the Ford Motor Company depends on it.

Ford agents and other dealers sell it in the popular six-gallon container and standard sizes. Ask them or write for booklet.

WHITE STAR REFINING CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Manufacturers of
White Star Extra Quality Motor Oil

List of Sales Agents Who Distribute White Star Extra Quality Motor Oil

Atlanta, Georgia
Osburn Auto. Supply Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y
White Star Oil Co. of New York
Charlotte, N C
Carolina White Star Company
Chicago, Ill.
Bradt White Star Company
Cincinnati, Ohio
Ford Supply Shop Company
Cleveland, Ohio
The Cleveland White Star Co.
Detroit, Mich.
Elmer W. Brown & Company
Denver, Colo
Auto Equipment Company
Des Moines, Iowa
Bradt White Star Company
Davenport, Iowa
Davenport Auto & Supply Co
Dallas, Texas
Clifton George Company
East Orange, N. J.
King Sales Company
Fresno, Calif.
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Becker Auto Company
Houston, Texas
Clifton George Company
Indianapolis, Ind.
Bradt-White Star Company
Jacksonville, Fla.
Portage Tire Co
Kansas City, Mo.
White Star Distributing Company
Los Angeles, Calif
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Lincoln, Neb.
Omaha White Star Company
Louisville, Ky
Roy E Warner Company
Memphis, Tenn
Osburn Auto. Supply Co., Inc
Milwaukee, Wis
Wisconsin White Star Company
Minneapolis, Minn
Reinhard Brothers Company
New Orleans, La.
Shuler Rubber & Supply Company
New York, N Y
Wayne Oil Company
Newark, N J
King Sales Company
Oakland, Calif
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Omaha, Neb.
Omaha White Star Company
Pittsburgh, Pa
Pittsburgh White Star Company
Philadelphia, Pa.
J H McCullough & Son
Portland, Ore
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Richmond, Va
Kaehler Motor Company
San Francisco, Calif
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Seattle, Wash
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Spokane, Wash
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Sioux City, Iowa
Wm. Warnock Company
St. Joseph, Mo.
White Star Distributing Company
St. Louis, Mo
Bradt White Star Company
San Antonio, Texas
Clifton George Company
Tacoma, Wash
Chanslor & Lyon Company
Tampa, Fla.
American Supply Company
Toledo, Ohio
Roberts-Toledo Auto Company
Waterloo, Iowa
Repass Automobile Company
St. John, N B
Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co.
Quebec, Que.
Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co.
Montreal Que
Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co
Toronto, Ont.
Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co.
Ottawa, Ont
Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co
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Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co.
Saskatoon, Sask.
Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co.
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LEMON JUICE, Instead of Vinegar

That's What *She* is Using

She is using lemon juice in making *salad dressing*, on *vegetables* and for every dish for which she once used vinegar.

For she is one of those *enlightened* housewives who have found out what this juice adds to the *flavor* and *healthfulness* of many foods. She regards this "new way" as a real advance in culinary methods.

Yet it isn't new. Hundreds of thousands of women and practically all famous chefs employ it. You have noticed the zest—the peculiar charm—that distinguishes some dishes. It is due, in many cases, to the substitution of *California Lemon Juice* for vinegar. But the purity and healthfulness of lemon juice form one of the most important arguments in its favor.

When *you* try this—get *California* lemons—the brand that's called "Sunkist." For these lemons are *selected for quality*—they are clean, juicy, tart, and *practically seedless*. They come to you wrapped in sanitary tissue.

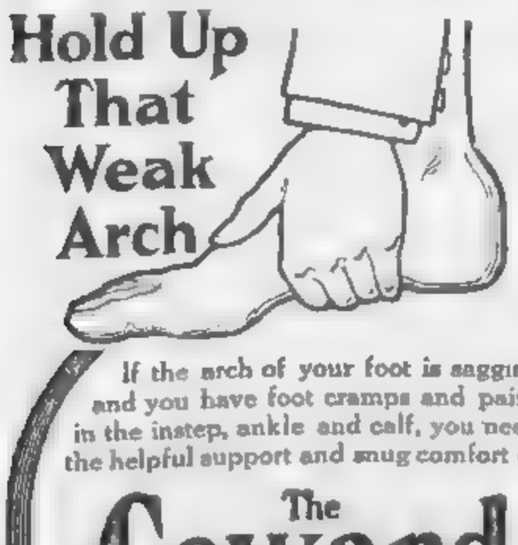
They slice best. And they *look* best as a garnish for meats, game and fish; or to serve with tea. You can get Sunkist Lemons, as well as Sunkist Oranges, from any first class dealer. Save sanitary tissue wrappers for beautiful silver.

California Fruit Growers Exchange (Co-operative—Non-profit)
Eastern Headquarters, Dept. B-39, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago

California's Selected
Practically Seedless

Sunkist Lemons

No Metal
Can't Rust
Prices:
Silk . . 50c
Lisle . . 25c
This is the men's standard garter —light, sanitary—non-binding— the ideal garter. At all haberdashers'
Ivory Garter
No Metal
Men's Side Garter
This garter is made for those who do not like a garter around their legs. It is used with athletic underwear, and if you are troubled with swollen veins in your legs it will help you.
Price, 25c
IVORY GARTER CO.
Sole Manufacturers
New Orleans
No Metal
Women's Negligee Garter
This garter opens in the middle—you don't have to stoop down to put it on over the foot. A great convenience for all, especially for stout women. It can also be worn in the surf.
Prices:
Silk 75c Lisle 35c


Hold Up That Weak Arch
If the arch of your foot is sagging and you have foot cramps and pains in the instep, ankle and calf, you need the helpful support and snug comfort of
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"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."
For MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN
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are the kind we get.
LACEYS, Patent Lawyers, 308 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

THE MAN FROM NEVADA

(Concluded from Page 19)

the Montezuma Club, the headquarters of the mine owners, without stumbling over loaded rifles held in readiness for attack. He told him many stories of the strange geology of Nevada and of its hidden rivers. One river sank into the earth at one point and failed to reappear for forty miles.

"The fish and ducks used to carry canteens along that river," he said with Münchhausen waggishness.

The chauffeur negotiated with some difficulty a particularly bad piece of road.

"They ought to have more railroads in this country," suggested his passenger.

"They have too many now," replied the chauffeur. "They built one over here some years ago that was a hundred miles long. One of the stockholders came out from the East to look it over, and reported that it was built either a hundred miles too long or a hundred years too soon."

A detour round a great mound that rose in buttelike shape out of the desert brought them in sight of what looked like a mining camp.

The automobile pulled up at a general store of adobe dimensions and appearance. It was the only pretentious building in sight. The residential section consisted of dugouts and lean-tos. Miniature pyramids of waste and rock lay strewn about. There was an atmosphere of loneliness and decay peculiar to deserted mining camps that sent a chill through the atrophied soul of the lawyer!

The lone, bearded figure of a man was moving about in the rear of the store. The lawyer whipped out of the automobile and entered. He would find out the worst.

"Do you know anything about the Chuckawalla mining claim?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It lies over here a quarter of a mile."

"Who owns it?"

"Well, sir," drawled the storekeeper, "it was owned by two Swedes a year or so ago. They failed to make it go.

"They owed me three hundred dollars for grub and supplies. They asked me if I would take a deed to the property in payment of their debt. It was the best I could do, and I took the property."

"Do you still own it?" queried the lawyer.

"Oh, no! I sold it six months ago."

"Who to?"

"Well, one day a stranger came in here and asked me what I would take for the claim. I told him I would take just what I paid for it—three hundred dollars. He said: 'It's a go.' He went over to Austin and had a deed made out for the property and paid me the money. I haven't seen him since."

"Did he say why he wanted the property?"—a light that was new in his experiences now breaking in on the lawyer.

"Since you mention it, he did. I was curious to know, myself. He didn't seem anxious to look into the property at all. All he wanted, seemingly, was to know whether I was the owner. After he bought the property I said to him: 'If it's a fair question, what're you going to do with the claim?' I was anxious to know if things was goin' to start up round here again."

"What did he say?"

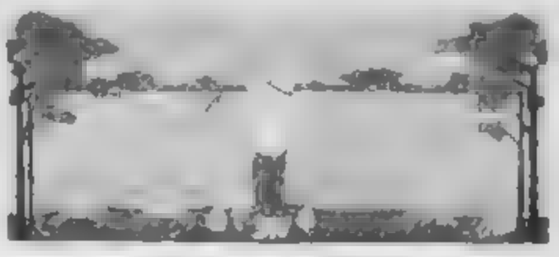
"Well, sir, he said he was goin' to give some sucker the third degree. I remember his words very well. They struck me as strange."

"Is that the man?" asked the lawyer, producing the photograph of the heir at law, who had been paid two hundred thousand dollars.

"That's the very fellow!" replied the merchant.

Four days later the lawyer was back in Cleveland. The long journey had given him time for reflection.

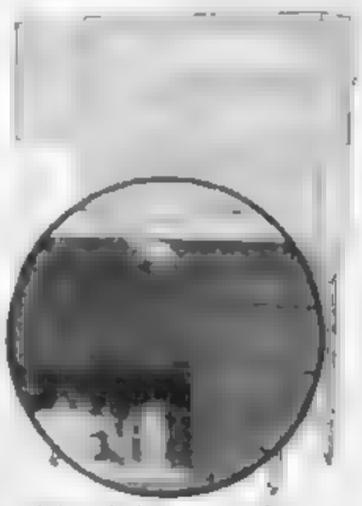
"We've been stung!" he said to his friends after a graphic recital of his trip and its revelations. "The best we can do is to take our medicine. If this gets out it will mean the end of our fiscal careers."



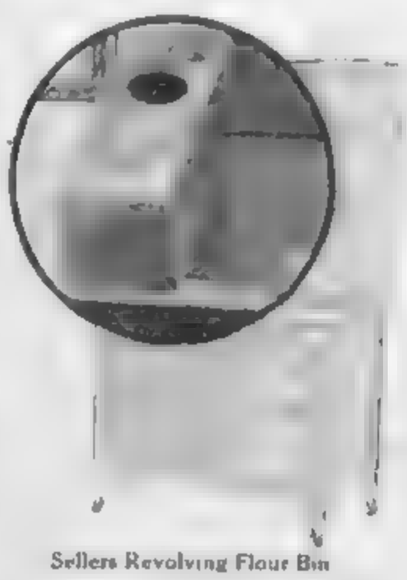
SELLERS *KITCHENEED* "NEW IDEA"
Showing Sellers Patented Roll Curtain Lifter.

Sellers
THE BETTER KITCHEN CABINET
KITCHENEED

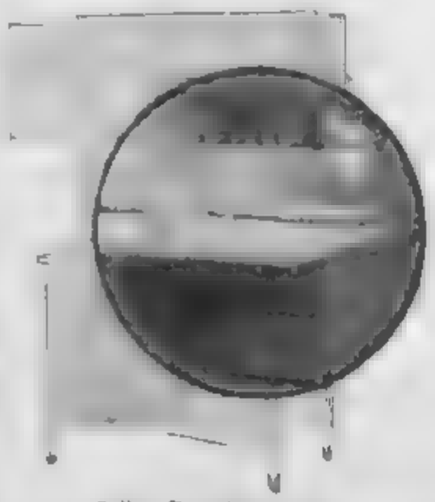
This is the Sellers *Kitcheneed* Identification Mark



Sellers Roll Curtain in Base



Sellers Revolving Flour Bin



Sellers Porcelain Top

A Woman Says About

Sellers *Kitcheneed* Kitchen Cabinets

"MY own idea of what a kitchen cabinet should be, is just what Sellers *Kitcheneed* is; a step-saver to all who have them, sanitary in every respect, a piece of furniture every housewife is proud to own. It is used the oftenest and missed more than anything in the kitchen. No home is complete without one."

Could a better recommendation for Sellers *Kitcheneeds* be expressed than this?

The *Kitcheneed* model you see in the illustration is our latest, most successful effort to give you "your own idea of what a kitchen cabinet should be." It is the Sellers *Kitcheneed* "New Idea."

The Sellers *Kitcheneed* dealer in your community has it and will willingly show you the new roll front, the roll curtain lifter in the base, and all the new features that make the *Kitcheneed* "New Idea" a most convenient labor- and step-saving helper in your kitchen.

Let us send you the new booklet describing the Sellers *Kitcheneed* "New Idea" and all its features—features designed to lighten your work and shorten your day's labor. Just ask for "Your Own Idea" Booklet.

G. I. Sellers & Sons Co.
232 Thirteenth Street ELWOOD, INDIANA

Equip *Your* Office With 5-Year Guaranteed Waste Baskets

EVERY one is under a five-year service contract. The agreement is on the bottom of each in the form of a five-year guarantee label. Should a Vul-Cot during that time "prove defective or fail" you get another free. Evidence of the value of this guarantee is the fact that Vul-Cots have become standard equipment in many of the largest and most efficiently conducted concerns in the country.

These Big Concerns Use Vul-Cots

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.	834
Western Electric Co.	503
Packard Motor Car Co	144
Swift & Co.	551
Cincinnati Gen'l Hospital	622
Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.	100

Advantages

Cannot break or get jagged edges like wicker, or rust, dent and corrode like metal baskets. Will not scratch furniture. Made in different colors Solid sides and bottom Fire resisting—and guaranteed five years.

Prices 90c Up From Your Dealer

In spite of the 5-year guarantee, Vul-Cots cost scarcely more than the ordinary kind. They are many times cheaper in the end. (The $1.00 size is most popular.)

Nearly 700 dealers now have them in stock. See your dealer today. If he does not have them send your order to us, giving his name, or write us direct for printed matter showing Vul-Cots in color. No obligation.

American Vulcanized Fibre Co.
5th Floor, Equitable Building
Wilmington, Delaware

VUL-COT Waste Baskets
GUARANTEED 5 YEARS

THE MAN HUNTERS

(Concluded from Page 27)

An extraordinary case was carefully worked out by Professor Coutagne.

There had been an assassination in a certain house. The locked door had been forced open. Before the door a piece of paper was picked up. It was crumpled together and bore traces of bloodstains. This evidence seemed to lack a definite explanation when connected with the homicide. The homicide was not one accomplished by bloodshed. Besides, this fragment of paper was outside the house, near the broken door and at a distance from the theater of the crime. It seemed, therefore, not to be related to the victim. Excluding the victim as a source of these stains, there remained only the assassin. Professor Coutagne concluded that in his effort to force the door the assassin had injured his finger and had wiped away the blood resulting from this injury, on the piece of paper. He concluded that the injury was slight, because the evidences on the paper were such as would result from removing a trifling bit of blood from a slight injury. He concluded that it was on the finger, because in an effort to force the door one would be more apt to injure the tip of the finger than any other portion of the hand.

This conclusion of the professor was duly noted by the police.

Two months afterward the police brought to Professor Coutagne a person whom they had reason to suspect of the crime. The first concern of the professor was to examine the man's hands. He found on the middle finger of his left hand a little scar on the edge of the nail, and also on the rim of the flesh at the base of the nail. The prisoner at once explained it by saying that he had received this injury six months before. But the Austrian authorities had very carefully ascertained the growth of finger nails. Professor Coutagne knew that the average finger nail grew at the rate of a millimeter a week. It was only a matter of calculation to show that within six months this injury to the nail, marked at the point received by the scar on the flesh of the finger, would have grown out and disappeared. A careful calculation of the growth indicated that the injury had certainly been received about two months before the date of this examination—that is to say, had been received about the date when the door was forced open. In this manner it was established that the suspect was the person who had accomplished the crime and injured his finger in endeavoring to force the door.

The detective department of the city of Vienna is divided into what we would call twenty-two police precincts. Each of these has its own squad, under an inspector, somewhat like the method of Scotland Yard—except that, instead of a constable advanced from the ranks, the inspector is a trained man from the universities.

The Missing Toe-Print

When there is any criminal affair within the territory of a precinct it is at once investigated by the squad from its own quarter. But, in addition to these police divisions, the city has a centralized headquarters. This centralized department is again split up into two divisions—the *Agentenreferat*, which has charge of the discipline and control of the whole force. It also sends out special squads to investigate crimes above those of the slighter infractions of police regulations. Thus, it happens that a criminal inquiry in its early stages may be conducted by two squads—one from the precinct of the district in which the crime arises and a second from headquarters.

But this is not all. There is a second branch of the centralized detective organization of the city. This branch, called the *Sicherheitsbureau*, is in reality the expert advisory board to the whole detective organization of Vienna. It consists of twelve branches; each of these departments is under the direction of an expert skilled in a special character of crime. These twelve divisions specialize on title and decoration frauds; international swindlers; commercial frauds; gamblers; receivers of stolen goods; burglars; thieves; pickpockets; counterfeiters; mysterious disappearances; fortune tellers; and administrative affairs.

Thus, the detective department of Vienna presents the curious example of maintaining three departments available for criminal investigation, namely: The precinct squad; the squad sent out from the *Agentenreferat* division at headquarters that goes to the assistance of the precinct squad in the investigation of important crimes; and in addition to these, if the case is found to be especially difficult, the *Sicherheitsbureau* will send its expert squad on that particular crime. If the case proves to be of sufficient importance this latter expert squad will take exclusive control of the investigation.

In a celebrated instance a burglar had entered a house barefooted, in order to move about with greater freedom and silence. The police found at the point of entry, in the garden, the burglar's track on a wet board. This track showed only four toes. The track was quite distinct and it was perfectly clear that only four toes were indicated. The inspector now set himself to look for a burglar with four toes. An old housebreaker known to have been in the vicinity of the place was taken up. He explained that he could not be the person guilty of the crime because he had five toes, and he removed his shoe in order to convince the inspector. The inspector was satisfied and was about to set the man at liberty when an expert from headquarters happened to come into the room. He looked at the man's feet and at once said to the inspector that the guilty man was before him.

How to Read Sealed Letters

The inspector was astonished. He pointed out that the track showed only four toes, and it was evident that one toe of the suspect was missing. The expert directed the inspector to wet the floor and force the prisoner to walk on it in his bare feet. It was done. And to the astonishment of the inspector the track showed only four toes. The second toe had been so displaced by the pressure of tight shoes that it lay on the third toe in such a position that it was entirely off the floor when a barefoot track was made.

An important thing to international police has been carefully worked out by Austrian detective centers. It is extremely useful to know as much as possible about foreign diplomatic correspondence. It is often a great gain to get at the contents of letters which the police authorities do not dare to open. Extreme care is taken in diplomatic correspondence, and in political and other correspondence, to see that the envelope containing a communication is not interfered with.

Theier and Hardmuth, of Vienna, were the first to experiment in efforts to find a sort of envelope that would prevent the contents from being read by means of the X ray. Envelopes with a bronzed lining, or with bronzed figures running into one another, were the most successful. They asked the Austrian Institute to undertake photographic experiments by means of the Roentgen ray. The bronzed envelopes were found to be very difficult for the Roentgen ray, while those that were ornamented with bronzed figures allowed the light to go through only at the white places. At best, in these cases, the words written in the interior of letters inclosed in such envelopes could not be very intelligently deciphered.

A very simple method of getting at the contents of letters in plain envelopes has been finally worked out.

The letter is placed in a frame of a photographic plate in a dark room under a red light only. The envelope is laid directly on the glass. A sensitive plate, a little larger than the letter, is placed in such a way that it lies directly over the letter. The photographic frame is closed and the plate exposed. The time of exposure will depend on the degree of light necessary to take such a picture, as determined by experiments. When the plate is developed the writing on the letter within the envelope will appear and the whole interior of the letter can be seen as through a transparency.

This process is exceedingly simple and can be easily used without injury to the envelope.

Author's Note—See Fosdick's work on European Police Systems for details of the Austrian methods in the English language. For technic and cases, see System der Kriminalistik, Gross; Archives de Gross; Manuel de Police Scientifique, Reiss; La Police et L'Enquête Judiciaire Scientifiques, Niceforo.

Learn the Real Joy of Walking

YOU can learn to really *like* walking, even though you may have hated it in the past.

Simply go to your shoe dealer or to your cobbler and say: "Put on a pair of Goodyear Wingfoot Air Heels."

Then—for the first time in your life perhaps—you'll know the *real joy* of walking.

You'll step out with a briskness that you may have forgotten—all the old "drag," the "plodding," gone from your stride.

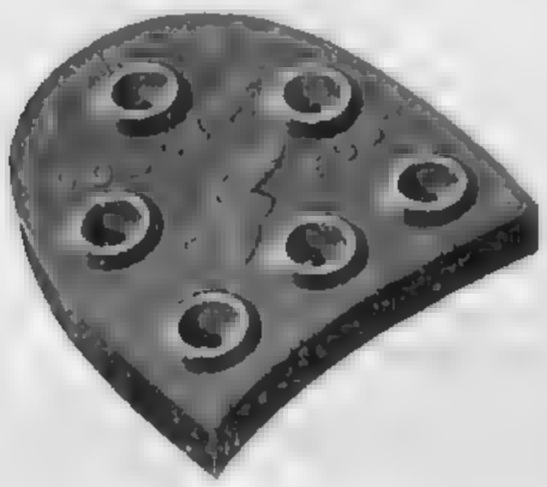
You'll swing along—forgetful of the miles you're covering—at peace with your feet, and with the world at large.

The Air Cushions have added a lift to your step and a *lilt* to your spirit.

Don't miss another day of May—learn the real joy of walking—right away.

All you've got to say is: "I want Wingfoot Air Heels."

GOOD YEAR
WING AKRON FOOT
AIR HEELS



These are the distinctive features of Wingfoot Air Heels: The guaranteed strength and quality of material used—and the raised edges of the air cushions. The raised edges combat slipping—while the air cushions themselves add walking-ease and wearing-life. Sold by cobbler shops and shoe stores everywhere. All sizes, black or chocolate, for men, women and children, 50c a pair put on.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Does Your Belting Earn Its Keep?

A Factory Owner May Have No Idea What a Belt Ought to Do

"TIME," said the late Frederick W. Taylor, "is the most valuable of the tools we have to work with, and the *least appreciated.*"

Taylor's time-saving gospel has probably done more than any one thing to place American industry on a par with German efficiency.

Often his recommendations to manufacturers called for the apparently extravagant replacement of good machinery.

The cost of the machinery meant nothing to him as against the *time which might be saved.*

Listen to what he says about *belting:*

"In figuring the total expense of belting, and the manufacturing cost chargeable to this account, by far the largest item is the *time lost* on the machines while the belts are being *relaced and repaired.*

"The most important consideration in making up tables and rules for the use of belting is how to secure the *minimum of interruptions* to manufacture from this source."

* * *

Stability and dependability cannot be grown into a belt — they must be *built* into it

Leviathan-Anaconda is a *scientific belting* for power transmission, conveying and elevating.

Leviathan belts are for indoor and fairly protected conditions; Anaconda belts are weather-proof, water-proof, fume-proof and heat-proof.

* * *

Thirty-five years ago the first Leviathan belt was built — the first scientifically constructed belt.

It was the first belt used whose *stretch* was *less* than *six per cent.* of its total length.

It was the first belt made that did not need continual dressing to keep it in condition.

It was the first belt that has ever run *twenty years*—24 hours a day, *without a moment's loss of time* for belt repairing and relacing.

* * *

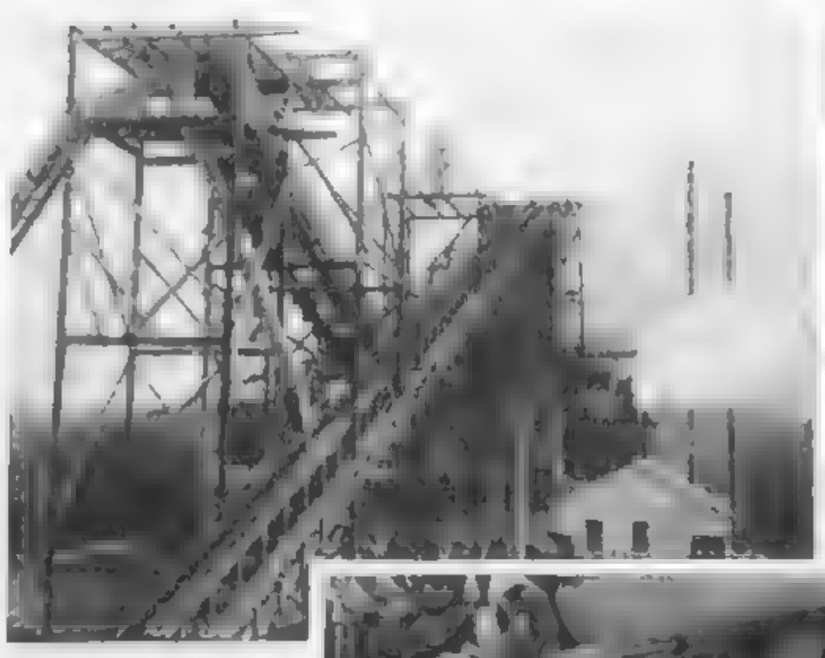
The Leviathan of today has had more research and more experience spent upon its development than any other belting of any type.

There have been over *one million Leviathan-Anaconda belts* fitted and run in the principal manufacturing plants in this country.

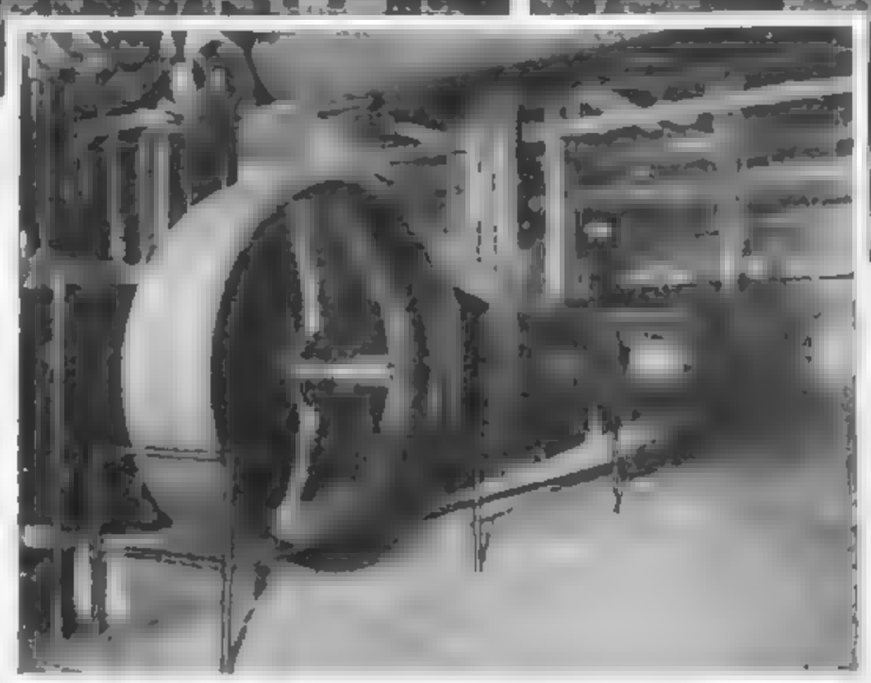
The *saving of time* in these plants through the prevention of shut-downs, through the speeding up of machines and through the conservation of power is a matter of record in many instances and runs into *many times the cost of the belts themselves.*

* * *

Users of Leviathan-Anaconda have gone on record to a remarkable degree indicating that the service of Leviathan-Anaconda has altered all preconceived notions of belting and that no longer do they judge belting as *material* but as *service* — by its tractiveness, length of life, freedom from shut-downs, low cost of upkeep.



This 670-foot Leviathan handles sand and gravel —the third Leviathan to be used in this position. Handles the material at an extremely low cost per ton.



Making shells "somewhere in Canada" Full equipment of Anaconda belts. No time for shut-downs here — and no occasion with Anaconda.

This 60-foot endless Anaconda has been running three years—speed 5700 feet a minute. Transmits 200 horse-power without stretching or slipping.

From a *Yarn Mill* in Pawtucket, R. I., we have this letter:

"We have been testing your Anaconda belt for some months in all departments of our plants, and desire to express to you our entire satisfaction with the results of these tests."

"We have materially increased the production of our looms, spinning frames, etc., by its help. And would state that the belt is even better than you represented it to be."

"We have yet to find an Anaconda that is slipping, and while *many of our pet theories, in regard to belting, are knocked on the head by these experiments, nevertheless* we must take off our hats to the men who produce this product."

From the owner of a *Mill* in Tennessee, this:

"A disastrous fire on the fifth of August destroyed my entire milling plant and with it the Leviathan belt that I bought of you last year.

"I want to say that this was by far the best belt I have ever used in my thirty years' milling experience and as soon as I get ready for belting will give you an order."

From the President of one of our largest *Elevator* companies:

"If you call at our office we will show you a belt that you furnished us about twenty years ago which has never been [illegible]. The greater part of the year it is running day and night. From its appearance, it ought to run at least forty years more."

From the Treasurer of a *Lumber Company* in North Carolina:

"In January, 1888, we bought of you a 12-inch Leviathan belt and used this belt continually up to three or four years ago, when we had to make some changes.

"We took off this belt and sent it to one of our sawmills and we suppose it is running yet, as we have not been notified to the contrary."

From the head of a *Brick* company in Pennsylvania:

"We have used the Leviathan belting for several years and have found it more than satisfactory under any service to which we could apply it and especially so for elevator duty.

"January 30, 1914, we received an 80-foot 13-inch 6-ply Anaconda belt from your Philadelphia house. This was bought for the screened clay elevator at our Auburn plant. . . . Only once during this time have we been compelled to take up the belt and not one time has the belt separated at the lacing, due to the pulling out of the holes as often happens with inferior belting. *The conditions under which this belt was used prohibited the use of belt dressing and we should think that the belt running through a thick dust such as this one does, would be dry and hard, but we find the belt to be still soft and pliable.*"

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are sold by us direct to the users.

Leviathan-Anaconda service is available at first hand to every user of our belts, no matter how long they may be in use.

We have this letter from the General Refractories Company:

"This settlement only confirms an opinion formed of your Company many years ago, *that your guarantee meant something more than the mere printed words and that your sense of justice is much larger than that article usually found in the business world.*"

* * *

Now—what are other factory owners going to do about it?

It is not the price you pay for the belts that costs you money—

It is not the value of the belts you scrap—

The money is being taken out of your profits exactly in the place you won't find it unless you look for it—

In the loss of time from shut-downs—the *deficiency* of slowed-down machines — *the general failure to measure up to the 100% possibilities of your plant.*

By all means have your engineer send for our Belting Hand Book—

But more important*—write us and let us show you the *man-service* that comes before *belt-service.

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS
for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating
MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia
New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu
CHARLES PURDEN, Ltd., Birmingham, England Établissements ADOLPHE GRANDJEAN, 211 Rue Lafayette, Paris WM. A. CAMPBELL, Havana, Cuba

THE DESK JOB

(Continued from Page 15)

"Yes," said Dave with a perfectly straight and sober countenance. "Old Munn is all right when you know how to handle him."

The next morning Kinkaid was removed to a private sanitarium, vastly to the relief of the woman, who was as kind-hearted as the next one.

"He could leave that typewriter here," she suggested.

"No," said Dave; "I'll take it to my room."

"I wish you would," said Kinkaid. "Come and see me once in a while, will you, Holland?"

"I'll drop in every day or so," answered Dave.

That afternoon he countermanded Jimmy's standing orders.

"You won't have to go after Kinkaid's copy any more," said he to the boy. "He'll send it down himself."

"Well, watta you think about that, eh?" remarked the astonished youth. "He looked to me like he wasn't never going to pat another typewriter again. Can't tell a thing about them skinny little fellers, can you?"

With a clear two hours in front of him, Dave Holland sat down at Kinkaid's typewriter and slipped a sheet of paper between the guides. There was only one way to make the Oracle pay a sick man's hospital bill, and Dave knew it.

V

THE next day Joe Johnson, political reporter, stopped at the city editor's desk.

"Did you read Kinkaid's little yarn about the lame waiter this morning?" said he.

"Yes," said Dave. "I read it. . . . Why?"

"Did it strike you as being different from his other stuff?" asked Johnson.

"Well, it wasn't up to his standard, if that's what you mean, Joe."

"Man alive!" cried Johnson. "It was miles over his standard!"

"What's that?" ejaculated the surprised Dave. "Oh, you're kidding! You don't mean ——"

"I mean that I liked that little character study of a lame waiter in a cheap restaurant better than anything else of Kinkaid's that I've ever read. I don't know whether I can explain it to you, boss, but Kinkaid always gave me the impression of a man juggling with neat phrases just to prove that he knew how. He's a master of English—no getting away from that; but as a general thing he lets his English master him, and then you've got a beautifully polished piece of work without a nickel's worth of feeling in it. Now in this yarn about the waiter—and I'll bet it was drawn from life—he quit juggling with words and phrases and got down to cases. I didn't know the fellow had that much real sentiment in him; but you can bet he felt that thing while he was writing it, and he's made everybody else feel it too!"

"Think so?" asked Dave, fiddling with a paper weight.

"You don't have to think when you can feel," said Johnson. "Ask any of the boys. They say just as I do—that one yarn like this gets under the skin of the reader and is worth a dozen of the sort Kinkaid usually turns out. It shows what he can do if he's a mind to try writing for the man in the street, instead of shooting at the highbrow bunch. Tell him to give us a few more like it, will you, Dave? He'll have the whole town in his vest pocket if he can keep up that lick."

"I'll see what I can do with him," said Dave.

It is very seldom that a man is fortunate enough to hear at first hand perfectly candid opinions of his own work; for "some will praise from politeness and some will criticize from vanity." The men of the Oracle told Dave Holland what they thought of the story of the lame waiter—told him why they liked it—gave it the blunt commendation that would certainly have been withheld from Kinkaid; and the result was a warm glow round the city editor's heart.

"And the best of it is," thought Dave, "it's all on the square! I'm getting the low-down on the stuff."

When he left the office that afternoon, to pay a visit to the sanitarium, he was almost convinced that he could write a little after all. Kinkaid was waiting for him, with a copy of the Oracle beside his bed, opened at the editorial page.

"Who put my name on that thing?" demanded the sick man, pointing a shaking finger. "Who did that?"

"I did," answered Dave. "One of the boys wrote it and I turned it in on your string."

"On my string! . . . I thought you said the paper—was taking care of me!"

"Well, that's true, in a way; but I didn't want to discontinue a feature."

"Better do that than make it ridiculous," said Kinkaid bitterly. "Here I am flat on my back—tied hand and foot; and stuff like that runs under my name!"

"I'm sorry, old boy," said Dave. "I thought you wouldn't mind. What was wrong with the story?"

"Everything!" panted Kinkaid wrathfully. "Every single damned thing! . . . Some cub, I suppose—getting away with it on my reputation!"

Something he saw in the city editor's eyes stopped the tirade. Kinkaid held out his hand and Dave took it.

"I know you mean well, Holland. . . . I know that. . . . It's just my rotten disposition. . . . You've been mighty good to me—coming here to see me, and all. . . . I won't say any more about it. . . . Do what you think is best. . . . Don't mind me. I'm sick and cranky ——"

"That's all right, boy," said Dave gently. "I know just how you feel. It was taking a liberty, and I apologize. If anything goes in after this I'll look it over myself first."

"Can't you leave my name off?" pleaded Kinkaid.

"I couldn't get eight dollars a column for you if I left the name off."

Kinkaid shook his head hopelessly.

"I'll never live it down," he whispered. "Never!"

And Dave, who had already received the report of an eminent specialist on the condition of the patient, feared that Kinkaid spoke more truth than he knew.

VI

DURING the three weeks that followed the city editor of the Oracle was an extremely busy man. To his own duties, never light and never alighted, was added the task of supplying a feature story daily—a full column, though Achilles K. Munn rumbled in his private office and spoke of sinful extravagance.

The writing of the feature stories was the easiest part of the work, for it was a labor of love—an old love revived. The little tale of the lame waiter was only the first of a series of human-interest yarns which gripped a careless town by the heart and would not let it go.

Those stories made George B. Kinkaid a celebrity. He was invited to speak at mothers' meetings and address women's clubs; but Dave Holland, opening all Kinkaid's mail, declined the invitations on the ground of ill health.

Dave's hardest task was to placate the sick man, whose temper grew steadily worse with the progress of the disease. Kinkaid had conceived a violent dislike of the anonymous miscreant who was ruining his literary reputation with what he called sentimental drool and cheap sob-sister fluff; and Dave, listening patiently, was forced to agree that Kinkaid's wrath was justified.

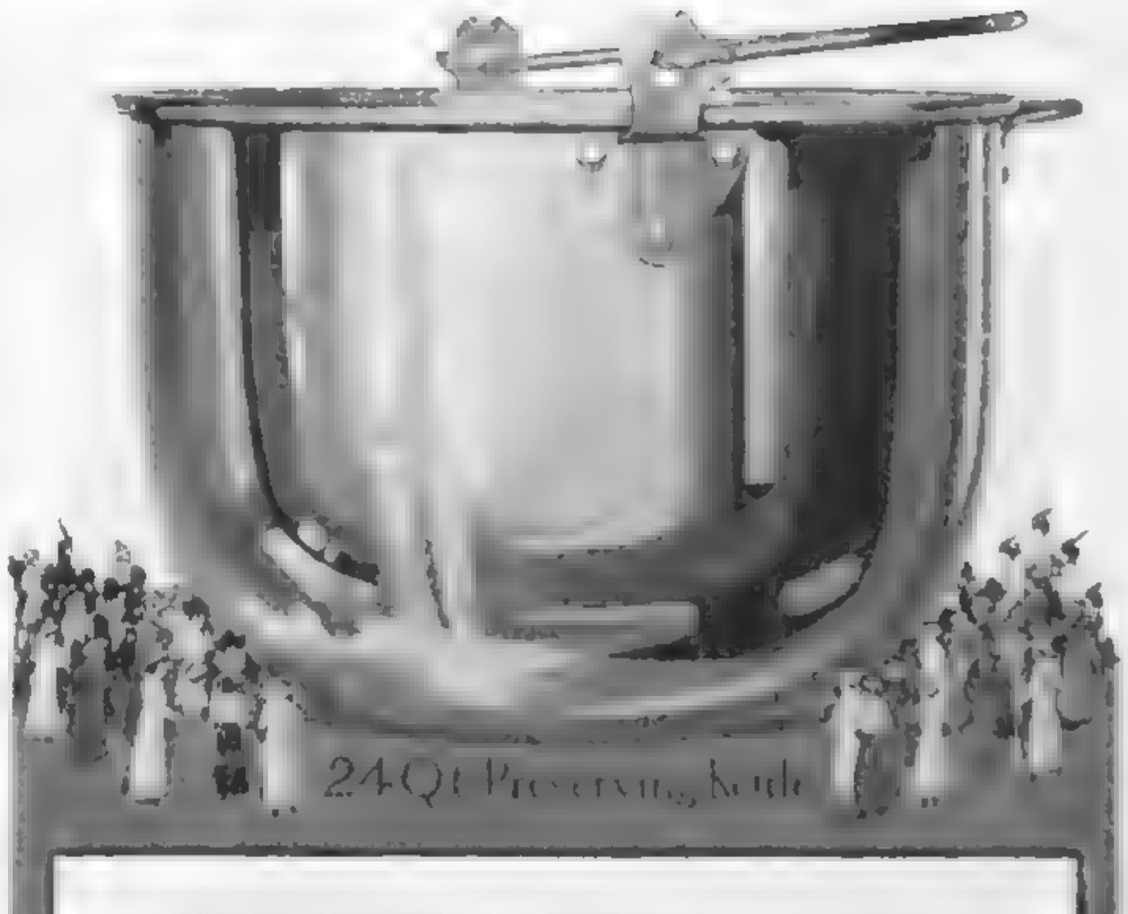
Kinkaid also cursed the sort of paper that paid a man's hospital bills at the price of his professional pride; and once he threatened to protest to the owner of the Oracle against the outrage which was being done on him. This sort of thing continued day after day, for Dave visited the sanitarium faithfully, carrying small presents of fruit and flowers, and receiving in return vitriolic abuse meant for the unknown cub reporter.

At the end of the third week Dave made his usual evening call and the nurse met him on the porch.

"He's been asking for you all the afternoon," said she. "He wanted me to telephone, but I told him I felt certain you'd come."

"He must have a bigger grievance than usual, then."

"No; it isn't that," said the nurse. "He hasn't snapped at me once to-day. You wouldn't think he could be so gentle. I don't know what's come over him, but I hope it lasts. He's been quite a trial—they always are, toward the end."



THE GREAT GRAND-DADDY *of* ALL THE KETTLES

YOU can't heap too much work on a broad-mouthed, firm-lipped fellow like this. He'll finish a season's preserves at a boiling and keep right on doing it for your children. Twice the searing and banging that scraps a soft, tarnishable pot leaves the Aladdin kind bubbling and singing and shining away. That's because the hard, dense, even aluminum, with its flowing stream-lines can't possibly crack or discolor.

There's an Aladdin Aluminum Kettle in a size or style for every kitchen need, and every one is as sturdy as a battleship. All of them have the specially designed Aladdin conveniences—like the notched ear, that makes the bail stay "put" and stay cool; the heavy curled, water-tight bead, and the loop handle that you can grasp without burning your hands.

Aladdin Ware is *pure clear through*—no surface coating to crack or chip off—nothing in the metal itself to tarnish or form poisonous compounds with acids from the fruit.

Aladdin is the cheapest ware you can buy, if you're in the market for utility, convenience, beauty and *wear*. Each sheet or cast utensil is specially designed in the best grade of metal, for just its own particular purpose.

When the Handle of Your Coffee Pot Burns Off—

You have either thrown the pot away or had it repaired by your hardware man, who lost money doing the job for fifty cents. The Aladdin coffee and tea pots have handles attached by two bolts and an ingenious screw, so that anyone with a screw driver can replace it instantly at a cost of ten cents.

Why You can Handle the Bail Without Gloves—

The ear of an Aladdin kettle is so cleverly constructed with notch and lug that the bail is automatically held just where you want it, erect or to the side—never where it will burn your hands from resting on the hot vessel.

There's a Cover for Every Kettle—

Extra covers—the kind that really fit—are made for every kettle. And each deep-seated Aladdin cover has the sanitary turned-up lip that makes it strong [illegible] harder to get dirty—easier to keep clean.

Ask your dealer about it, or write for catalogue and price list.

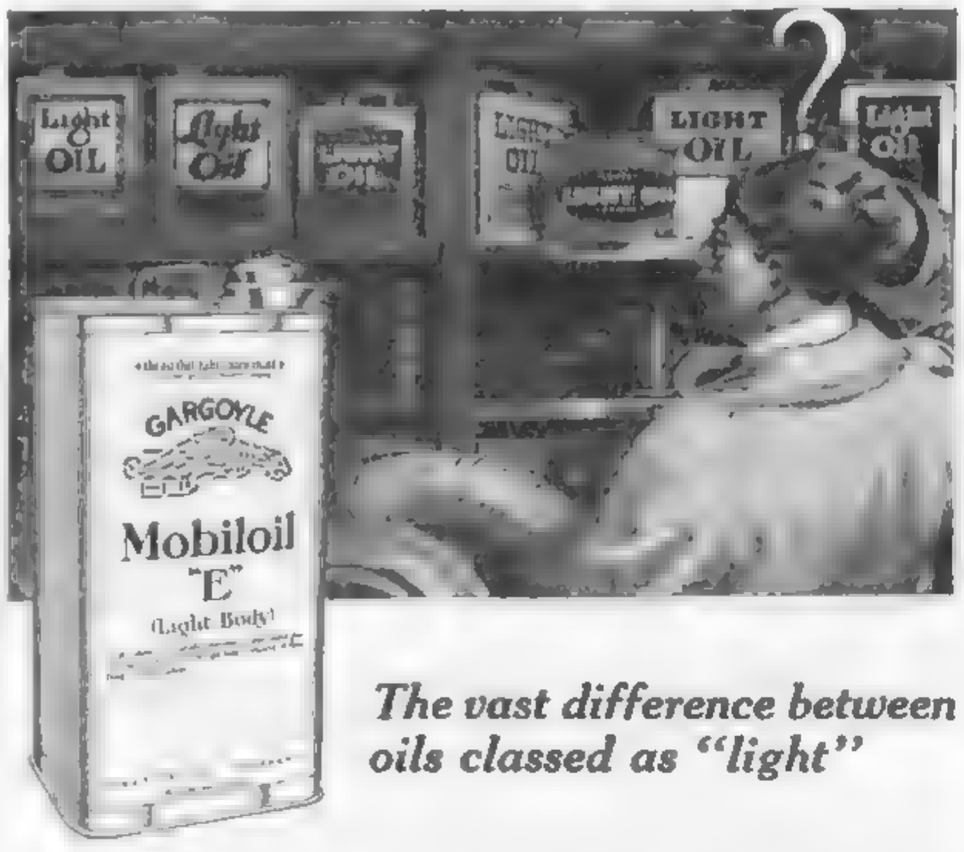
Aladdin Aluminum

Costs No More

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Better Oil for Fords



The vast difference between oils classed as "light"

In your Ford Instruction Book you are advised to use a "high-grade" oil of "light" body.

But a puzzling condition faces you when you look for "high-grade," "light-bodied" oil.

"Light" body is a loose term. It is applied to oils as different from each other as kerosene and gasoline. Sewing machine oil, for example, is a light oil, but it would cause quick trouble in a Ford motor. And many light oils are really not serviceable in an automobile. They vaporize rapidly under the heat of service.

The following is what you have a right to expect from your lubricating oil—

(1) Full power.
(2) A minimum of carbon deposit on piston heads, spark plugs and valve seats.
(3) Lowest operating cost per mile and per year.

Let us see how Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets these requirements.

Power. The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has been proven through engineering analysis and repeated actual tests to be scientifically correct for the high-speed Ford engine. It forms a correct piston seal. Thus it assures at all times full and abundant power.

Carbon. The slight carbon left by Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a light, dry dust which is blown through the exhaust by the engine action. Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are rarely troubled with carbon deposit, on piston heads, spark plugs or valves.

Economy. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" being correct in *body*, does not work freely into the combustion chambers. The result is *oil* economy.

Furnishing a correct piston seal, it insures full power from the fuel. That means *gasoline* economy.

And Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is manufactured to withstand the heat of service. It does not "break down" in use. This insures constant protection to the moving parts.

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Kinkaid smiled as Dave entered the room and beckoned him close to the bed. He was very weak, and his thin hand found Dave's and clung to it. His voice had faded to a fluttering whisper.

"Glad to see you! . . . Seems like a long time. . . . Never know what a friend is worth—till you're laid up."

"You look better," lied Dave. "How do you feel?"

"Not so much pain. . . . Been waiting for you all day. . . . There's something I want to tell you."

"Fire away!" said Dave. "I'm listening."

"It's about that cub," whispered Kinkaid. "I've liked his work from the first—too damned mean to admit it. . . . That story this morning—knocked me a twister. . . . Perfect little gem! . . . Wish I'd written it. . . . Tell him I said so, will you?"

"Do you mean that?" demanded Dave, scarcely believing his ears.

"Honest Injun! . . . I never meant the rotten things I said about him. . . . Jealousy, I guess."

"Oh, no," said Dave. "Hardly that, old boy."

"Yes, it was," insisted Kinkaid. "I knocked him to you . . . because he's got the thing . . . I've never been able to put into my stuff. . . . The human touch, Holland. . . . This fellow has got it. . . . My hat's off to a better man. . . . He licks me at my own game."

"You don't know how proud that will make him," said Dave. "He wants you to like his work."

"I do," whispered Kinkaid. "I'm ashamed of the way . . . I've talked about him. . . . Wish you'd ask him to come and see me. . . . Want to thank him . . . Might even apologize . . . if I liked his looks."

"There's no need of that," growled Dave. "No need to thank him, either. He's having the fun of doing something out of his ordinary line. When he knows you like his stuff that will be enough for him."

"But he gives me the credit. . . . It isn't fair."

"You don't know this chap," argued Dave. "He's—well, he's sort of peculiar. All he wants is the chance to prove to himself that he can write. He works on a desk down there in the office."

"A desk!" gasped Kinkaid. "What a damned outrage! . . . He ought to be a New York star. . . . Tell him I said so, will you?"

"You bet I will!" exclaimed Dave heartily. "That'll tickle him more than anything you can say."

The nurse looked in at the door and laid a finger on her lips.

"A man like that . . . on a desk!" said Kinkaid. "Too bad!"

"See here," interrupted Dave; "if you want me to stay here you'll have to stop talking. You're all tired out."

"All tired out," repeated Kinkaid drowsily. "I feel better, though . . . now that I've owned up about that fellow. . . . It's been worrying me. . . . I shouldn't ask it, I know—but would you mind . . . sitting here a little while . . . till I go to sleep? . . . I've been so lonesome."

Ten minutes afterward Dave felt a faint stirring of the hand within his own. Kinkaid opened his eyes and smiled at him, a wistful, boyish smile.

"If I could thank you . . . the words won't come, somehow. When I'm well ——"

"Yes," said Dave; "you can thank me when you're well, and we'll be good pals. Go to sleep now, old boy."

"You'll wait . . . till I do?"

"Yes; I'll wait."

Kinkaid sighed and turned his head on the pillow. His eyes closed, and little by little the bony fingers relaxed their grip; but Dave Holland continued to sit by the side of the bed, holding Kinkaid's hand and staring straight in front of him.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the city editor returned to his desk, to face the righteous indignation of the substitute who had been "sitting in" during his absence.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't stay out all night, Dave! The Old Man has been asking for you—wants to see you right away."

Dave grunted absently as he seated himself. He drew four typewritten sheets from a pigeonhole, glanced at the opening paragraph, then at the closing one, and with a quick jerk of his hands tore the sheets down the middle, crumpled the fragments, and tossed them into the wastepaper basket. As he walked toward the owner's private office Johnson noted that the city editor looked weary and haggard. There were lines in his face and his shoulders sagged in a spiritless manner.

"That old fool is going to call Dave down again, and he knows it," thought the political reporter. "Well, 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown'! No desk job for mine!"

In this Johnson did Mr. Achilles K. Munn an injustice. The owner of the Oracle was in his oiliest mood, and his rumble was keyed down to a thick, ingratiating purr. He greeted his city editor almost cordially.

"Ah, good evening, Holland! Sit down. I—ah—I want to talk with you about this young man, Kinkaid."

Dave started at the mention of the name.

"Well," said he, "what about him?"

Mr. Munn eyed his city editor curiously.

"A little more repose of manner, if you please," said he. "You startled me then."

"What about Kinkaid?" demanded Dave.

"Oh, yes—Kinkaid," purred Mr. Munn "We—ah—that is, Mrs. Munn and myself—are interested in his ah—welfare. Deeply interested. It seems that he has attracted a great deal of attention of late, that is, his work has attracted the attention. I believe I have never seen him personally. I may even go so far as to say that his ah work shows marked improvement and—ah—promise, great promise. This afternoon Mrs. Munn attended a club meeting—very exclusive affair—only persons most prominent socially as well as—ah—intellectually were present—and Mrs. Perkins Cadwallader—you have heard of her, I presume?"

"Yes," said Dave, studying the pattern of the carpet. "She writes poetry."

"Precisely. She writes poetry. An extremely gifted woman. Well, Mrs. Perkins Cadwallader gave a reading, choosing several of the little—ah—efforts of our young friend. Mrs. Munn says the general opinion was quite complimentary. She was most gratified."

Dave nodded, his eyes still on the carpet, and Mr. Munn purred on in his heavy fashion:

"Now we—that is to say, Mrs. Munn and myself—are deeply interested in all the—ah—employees of this paper; the faithful, plodding ones, like yourself, as well as the—ah—ah—the more brilliant ones. All men have their peculiar uses, Holland. You could never have written anything to be read at a woman's club, but in your place you are—ah—a valuable man. Some must plod, while others—ah—others fly. A law of Nature.

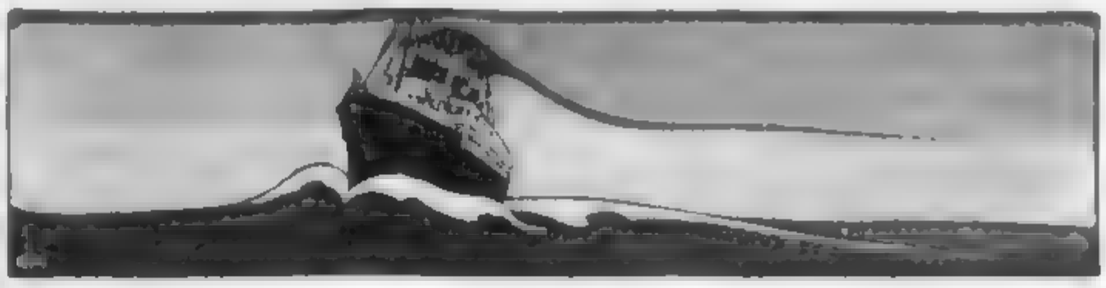
"This young man, Kinkaid, has a future; and in the discussion this afternoon Mrs. Munn mentioned his—ah—affliction. There was talk of—ah—making up a subscription and sending him away to Arizona or New Mexico. Mrs. Munn—ah—discouraged the subscription idea. We—that is, Mrs. Munn and myself—feel that we cannot allow outsiders to care for those whom we—ah—regard as peculiarly our own charges. We——"

Dave Holland's chin thrust itself forward and there was a grim tightening of the muscles about his mouth.

"So you want to do something for Kinkaid?" he asked. "Is that what you're getting at?"

"That is—ah—our intention," rumbled Mr. Munn grandly. "Something—ah—practical; something ——"

"Very well," said Dave. "I would suggest that you pay his funeral expenses. He died to-night at eight o'clock."



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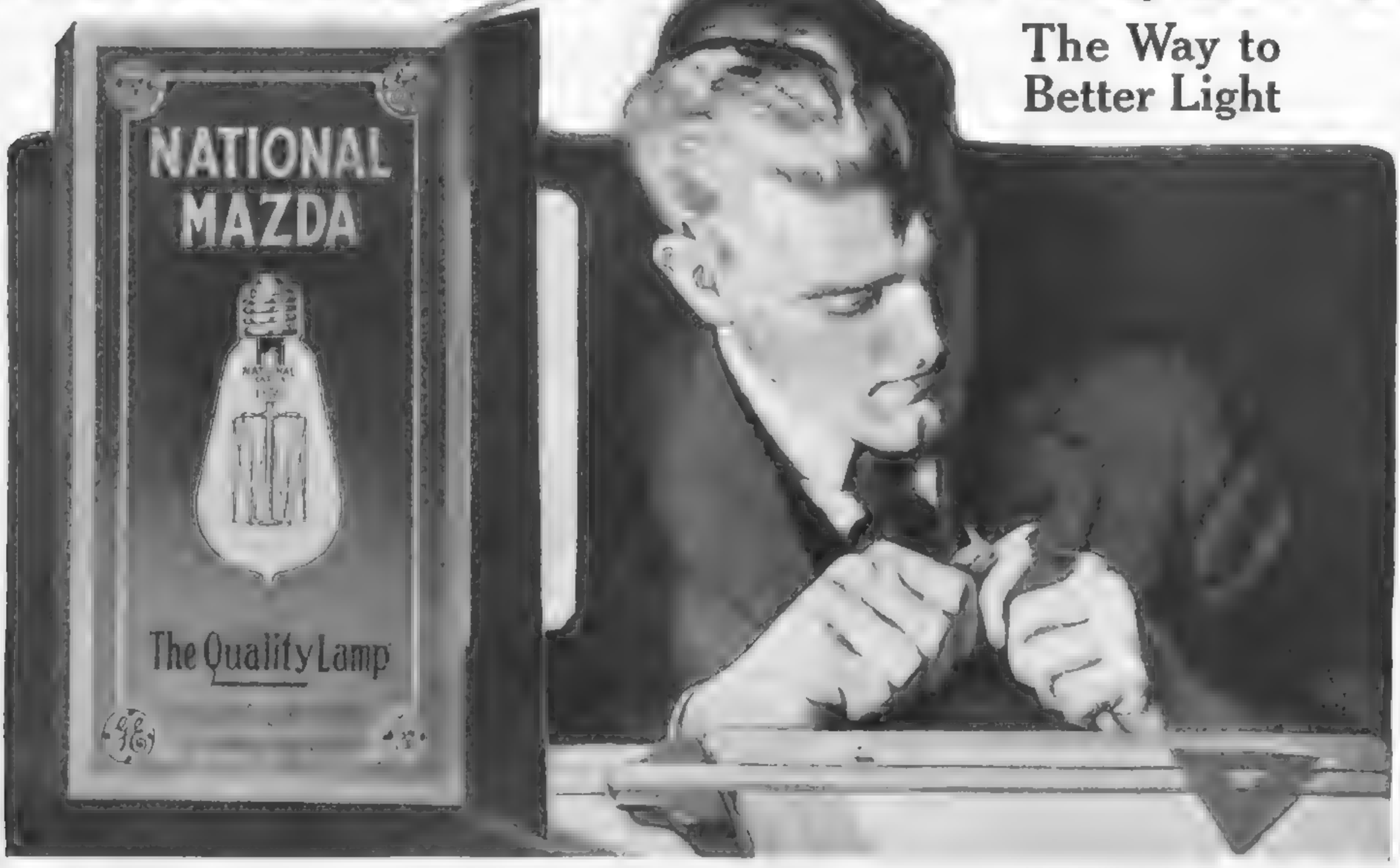

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THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 17)

He certainly was following the rule that Miss Ritchie had given him and Miss Russell had confirmed. Suddenly a great light broke upon him. The two other stars were blondes; Mrs. Carter's hair was red. Another glance at the scarf and the clerk was wise again. He thought of a suite—resplendent in peacock colorings—that had been decorated three or four years before for an eccentric patron. A word on the telephone down to the office confirmed his belief that it was vacant. Into that suite went Mrs. Carter, and she was wreathed in smiles again.

"I like those rooms," she said on leaving. "You may always keep them for me when I come to Chicago."

The man behind the desk must know his rooms—there may be five hundred or a thousand, or even more, in the hostelry over which he presides. He must know the number of windows in each; the direction in which they face; whether the bath is inside or outside; the exact location of every piece of furniture. This is rendered comparatively simple by the fact that in all modern taverns the bedroom floors are exactly alike. The room clerk memorizes the plan of each floor—in fine detail.

And as for the color schemes of the rooms, one big hotel architect has hit upon the happy plan of having the floors with numbers that can be divided by three decorated in dark red—carpets and wall paper; those just above are decorated in green; while those immediately beneath have a blue color scheme. The greeter merely has to carry this formula in mind, along with several thousand other things—perhaps the most important of them the tariff for each room. This rate tariff is standard, or should be.

The experience of a man who went out to a Middle Western city three or four years ago, and stopped at what was then reputed to be one of the best hotels in the town, is illuminating. He was given a corner room, with bath, and was charged two dollars a day for it. He was entirely satisfied with the house and went out from it a walking advertisement for its service. A year later, almost to the day, he chanced to stop again overnight in that city. He went to the same hotel. It was close to midnight, for his train had been much delayed. When a clattering taxi brought him to the tavern his heart sank. He saw rosetted flags and painted signs—handwriting on the wall; the Brothers of Something-or-Other were having their conclave in that city.

All the Traffic Will Bear

The evidence was unmistakable. Over the littered floor were cigarette stubs, torn programs, a trampled badge or two where delegates had been standing but a little while before. No wonder his heart sank. He knew what it was to come to a hotel at such a time without a room reservation. Nor did it rise when he approached a none too civil clerk and was informed that he would have to pay four dollars for a room overnight. He took it, for it was very late and he had much luggage. But such a room! It was up on the top floor of the house in close proximity to a noisy elevator—a small room of a suite and having no access to its bath.

The hotel had taken advantage of his late arrival and of his helplessness. It had charged him "all that the traffic would bear." And, though he was very tired, he slept but ill that night, for his soul raged within him. As a diversion he listened to the rattle of the elevator and thrust his hand into a huge hole in the wall beside his bed. When he rose in the morning he sought out the manager of the house, expecting at least an apology, if not a reduction in the price of the room.

He got neither. The manager stared at him blandly for a moment; then said quite coolly:

"If you don't like this house and the way we run it, you don't have to come here."

"By heaven, I don't!" was the reply.

And he did not come back to stay overnight until a new hotel was built in the place. Instead, he traveled up and down the steel highways of the land, a persistent and consistent enemy of that hotel. It had succeeded in changing an asset into a liability. The entire question of hotel rates and hotel manners seems to be much entangled. Yet, no matter what the room rates are—and in a moment we shall come to that phase of the situation—they should be absolutely fixed in any hotel which calls itself modern, or even respectable. The experience of the man who went twice to the same hotel and paid on the second occasion a wonderfully different tariff should not be that of a man who stops at a hotel which makes the slightest pretense to dealing fairly with its guests. It is simply a question of ordinary honesty between the tavern keeper and his patron.

And perhaps it is worthy of notice that the hotels which have come back, as well as the hotels that never slid to a point where they have had to come back, have taken very good care of this point. They have not even waited for the legislation some states have brought about, before posting in ink in each room the exact rate for a day when occupied by one or by two or more persons. When the hotel did this it took a long step in advance. It had learned one large lesson from its big brother, the retailer. Of course the rate it affixed to the jamb of the door was the maximum. The rates for hotel rooms are not so tightly fixed as the rates of those other travel facilities, the railroads or the steamboat lines.

Are Room Prices Too High?

The clerk in practically every hotel has the power, if he should need it in an emergency, to reduce the price of a room. The man in the theater box office has the same power, and in the metropolitan cities he does not hesitate to use it—on demand. Many a wise soul going into a Broadway theater at about the hour for the curtain to rise on the first act has placed a dollar in the wicket and, in return, has been given a coupon calling for a desirable orchestra seat. This has helped to "pad out a thin house" downstairs and has created a rather pleasant impression for the theater in the mind of its patron. It is only the last of these two conditions that can affect the sale of a hotel room at a figure below the established tariff. And the clerk must not let what becomes, under necessity, an occasional courtesy fix itself as a perquisite or habit in the mind of his patron.

The entire money problem of the front of the house is involved and complicated—so complicated, in fact, that it is the rocky channel in which many a hotel ship, carefully launched, has foundered and gone to pieces. Yet it is a channel that may be safely navigated; and, once navigated, it almost invariably brings the tavern keeper into the safe haven of a permanent return upon his money. After all the minor problems have been arranged—the disposition toward courtesy, the care over details, the securing of the right man to stand behind the desk—there still remains the major problem of making the sale of the rooms take adequate care of the running expenses of the property. For—as we shall see in a moment—the income from the rooms forms the stable and permanent income of the hotel. And upon this fact they must be fixed—fixed high enough ——

"High enough!" you interrupt and explode. "They're fixed too high. They're highway robbery already. The idea of having to pay New York prices in X——, with its noisiest boomers not daring to claim quite a hundred thousand population for the town! Why, that fellow's a robber!"

Hold on, now! Let's be fair, at least, with that innkeeper. How do you know his rates are too high? Did you ever build a hotel—ever try to run one? Let's do both—on paper. Let's figure out its operating costs and try to see what we should charge for its rooms. Let's measure this question of rates as accurately as we can. Then perhaps we can see whether the landlord of that newest hotel in your town is charging too much for the rooms in his big and modern tavern.

To build this hotel we have spent—in order to work in round numbers—an even million dollars. After paying a fancy price for a good corner downtown, because the success of our new enterprise demands that it shall have exactly the right location, we ought to have enough left to build and furnish a three-hundred-room house, which is a sort of standard size for the average American city. We begin our cost account by charging off six per cent for the use of our investment money and add an equal sum for depreciation and repairs on the properties. Here already is a fixed charge

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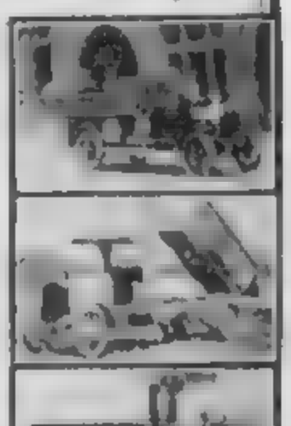

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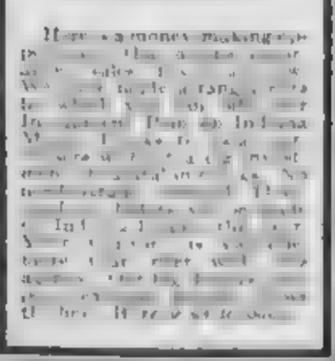

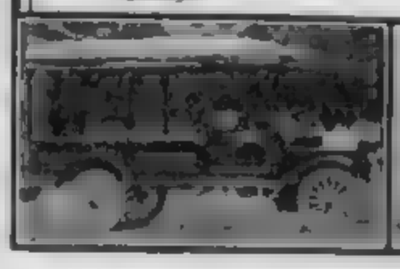

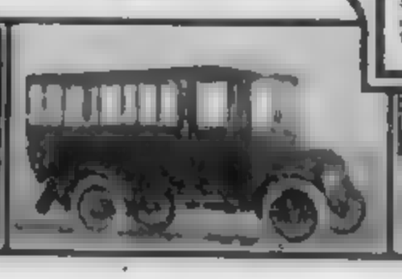

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of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to start with. Put down say thirty-five thousand dollars for pay roll—and, at that, we are not including the wages of those who are employed in the kitchen or the restaurant of the house. That is a separate business, with its own cost and balance sheets.

Now add a final twenty-five thousand for water, light, heat, taxes and insurance of every conceivable form, shape and variety, and you will find that the main cost sheet of your new hotel shows an outgo of approximately one hundred and eighty thousand annually. To meet that outgo, you will have to place your chief reliance upon the sale of your rooms—for your restaurant will do well if it does better than break even. You will have a better chance in the bar—if your state has not as yet gone dry. But remember that the wise tavern keeper in these United States of to-day has ceased to place any permanent reliance upon his profits in the liquor trade. He realizes that it is a prop which may be swept from under him at almost any moment.

To offset this annual cost of a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, we turn to our sale of rooms. It represents, in a way, our fixed and permanent income.

"But," you interrupt, "how about that restaurant? You have just called it a separate business, with its own cost sheet. Does it not pay a rental to the main enterprise?"

Invariably—in one way or another. One house charges its restaurants fifteen thousand dollars a year rental—a standing offer from a retail clothing concern for the space they occupy. But the hotel, on the other hand, must pay the restaurant for feeding its employees; and several good managers let the one thing offset the other. It seems to be a square balance between two factors the value of which can only be approximated at the best, and it saves a good deal of bookkeeping.

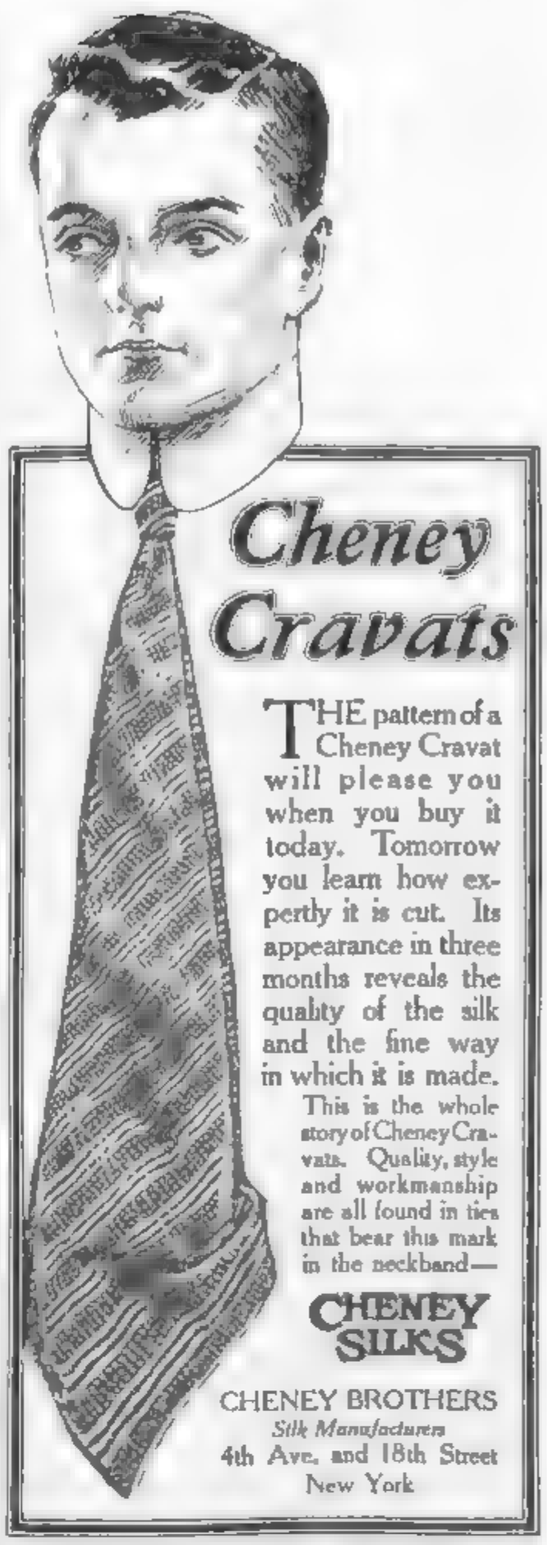
Cheap Rooms Most Profitable

Yet, with our million-dollar property, possessing three hundred sleeping rooms, understand now that we must produce the revenue to meet our general cost—one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, as we have just figured it. The experienced hotel man we have just called to our aid knows that, if our house meets with the standards of success of its fellows, it may count upon an average "single" use of each of its sleeping rooms for three hundred nights. Assuming that the average revenue from each of these rooms is at least two dollars a night—as a matter of fact, it ought to be a fraction higher—there ought to be an annual earning power for each of six hundred dollars a year, or an income of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars.

And the scientific division of this income between the prices of the rooms is one of the very difficult problems of the man who builds a hotel and makes a success of it. He must have plenty of rooms as low-priced as he dares to make them, with some expensive suites to bring up the average. And he must remember that the demand is always for the lowest-priced rooms, though his smart clerks count it a real trick of salesmanship to sell the higher-priced ones. Still, even then he will find that his lowest-priced rooms are generally in use three hundred and sixty-five nights out of the year; and he is fortunate if his higher-priced rooms are sold—at their face value, at least—forty nights out of the same space of time.

"In planning a hotel whose room department must yield an approximate return of six hundred dollars a day—based on three hundred days, of course," says an experienced hotel builder who is located near the head of Lake Michigan—"give me, every time, a house of four hundred simple rooms at an average of a dollar and a half a day, rather than a more elegant house of one hundred and fifty elaborate rooms and suites at an average of four dollars a day. Why? The answer is simple enough. In the eyes of the traveling public a room at a dollar and a half is always more of a bargain than any room at four dollars, no matter what its location or how elaborate its furnishings. And there is much more flexibility in the sale and use of a four-hundred-room house than there is in any house of but one hundred and fifty rooms. The small hotel is all very well in theory; but it is the big house—as big as the town will stand—that works out the most economically."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Hungerford on the hotel business. The first article dealt with the Back of the House.



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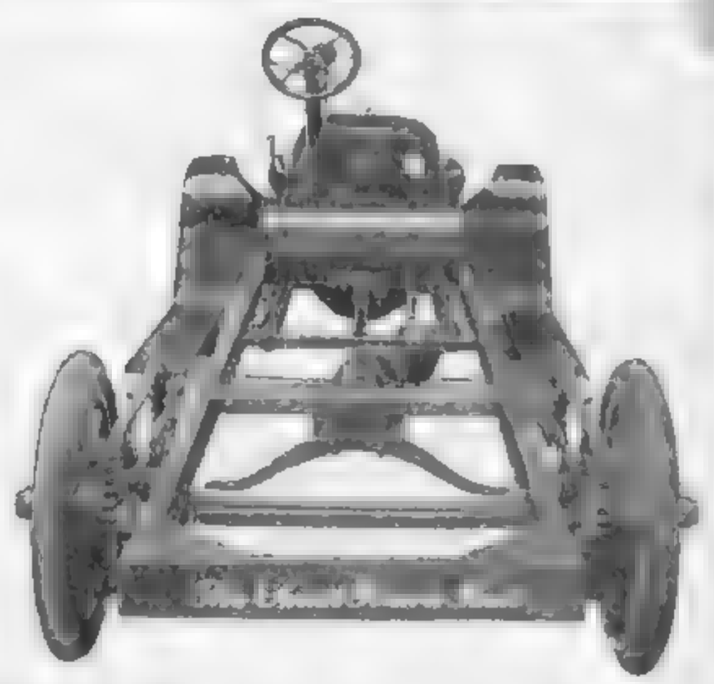

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Now $10,000,000 Sold

50,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks for 1916—equals total combined truck production for United States during 1915

Now $10,000,000 sold, with $3,000,000 the sales record for the past four weeks.

This is the most convincing proof of real value.

Analyses of transportation problems show that any business in the country, maintaining delivery service, can increase efficiency and economy by using Smith Form-a-Trucks.

This applies equally to the smallest stores and individual users in all lines, up to the biggest corporations. It is the highest development of light, sturdy, fast delivery.

Every service record—every record for economy has been obtained from owners using Smith Form-a-Trucks in all parts of the country. Hundreds are probably used now in the same kind of work you intend to put yours to. It is time-tried over three years; tested under all kinds of load, under all conditions of work.

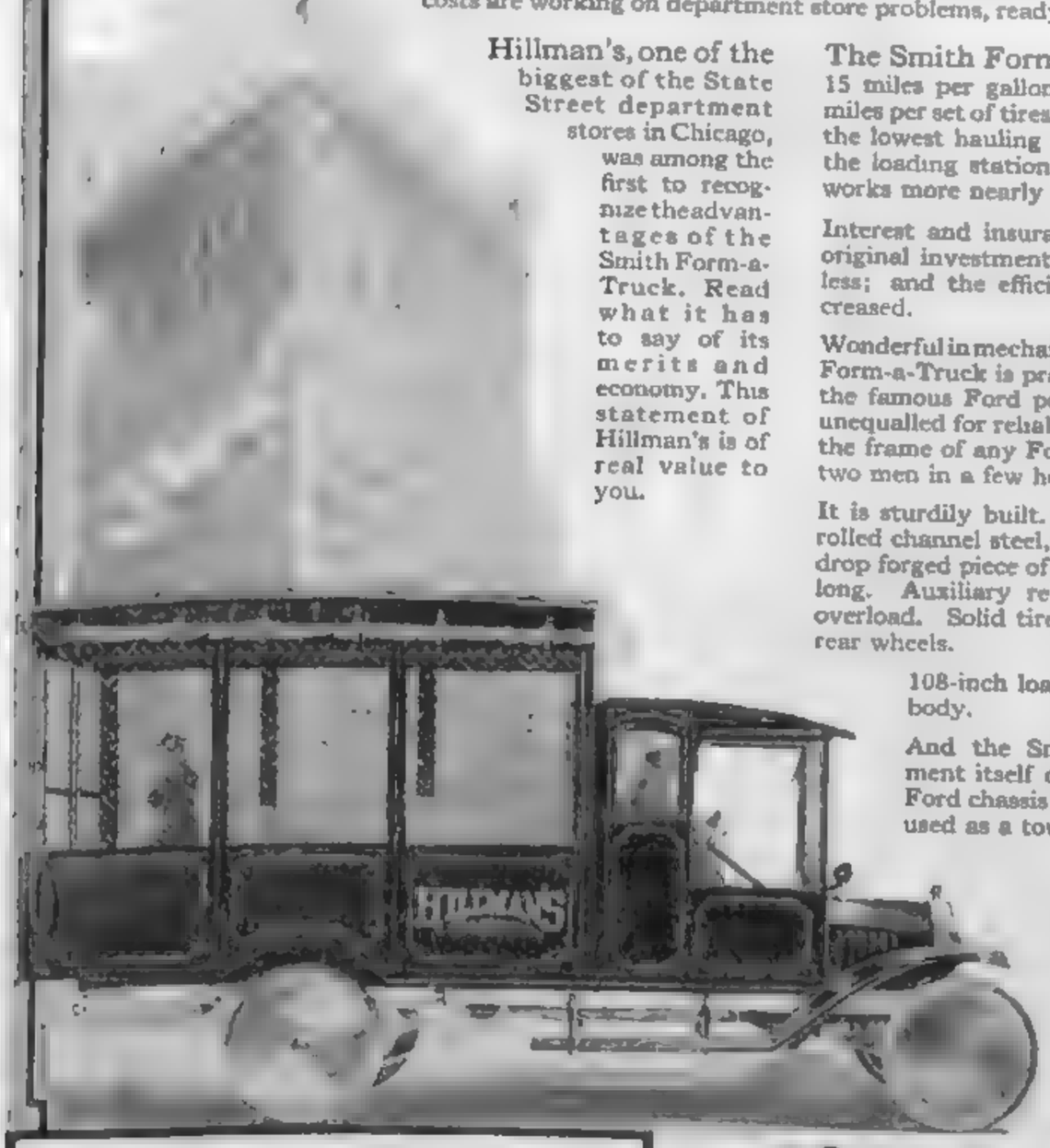
And wherever the Smith Form-a-Truck is used, it builds trade by increasing radius of delivery—by giving a neat, handsome delivery vehicle—by affording quick, reliable delivery service.

The Smith Form-a-Truck guaranty is the same that you get on the most expensive trucks.

We can well afford to guarantee the mechanical construction that goes into the Smith Form-a-Truck. We know how it is built: that the materials and workmanship are the best.

World's Lowest Hauling Cost—Department Stores—Dry Goods Stores

May is department store, dry goods and general store month with Smith Form-a-Truck dealers all over the country. Our experts in delivery costs are working on department store problems, ready to answer questions you may ask. Write while we are working on your problems.



Hillman's, one of the biggest of the State Street department stores in Chicago, was among the first to recognize the advantages of the Smith Form-a-Truck. Read what it has to say of its merits and economy. This statement of Hillman's is of real value to you.

The Smith Form-a-Truck averages 12 to 15 miles per gallon of gasoline—6,000 to 8,000 miles per set of tires—50% lower initial cost—and the lowest hauling cost. It saves waste time at the loading station—makes more trips a day—works more nearly at maximum capacity.

Interest and insurance charges are lower, your original investment is small. Fixed charges are less; and the efficiency of your delivery is increased.

Wonderful in mechanical construction—the Smith Form-a-Truck is practically everlasting. It uses the famous Ford power plant and transmission unequalled for reliability and economy—fits over the frame of any Ford chassis—installed by any two men in a few hours.

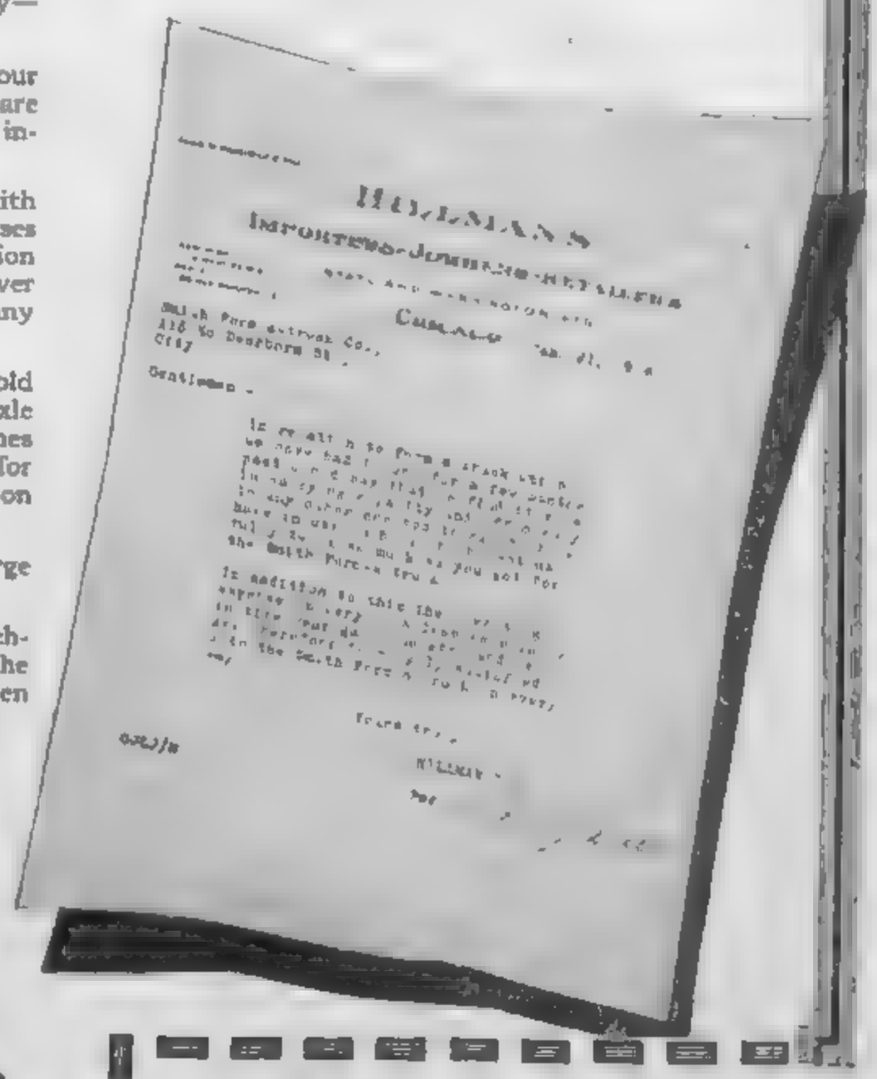
It is sturdily built. Frame 4 inches deep, cold rolled channel steel, with a wide web. Rear axle drop forged piece of steel. Side springs 42 inches long. Auxiliary relief and balance spring for overload. Solid tires—Firestone truck type, on rear wheels.

108-inch loading space—ample for large body.

And the Smith Form-a-Truck attachment itself carries 90% of the load—the Ford chassis is doing less work than when used as a touring car.

Our big new plant with tremendous facilities for production—and materials for 50,000 trucks already bought and in our factory, enable us to take care of your order as soon as it comes in.

Next month we have a special message for contractors, builders, and jobbers in building materials.



DEALERS—Act Quickly Dealerships for Smith Form a Trucks are closing so rapidly that your only protection is to wire us at once. Within a very short time we will have all the dealers we can possibly take care of, and all desirable territory will be closed.

We are not urging any dealer—we merely want to make this suggestion—if you are interested you had better act quickly to save disappointment. Our big national advertising campaign is stimulating such tremendous interest that our present dealers are flooded with the prospects we are referring to them.

Act quickly if you are at all interested. The best thing to do is to WIRE TODAY.

SMITH Form-a-Truck COMPANY

Suite 918, Smith Form-a-Truck Building
1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

CUT THIS OUT—MAIL TODAY

SMITH FORM-A-TRUCK CO. S E P 5 6
Suite 918, Smith Form-a-Truck Building,
1470 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen—If you can prove to me that your Smith Form a Truck is the cheapest transportation in the world I am interested, so send me your booklet "It Solves Your Delivery Problem." No obligation on my part.

My business is _____ *I can use* _____ *trucks.*

Name _____

Address _____

I suggest as a good dealer _____

FISK Tire Service

A Message to New Car Owners!

FISK Tire Service is FREE. It includes putting in your new tube, mounting tire on your spare wheel, air testing, inspection, inflation, putting your wheels in alignment, and so on, *regardless of the tire used.*

No other organization in the country is so well prepared to give you this assistance—*no other service policy is so liberal.* There is never a charge made in any Fisk Branch except for actual repairs and supplies.

Your future tire expense depends on your early knowledge of how to care for and use your tires; proper inflation for *your* car; how to economize by caring for the small cuts; and a dozen and one other things that have a direct bearing on tire expense.

More than 100 direct Fisk Branches are distributed throughout the country. At any one of them you get this uniform FREE Service and expert advice. Many motorists have reduced expenses, eliminated road annoyances and increased their mileage greatly by *regular monthly tire inspections*—FREE at Fisk Branches.

Consult Your Telephone Directory for the Local Fisk Branch—Make Use of Fisk Service Now.

DON VENUSTIANO

(Concluded from Page 8)

Some of these expatriated enemies of Carranza—they number some thousands of men who are of education and were of property, to say nothing of many of the lower classes—have been working on plans for deposing Carranza, seizing the government, and endeavoring to establish peace. Last winter there was a San Antonio conference, which produced a plan but made little headway. The real movement was about at its head when the Columbus raid occurred and President Wilson issued his intervention-plot statement. Naturally these men quit immediately. They are waiting now for the turn of events.

The plan under which the attempt was to be made to restore order in Mexico, and which, of course, contemplated the elimination of Carranza and his supporters, was described in a secret document drawn up and circulated among the various expatriated leaders. It met with general approval.

However, this plan was to be put into effect by what was to be called and organized as the Federal Army of the Republic of Mexico. The basis of it is an army financed by these rich and expatriated Mexicans, which shall gain control of the country, wipe out the forces of the *de facto* government and of the rebel and bandit chieftains, and which all Mexicans of "clean purposes and healthy principles" are to be invited to join. This army is to be supreme and is to hold power while a constitutional government is being established. The civil administration is to be constituted by a legislative body, formed by civil or military representatives from each civil division, state and subdivision thereof, selected in a satisfactory manner. The plan then includes the selection of three men by this legislative assembly; and these three men are to be the supreme council of the government, remaining in power for six months and eligible for reelection.

The Executive Triumvirate

These three men are to be the executives; and, working with the legislative body, are to provide a government. Any man who is discovered displaying "any aspiration, tendency or purpose other than the reëstablishment of order and peace," or making any move foreign to that prime object, is to be expelled and rendered ineligible for any office until a constitutional government is finally established. The death penalty for political offenses is abolished, and all properties confiscated by armed political factions are to be returned to their owners, the courts—when constituted—to decide all claims for damages and of ownership.

A "Special Restitution Attorney" is to be named to act in these cases. The Executive Council is to name a Cabinet by a majority vote. The majority of the states, under the control of this army, shall decree dates for elections, which must be within three months of date of decree; and constitutional officers shall be elected at those elections. After those elections are held and constitutional government prepared for, then the legislative body and the Executive Council, to be established by the Federal Army, will wind up their affairs. All members of the legislative body and of the council are to be subject to official inquiry and punishment for any overt acts during the two years it is expected this work of reorganization will require; and all military men are to be subject to court martial. Public rents and foreign loans will be used to pay expenses, and the Executive Council will name the governors for the states during the continuance of the provisional government, and such other officials as are required. No formal political affiliations or class distinctions are to be observed, but honorable men are to be selected, and failure to select honorable men will react on the selectors.

The Federal Army, by which these reforms are to be enforced, and which will be the primary governing power, is to be recruited by the expatriates both in and out of Mexico, including such of the present federal troopers as desire to come in. It is understood that twenty thousand men, now in the United States, are available, and that there is plenty of money for the first financing. It is expected that many men still in Mexico, anxious for peace and order, will join. The Federal Army, as it assumes control—which, of course, will not be until there has been considerable fighting—is to "notify, with due opportunity, of the attitude it will assume, all nations friendly to Mexico; and especially those who, on account of the similarity of principles, tendencies and organizations, have, with noble purpose, taken an interest in our domestic struggle; but under no condition will the army act so as to bind the independence of action of the provisional government, or, much less, seek foreign intervention that might affect the honor and dignity of the nation."

What Insiders Say

Treason, defection and desertion previously determined will make Mexicans ineligible for the army and for office. These men, as the plan states, will be reserved for "passive employments." No former political plan, under which any of the various revolutions have been fought, will be accepted; but there is guaranteed "to all factions the most absolute freedom of action in all electoral work, except that order must be maintained and the rights of others respected."

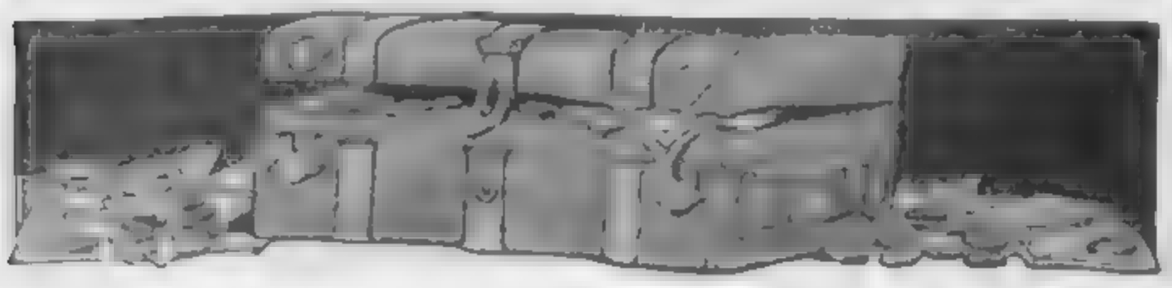
This plan is in abeyance, as I write, awaiting the event of the punitive expedition of American soldiers into Mexico, and such further events as circumstances may bring about. None of the Mexicans who propose it—and the proposers are Mexicans of wealth and education—has any idea that the plan can be carried through without the assistance of the United States, both financial and physical. It contemplates, of course, the conquering of the present warring factions. Its primary force is to be this army. After the army wins control, then the provisional government, military and civil, is to be established, with the army as the power; and after that it is hoped to get order.

Men who know Mexico and the Mexicans best, and the inside of the situation—the real conditions—are unanimously saying that the Carranza government cannot last; that any usurper—even Obregon—could not get a stable government without the intervention and aid of the United States. If the Villa expedition results in the capture or killing of Villa and the withdrawal of the troops of the United States, and if there is no intervention by the United States, it is figured that conditions will gradually get worse for the next two years, at which time Mexico will be prostrate and intervention imperative, by either the United States or some other country. The men who say this are both Mexicans and Americans.

The expedition to get Villa may serve a purpose in showing the Mexicans that the United States has soldiers and that those soldiers will fight; but it will settle nothing in Mexico unless the American troops remain there. It is merely an incident.

That is the Mexican situation in a nutshell; and neither capturing Villa nor dickering with Carranza will alter it. Mexico will have neither peace nor prosperity, neither order nor productiveness, until the United States establishes those desirable national attributes by taking charge in Mexico. If Obregon should depose Carranza there would be revolt against Obregon immediately; and so against any Mexican who might depose Obregon.

The authorities at Washington may awake to this real Mexican situation and duty one day. If not, it is probable that sooner or later the American people will awaken them



SIGN THIS MOTION PICTURE PROTEST

Mothers *Fathers*
Teachers *Ministers*

Everybody Who Is Interested In Clean, Wholesome Photoplays Should Read This and Act.

The future of the motion picture industry is in your hands.

No sane exhibitor is going to persist in showing pictures that do not meet with the approval of his patrons. There are plenty of wholesome, entertaining and uplifting photoplays.

Paramount Pictures

ARE THE PRODUCTIONS OF
Famous Players Film Co.; Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co.; The Oliver Morosco Photoplay Co.; Pallas Pictures

David Belasco, Daniel Frohman, Oliver Morosco, and other world-famous producers are associated in staging the features which make the Paramount Program.

Appearing in Paramount Pictures exclusively are the greatest stars of stage and screen—players who could not be induced to appear in any photoplays but the best—Paramount Pictures.

If your theatre is not showing Paramount Pictures exclusively, fill in the blank below, tear it off and leave it at the ticket window next time you go to see pictures.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
NEW YORK N.Y.

Paramount Pictures

The trademark that stands for Quality and Cleanliness

I am a Protest and a Request

Leave me at the box office

I am opposed to sensational and suggestive pictures. I want the best. I should like to see Paramount Pictures. I will support you in any conscientious effort toward bigger, cleaner, better pictures.

Name

Address

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE Sale is half made when The salesman says "Delco Equipment."

350,000 satisfied owners are now driving cars equipped with Delco Cranking, Lighting and Ignition

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company

Dayton, Ohio

THE PENTECOST OF CALAMITY

(Concluded from Page 29)

the part of the German press, or that the Cologne Gazette, on January 6, 1915, said as follows: "Circumstances often compel us to swerve from the right path and to answer lies by lies. This is the only way to silence the liars.

"When our soldiers' strong arms have prevailed we shall be glad to return to our habits of strict frankness."

Neither are intelligent Americans or the rest of the civilized world for the next generation likely to forget that ninety-three of the most prominent men of Germany, distinguished in various branches of science, art, education and literature, signed a document meant for American consumption, in which, among other things, they declared as follows: "It is not true that Germany is guilty of having caused this war. Germany did her utmost to prevent it. . . . It is not true that we trespassed in neutral Belgium. . . . It is not true that the life and property of a single Belgian citizen was injured by our soldiers without the bitterest self-defense having made it necessary. . . . It is not true that our troops treated Louvain brutally. . . . It is not true that our warfare pays no respect to international laws." . . . Etc., etc.

I have recalled only a very little of German perfidy here; but it should be enough to explain why a person like myself, who, as you may remember, came to you in August before the real truth about Germany began to reach us and wanted you to let me write you an article that was to be wholly sympathetic with Germany, should experience a complete mental change. You will remember that you were glad that I should undertake such an article and also that before I had been able to get far in it the facts about Belgium and the diplomatic correspondence became known to us all and made any sympathy with Germany impossible.

I trust that I have made it sufficiently plain to you why the ten German affidavits denying the school festivals seem to me like so many scraps of paper.

Yours very truly,

OWEN WISTER.

Not What but How

THEY were putting on an Oriental film at a moving-picture place, and, to give a touch of local color, the manager burned in the auditorium those pungent taperlike things that are so generally used in Chinese joss houses and at summer resorts in the mosquito belt.

A gentleman of a fussy aspect entered. He sniffed the air sharply and then addressed an usher.

"Young man," he stated in the tone of one who is not to be deceived, "I smell punk."

"How's that, sir?" asked the youth.

"I said," repeated the severe man, "that I smell punk."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the usher reassuringly. "I can let you sit in a box where nobody'll notice it."

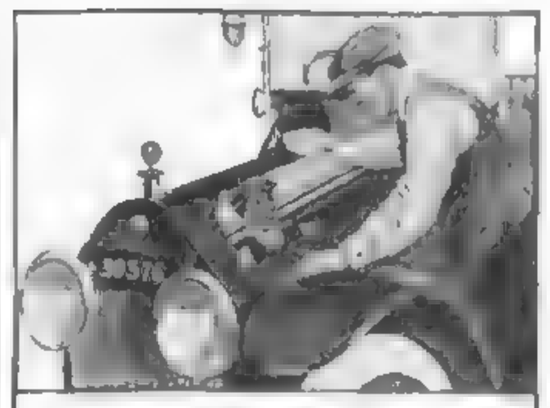
Caught

AT A SPECIAL performance in New York a scene was being offered from a new play in which the principal male character had occasion to quote the Seven-Ages-of-Man speech from Shakspere.

He read the lines with such telling effect that the audience burst into prolonged applause, temporarily stopping the action of the piece.

In the pause that succeeded the outburst, a sophisticated-looking youth of a typical Broadway aspect was observed by one who sat just behind him to lean sideways and remark in the attentive ear of a young woman companion:

"Say, the fellow that wrote this play is a thief! Nearly all of that last stuff is a very popular saying."



Dirty, Grimy Hoods

can be made just like new—you can easily do it yourself and save the cost of revarnishing.

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

will remove stains, scum, road-oil, tar, grease, mud freckles and surface scratches which you thought were permanent.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is the proper polish to use on your car. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather, adding years to its life. It covers up mars and scratches—prevents checking and cracking—and "sheds water like a duck's back."

Makes a "Wash" Last for Weeks

Mud and dust do not stick to Johnson's Prepared Wax. After a dirty, dusty trip just wipe off your car—it isn't necessary to wash it. Many people even wax the under side of their fenders because the mud comes off so easily

Going to Sell Your Car?

If so, clean and polish it first with Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—it will sell quicker and you can get $50.00 to $100.00 more for it

Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax are invaluable for use around the house—for cleaning and polishing furniture, woodwork, floors—and in fact all wood, metal and enamel surfaces. Johnson's Cleaner will remove spots and stains that other cleaners won't touch

For 10c we will send you trial cans of Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—enough for a good test.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. SP 5, Racine, Wis.

Colors don't fade in

Emery Shirts

That's a good reason for looking for Emery when you buy shirts *this Spring*. You get GUARANTEED fit, color and wear, at $1.50 and up. Ask your dealer.

See the Nek-ban-tab. It's only on Emery shirts and it's there to open the button-pocket for you at back of neckband).

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Philadelphia

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

You can get 5,000 miles MORE service out of them

For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months 30,000 American motorists have followed their example and are saving $50 to $200 a year in tire expense.

We Deliver Free Without a cent deposit, prepay the express and allow you to be the judge. Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture. Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on this shipment direct from factory. Don't take any more chances with your tires. Mail the coupon Today and find out how to get 5,000 more miles out of them.

MAIL TODAY—SAVE THE DISCOUNT

COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.

545 Tread Bldg., Denver Colo. E-45 Transportation Bldg., Chicago 720-455 Woolworth Bldg. New York

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation, full information, sample ABC guarantee.

Name

Address

My Tire Sizes are

Reflector

Reflects the collar style preference, just now, with men who frequent fashion centers. Like all

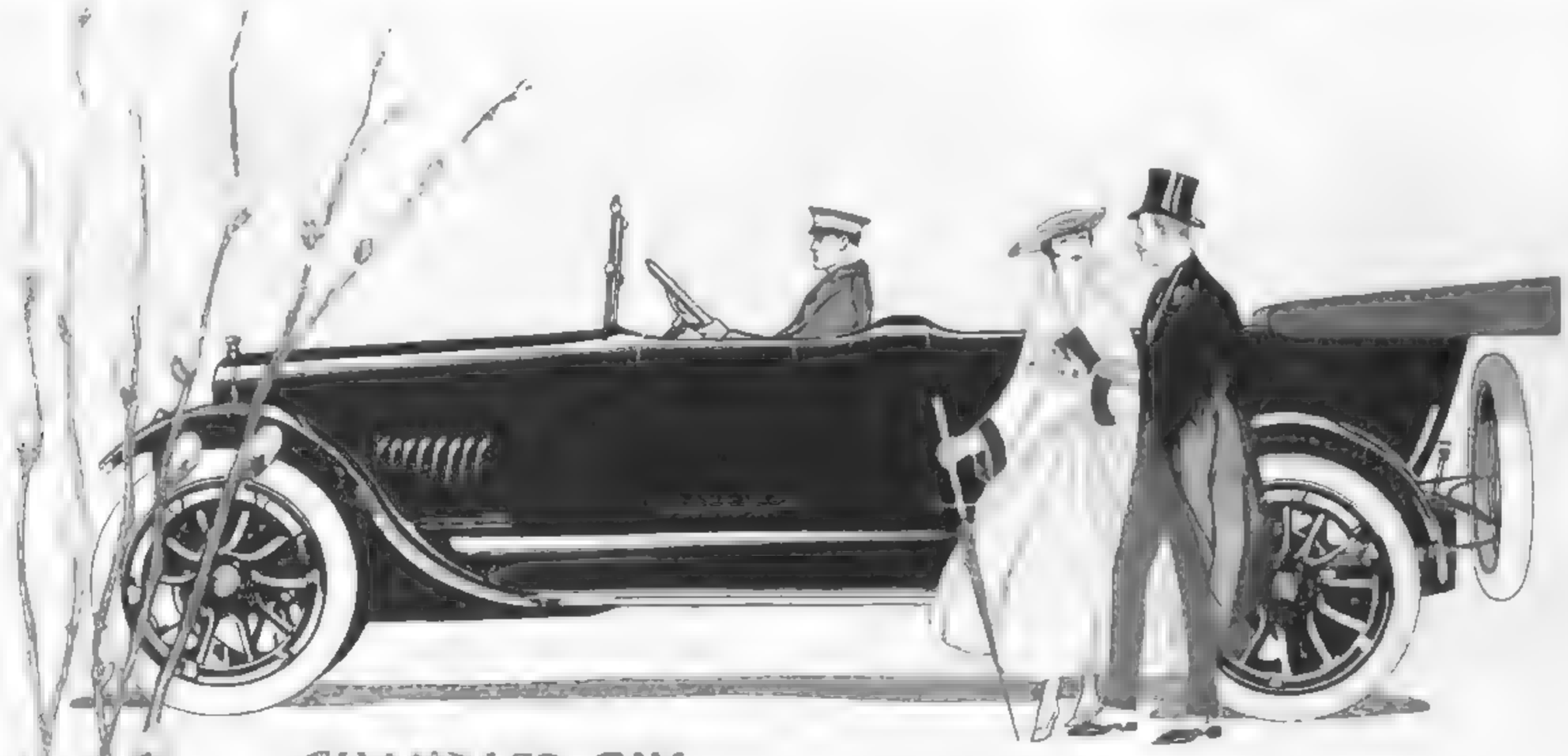
SLIDEWELL FASHION COLLARS

it mirrors satisfaction. See that uniform, Graduated Tie Space—and too, the Tie Protecting Shield that saves your good neckwear. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your size and 75c for 6

Quarter sizes

2 for 25c

Hall, Hartwell & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y



CHANDLER SIX
$1295

If you want to experiment——
If you want to *try out* some new *theory* of motor construction——
You won't be interested in the Chandler

BUT if you want a motor that has in it three years of *making good*,

If you want the motor that turned the whole automobile industry away from *high priced* sixes and wasteful heavy fours,

If you want the strong sturdy chassis that showed men the folly of needless weight,

If you want the solid aluminum motor base, and Bosch magneto ignition, and the silent spiral-bevel-gear rear axle, and Gray & Davis starting and lighting, and a dozen other of the highest class features at the lowest obtainable price, and

If you want

The Most Beautiful of All the New Motor Car Bodies,

You *will* be interested in the Chandler.

This isn't argument, or persuasion, or contention. It's just a simple, *provable fact.*

POWER—Ample to take this car load . . . anywhere that any automobile can go.

SPEED—More than 999 out of every thousand car owners would ever want or dare to use.

MOTOR—The Marvelous Chandler Motor built in the Chandler factories for three years past and famous the world over. FREE FROM ANY HINT OF EXPERIMENTATION

Seven-Passenger Touring Car - $1295
Four-Passenger Roadster - - $1295
F. O. B. Cleveland

Write for New Catalogue and name of nearest Chandler Dealer

Prompt Orders Secure Prompt Deliveries

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY

505–535 E. 131st St., Cleveland, Ohio

New York Office, 1884 Broadway — Cable Address, "Chanmotor"

Ordinary roads become impassable under war traffic.

Photo by Brown Bros.

Courtesy Leslie's Weekly

The kind of traffic roads must withstand in war. Austrian artillery on the march.

English truck mired in a flooded road.

Photo by Paul Thompson

Photo by Brown Bros.

Permanent roads are an absolute necessity for the proper transportation of war material.

Courtesy Leslie's Weekly

This is the kind of a road that saved Paris. Auto mitrailleuses ready to open fire.

Concrete Roads Will Withstand the Traffic of Peace or War

NEVER before have roads played a greater part in the world's history. The present war teaches not only the enormous importance of permanent roads as a measure of preparedness, but illustrates with startling vividness the necessity of permanent highways to meet the demands of modern motor traffic.

War demands roads that will successfully withstand the concentrated traffic of thousands of motor vehicles, heavy trucks loaded with men, supplies and ammunition, great guns often weighing many tons and swift cars for rapid transportation in great emergencies. The normal traffic of twenty years is often duplicated in a few weeks, and the roads must withstand it.

> An editorial in Harper's Weekly, February 12, 1916, says: "Once the automobile was a luxury. To-day we all know vaguely the immense rôle it plays. The war has been reminding us of one side of it, for there it has had a leading rôle. It saved Paris and it has changed the whole nature of warfare."

But the requirements of peaceful traffic are no less surprising. Not only has military transportation completely changed, but the highway traffic of the United States has in a few years undergone radical transformation. The editorial continues:

> "We see the horse disappearing from cities; we see the delivery wagons of great stores; we see a serious volume of express business being done by automobile; we see farming and the lives of farmers being changed.... Think what it means that sixty-five per cent of American cars purchased last year were delivered through towns of 5,000 or less."

Macadam roads, once sufficient for the requirements of horse-drawn traffic, cannot resist the motor traffic of peace, much less that of war. The passage of heavy trucks and the shearing action of the tires of swiftly moving pleasure cars soon tear loose the surface of the best macadam and leave a road raveled, rutted and unfit for traffic. Of all *permanent* roads concrete alone offers at the lowest first cost and at the lowest maintenance cost the road that can successfully withstand the changing traffic of today.

That sixty-five per cent of automobiles made in 1915 were sold in rural communities illustrates the immediate necessity for roads that will withstand the demands of modern traffic. That farmers in nine states alone owned on January 1, 1915, $250,000,000 worth of cars proves that the automobile has made permanent roads a vital issue.

Edwin A. Stevens, Commissioner of Public Roads, New Jersey, in an article in the February Scribner's entitled "The Future of Good Roads in State and Nation," says:

"The military features of our roads have been all but entirely overlooked. Strategically, roads must connect points of military importance. Tactically, they must be designed to carry necessary military traffic. In the light of the experience of the great war, this means that very heavy loads, guns of 6 and 8 inch calibre, heavy motor-trucks, high-speed cars, cavalry and infantry must be accommodated."

Our illustrated booklet **"Concrete Facts About Concrete Roads"** will be sent free of charge on request. We invite correspondence relative to concrete road construction and maintenance.

A concrete road 16 feet wide costs on an average $15,000 a mile to build and less than $50 a year to maintain. The first cost is but little more than macadam; the maintenance infinitely less. Furthermore, the concrete road will actually grow stronger with age, while the average macadam road must be entirely rebuilt approximately every seven years.

The average costs of different types of roads are given in the 1915 New York State Highway report by Edwin Duffey, Commissioner of the Highway Department, as follows: "It may be said here that the experience of the Department shows—all conditions of course included—that the average cost of the water-bound macadam road has been about $10,000 a mile. The average cost of a bituminous road, penetration method, has been about $13,000 a mile. The average cost of a first-class concrete road has been about $15,000 a mile, and the average cost of brick pavements has been about $25,000 a mile. These figures include engineering and inspection."

Figures compiled from the New York State Highway reports of 1913 and 1914 show the average cost of 38.7 miles of oil macadam as $11,780 per mile and an annual maintenance cost of $933 per mile. The average cost of 71.90 miles of bituminous macadam was $12,830 per mile and the maintenance cost $605 per mile per year.

Compare the above figures with those given in the 1915 report of the County Highway Commission of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, which shows the maintenance cost of 86 miles of concrete roads as only $58 per mile per year. Of this small sum approximately $23 per mile was spent for the maintenance of the road shoulders, etc., leaving the maintenance on the concrete only $35 per mile.

The above figures point to but one conclusion—that permanent concrete roads with their low maintenance cost give the most economical results.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION, 111 West Washington Street, CHICAGO

Southwestern Life Building, Dallas, Texas — Hurt Building, Atlanta — 116 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco — Ideal Building, Denver — Commerce Building, Kansas City

Fairview's Hired Man

I GET such letters occasionally—and they make me sick. They give me a sharp, darting, spasmodic pain. The last one of the sort came from the head of a social-center conference in the East.

"Dear Mr. Dunham," it reads, "the work done in your community by yourself, the Reverend Frank Wiggins and Dr. Thomas Whelpley is, I know, very important, and I should like to know more about it. You have the most completely socialized rural community in America ——" And more of that same rot.

We are not a socialistic community—nor anarchistic either. We had a few Populist votes in the era of General Weaver, and there is one Socialist vote almost every presidential election, and I think I know who casts it; but I would no more accuse him of it, without better evidence than I possess, than I would without proof indict him for body snatching. That's my attitude, and our attitude, and it makes us rather furious to be accused of socialism or anything that sounds like it. We are a solid farming community in the Corn Belt, with lands worth from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars an acre—and having hard work to make both ends meet on that basis of capitalization. I have told you that a great many of our older families have abandoned their farms for city life and turned them over to tenants, and that we have been fighting to keep our neighborhood life from absolutely going to pot on account of the mania for retiring from Fairview. I have related a part of the history of the twentieth-century rural-church pioneering of Daisy and Frank Wiggins, who have given us a new kind of country church. As for the individual referred to in this letter as "Dr. Thomas Whelpley," he is not a doctor of anything, nor a Thomas either. His full name is Tom Whelpley, and he is the Fairview District's new hired man. Now let us see how much his work, and Frank Wiggins', and Daisy's—I have done nothing, as any of them will tell you, but try, in my mossback way, to put whip sockets on the motor car of progress—justifies this epithet of "a socialized community."

Isaiah on Cattle-Feeding

Just another word on this accusation that we have been doing something revolutionary and socialistic in our neighborhood. As a matter of fact, what have we been doing? We have been applying the old New England public-school and town-meeting idea to our present-day life. We brought the best of New England to the Corn Belt in prairie schooners before the great Civil War. We've got the old machine on our hands. Is it socialistic to repair it?

Frank Wiggins just dropped in and looked over what I have written, and smiled in that quiet way of his at what he calls my heat in the matter.

"Why so hot, little man?" said he, quoting somebody and not meaning any slur. "Why object to the name of socialism if the thing itself suits you?"

But do you suppose I am going to sit down tamely and accept statements that will give that one Socialist voter in the whole township the laugh on me? Not if this court knows itself, and it thinks it does.

Why, our good luck in getting Tom Whelpley as the Neighborhood Hired Man is the direct result of our conservatism. Frank Wiggins reads more farm papers than any other farmer in the district; and if he were consistent would take his text on Sunday from the writings of Dean Henry, or Liberty Bailey, or Henry Wallace, or Doctor Hopkins, or Governor Hoard, rather than from the Bible. I told him so one day, and the next Sunday, just to show me that the Bible is an agricultural book, he preached from the seventh chapter of Isaiah, the twenty-fifth verse: "And on all hills that shall be digged with the mattock, there shall not come thither the fear of briers and thorns: but it shall be for the sending forth of oxen, and for the treading of lesser cattle." It was a plea for the cattle-feeding business as a religious function! The Reverend Frank always comes back at us.

He is possessed of an apostolic foolhardiness, a holy boldness which would have carried him successfully to the stake in an earlier day; and he is always trying to force on us old farmers his views as to new ways of doing our business; but we don't mind, and when he goes too far we turn him down cold. He always means well, and usually we humor him. When this idea developed of having the Department at Washington and the State College of Agriculture coöperate in sending experts into the various counties to do what Doctor Spillman calls demonstration work, the Reverend Frank wanted our county to have the first demonstrator in the North—the South had had them for a long time even then. Having chiseled me out of fifteen acres of swamp land and having worked Abel Bohn into letting him dump the water from it onto his land as a water supply—though Abel had refused me the same privilege for ten years—Frank said he wanted the advice of a county agent in developing the glebe land of the Fairview Meeting House; and one day he drove into my front yard with a professor of the agricultural college and a man who held himself up as a Department expert. This man was Tom Whelpley.

Where the Long Words Come From

Tom is a Tennessee hill-billy, who walked I don't know how many miles when he was fifteen to a place where they teach the mountain girls and boys in what they call a college—but the first thing they taught Tom was the alphabet. He worked his way through this college, and after he had learned enough, knocked off from time to time and taught school. He was a success in the country schools; but when he tried to lift himself higher in the teaching profession by city work, he fell down. He didn't seem to fit into the angles of the pavements.

He was long and weedy to look at; and you might spend a hundred dollars on sprucing him up, and he would still look weather-beaten, like a cowboy masquerading as a drug clerk.

He tells me that he was mightily downcast when the city superintendent suggested that he wasn't temperamentally adapted to teaching; because teaching was the only thing he wanted to do. That's one advantage they have in school work down South—teaching apparently is there still considered a man's work. Tom believed it to be a man's work, and he counted himself, in spite of his troubles with city conditions, the proper man to do it. Doctor Knapp was just opening up his demonstration work in the South; and one of the pioneer demonstrators drifted into Tom's neighborhood, and filled Tom with the idea that here was a new and different sort of teaching—teaching farmers how to farm. So Tom in the perfect independence of pennilessness made his way to our state agricultural college, which he chose because our Corn-Belt colleges had a high reputation in the South. Not being able to make as much money in Corn-Belt rural school-teaching as he could as a farm hand, he supported himself largely by farm work; all the time applying the science he got in the college to the practice of the farm—in thought, at least. Of course no good farmer would allow him to carry it much farther than the thought stage. And now that Tom had graduated from the agricultural college with some gray in his hair, this professor and our minister were trying to saw him off on us as a county agent at a salary of eighteen hundred a year, half of which we farmers of the county were expected to pay. And of all men to start such a subscription paper they had Abel Bohn, who still believed in foot-washing as a means of grace in church!

Well, of course, we weren't going to fall very suddenly for anything like that. We hadn't thought it out. We told Wiggins and the professor and Tom Whelpley that we relied on experience as our guide in farming and didn't take much stock in new-fangled ideas.

"I see you have a patch of rape over there," remarked Tom. "Why do you grow rape?"

"Best hog pasture I can grow," I replied.

"I notice that Mr. Beebe has a patch of alfalfa that looks sort of yellow and spindling," he went on. "I wonder what's the cause of that."

"It lacks inoculation," I answered. "Wilson and I dug up I guess twenty crowns of

Three Different Machines —Each One An Indian

INDIAN BIG TWIN

EVERY man and boy can now ride an Indian—can choose either a big, powerful, swift Indian Motocycle; an Indian Featherweight of less but ample power and speed, or an Indian Bicycle.

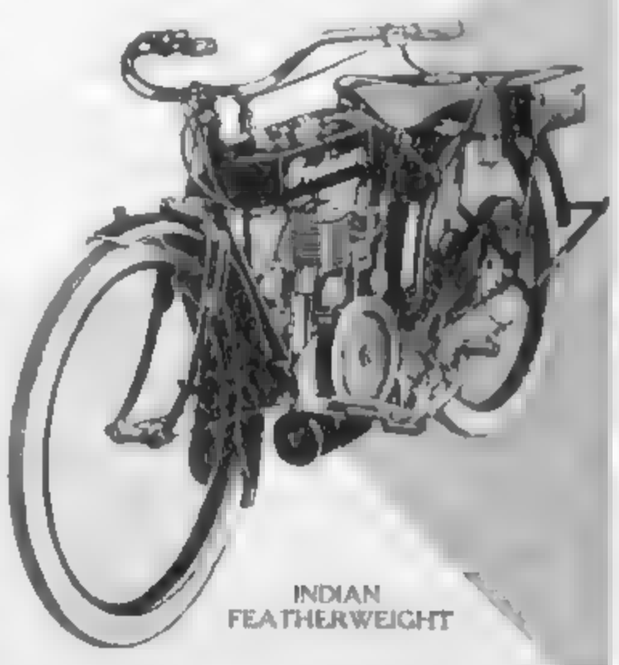
And he gets for his money in whatever form of Indian riding he prefers the utmost in certified value and service protection.

Twin cylinder motor advancement has reached its highest point in the new Indian

Powerplus Motor

Develops 15 to 18 horsepower, dynamometer test. Long stroke. The greatest producer of power per cubic inch of piston displacement.

The 1916 Indian Powerplus motor has fewest parts, least wear. All moving mechanism enclosed; clean, silent power. Light reciprocating parts. Instant getaway. Four models, $215 to $275.



INDIAN FEATHERWEIGHT

1916 Featherweight

Not a motor-bicycle—a thorough-bred motorcycle. Simple mechanism; light, easy to handle. Speed and power in modified form at moderate initial cost. Comfortable, convenient, practical. Indian construction and quality from tip to tip. 2½ h. p., 3 speed, Indian starter, $150.

INDIAN MOTOBIKE

1916 Indian Motobike

Little brother of the big Indian Motocycle. The electrically equipped model of the 1916 bicycle line. Indian gasoline tank style of battery container, electric light with reflector, double forks, long braced handlebars—real motorcycle style lines. Price $40. 10 other models, $25 to $40.

Send for beautiful 1916 Indian Motocycle or Bicycle Catalog

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 701 State St., Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Napoleon *was* deathly afraid *of a* Razor

THE Emperor Napoleon never permitted anyone near him with an open razor. He did his own shaving and, owing to a sensitive skin, never could get a razor that pleased him. The one that annoyed him least was picked up during the Peninsular Campaign and had a blade of Saracen steel.

Today nearly all the world's Rulers use a Gillette Safety Razor. The latest convert is Yuan Shih K'ai, the great man of China.

Another is the Premier of New Zealand.

In the present war the Gillette is used by the leading generals and by some 3,000,000 men in the trenches and on all fronts.

The Gillette shave is quick and cool, safe and sanitary. It is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. Adjust the handle for a light or a close shave. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. No stropping—no honing. Prices $5 to $50. Blades 50c. to $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON

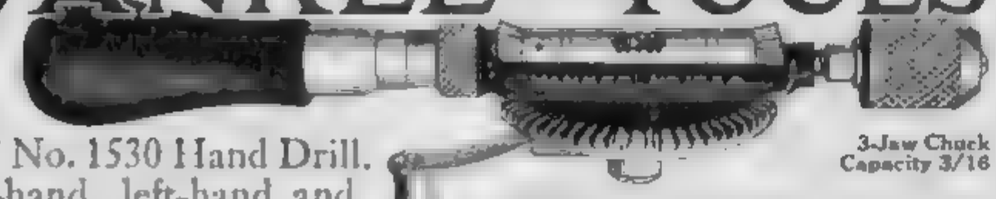
100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90
From Factory Direct To YOU By Ex. or Parcel Post Prepaid

Made of Imported Havana Filler, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to [illegible] Torpedo or Panatela, but [illegible] Don't confuse [illegible] Diamonds in the Rough." All [illegible] Only 100 at this [illegible] Money refunded if [illegible] receive at least double [illegible] When ordering [illegible] check [illegible] Our reference [illegible] or Bradstreet's any bank.

To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will extend the privilege of ordering for 60c additional one of Edwin's SAMPLE CASES containing one sample cigar each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Bargain Values—priced up to $12.00 per 100. Include this in your order—it's the biggest sample value ever offered.

Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World
EDWIN CIGAR CO., Dept. No. 1 Adjacent 2334-2342 Third Ave., New York
When in New York SAVE MONEY by Patronizing any of the 100 EDWIN Retail Stores

"YANKEE" TOOLS



No. 1530 Hand Drill. Right-hand, left-hand and double ratchet movements; plain drill; and gears locked: five adjustments.

3-Jaw Chuck Capacity 3/16

Adjustments made by Shifter, between small gears. Hollow handle forms magazine for drills.

Length, 10½ in.; weight, 1¼ lb.
Price, $2.80.

"YANKEE" TOOLS Make Better Mechanics

Your dealer can supply you

Write us for "Yankee" Tool Book," showing all the Yankee" tool- and model-boring and screw-driving tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

it the other day, and didn't find a nodule on a single root."

"Do you know," said Tom, "that the first rape sowed in this country was introduced by the experimenters of the state college not over fifteen years ago, and that you wouldn't have known about it if you had waited to be taught by what you call experience?"

I didn't answer, not having anything appropriate to say.

"And did you find out about inoculating alfalfa and the nodules on the roots by experience?" he went on. "As a matter of fact, when you use such words as nodules, inoculation, and bacteria—and, so far as that's concerned, the word crown, too—you're talking about things you've read about. Twenty years ago you wouldn't have known what the word meant."

"I didn't mention bacteria," I snapped back.

"No," said Tom, "but you would in a minute; and in half a day you'd be talking about humus and ensilage and, possibly, azotobacter. The farmer ought to be ashamed of being the only man who is ashamed of reading about his work—and the farmer has as much to read about as the doctor or the lawyer."

They drove off rather sore because the county-agent project for our county was dead.

After they got over to the new parsonage that we had just built for Frank and Daisy, they discussed the prospects over their dinner.

"We'll put it over yet," Frank said—or something to that broad, general effect. "These people of mine are pretty thick with moss; but I always get them for anything I want."

"And in the meantime," said Tom, "I've got to get a job. I'm broke. Who wants a hired man round here?"

"I do," said Frank. "I can give you three months' work on this little farm of mine; and if my work happens to play out there's always a job somewhere hereabout."

Why Frank Fell Down

One reason why Frank fell down on this county-agent drive was that he had just put through his scheme for a consolidated rural school; and we had to take him down a peg just on general principles or give up completely mastered. Daisy was expecting to have a baby; and Frank would have been glad to live in the tar-paper-covered tent for ten years, as he did for the first eighteen months of his pastorate, if he could thereby have helped along the establishment of a good graded, consolidated rural school for the coming prodigy. We fixed the gentleman on his martyrdom scheme by building them a cracking good parsonage on the corner of the fifteen acres of swamp glebe land, which by this time he had drained as dry as a garden—running in celery and other truck, as well as staple crops. And as for the school project, he had acquired so much influence in the adjoining districts of Pleasant Valley, Hickory Grove, Grant Center, Wheeler's Cross Roads and Indian Ridge that he could have voted a township vaudeville palace on us if he had wanted to, I guess, let alone a consolidated rural school with a provision for the transportation of the pupils. So we whirled in with a whoop and boosted for the new school, claiming that we had been for it all the time—which as a matter of fact some of us had been. And at this Whelpley crisis the new building was nearing completion, and we were pleased as Punch at having it in the Fairview District and skinning the Indian Ridge folks out of it. We were entitled to it, anyhow, and putting it within a furlong of the Fairview Meeting House was a good move in the direction of making that place a sort of center. Abel Bohn and I have laid off a few acre lots along the road; and I sold two yesterday to John Ackerman, who expects to return to Fairview after having retired to the city and got weary of it. And I could sell a couple to Herman Lutz, too, who is dead tired of the life of a retired farmer, but Abel says he saw Herman first, and I think I'll let Abel have him. I just mention these things to show that if you have the right sort of neighborhood facilities and neighborhood life, a man who wants to live an easier life in his old age can retire in the country and keep his eye on his farm, while his son or tenant runs it. It will keep the country life alive, and give us nice little hamlets about the churches

(Continued on Page 89)

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

THE SHOE for MEN

THE initial cost of The Florsheim Shoe may be a trifle more than the ordinary shoe but the greater satisfaction you get in style, comfort and service proves from the first to the last day's wear that Florsheims cost less in the end.

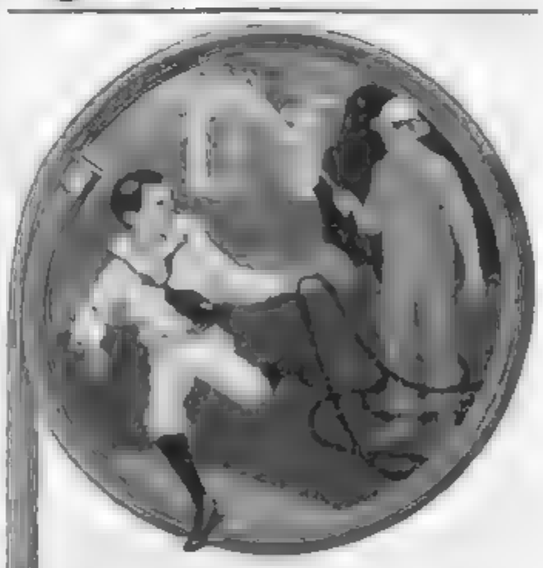
$5 to $8

Ask the Florsheim dealer for the style you prefer. Look for name in shoe.

"Styles of the Times" (Free Booklet)—and name of local dealer on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Glide—Style F227



This Lawn Hose Guaranteed

IT is not necessary for you to use lawn hose that kinks, cracks and leaks after a few months.

Goodyear-Wingfoot Lawn Hose is guaranteed not to kink, crack or leak.

In this hose, the seamless inner tube that carries the water is of active rubber. It will not become hard and brittle and soon crack.

There are five alternate layers of rubber and braided cotton, with the ribbed rubber cover. All are seamless and [illegible] solid waterproof, weatherproof, [illegible]

You can buy Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose [illegible] Coupling or Clinch—from the most reliable hardware and department [illegible] everywhere. ½ inch, 18c per foot; ⅝ inch, 17c; [illegible] 16c.

Look for the Goodyear Wingfoot plainly branded on every five feet.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Lawn Hose

Compensating Vapor Plug

Proved Saving—Or Your Money Back

"30% More Speed"
"30% More Power"
"40% More Mileage"
Less Carbon

These records proved in tests made at Detroit, Michigan

$5

$7.00 In Canada
Parcel Post Prepaid

600,000 Compensating Vapor Plugs Sold Since January
This Means a Total Business in Four Months of $3,000,000

All done because of our famous guaranty—Proved Service or Your Money Back—and because the Compensating Vapor Plug is adding speed, power and gasoline mileage to every automobile, wherever it is used. It is the biggest money-saver that has ever been offered to automobile owners, and it's the biggest guaranty of better service from your motor cars.

Ask Your Carburetor Man These Important Questions

(1) Can he adjust your carburetor for economy only, and give you power for quick getaway and hill climbing, and still give you speed?

(2) Can he adjust your carburetor for power only and give you economy and speed at the same time?

(3) Can he adjust the carburetor for speed and leave any real power for hill climbing, or any real economy?

You know and he knows that he cannot give you these three essentials—power, speed and economy—in any carburetor with one adjustment unless he uses the Compensating Vapor Plug.

But he knows and you will know that with the Compensating Vapor Plug any carburetor man can, with one adjustment, give you maximum power, speed and economy, and that the automatic action of the Compensating Vapor Plug will maintain these three under any condition of driving.

If you do not prove this to yourself within a reasonable time, we will take the plug back and refund your money.

You Can Correct These Faults

If your car develops any of these faults you can correct them by using the Compensating Vapor Plug:

(1) Did you ever try to start your motor and have it spit and die?

(2) Are you afraid of one or more hills that you have tried to make on high?

(3) Do you make a quick get-away?

(4) Are you continually apologizing to your friends because your engine is a noise-maker?

(5) In a friendly brush on the road have you been just "nosed out"?

And remember, when we say you can correct these faults, we guarantee our statements by our Proved Saving or Your Money Back Guaranty.

Tremendous Proofs of Economy

The testimonials paid to the Compensating Vapor Plug by automobile owners and automobile dealers are tremendous.

Since the Compensating Vapor Plug was announced, only four months ago, we have received 61,872 letters and 1,183 telegrams up to April 8th.

The quantity of mail has been so great that we have been compelled to send it to our distributors by express, so that they could take care of the orders immediately.

600,000 orders in the Winter season, when the majority of cars are laid up, is tremendous.

But here is the way owners have flocked to get this tremendous money-saver.

One dealer wired—"Last shipment 500 Vapor Plugs gone in a week—Rush 1,000 by Express"

Another wired—"Sending certified check for $1,000—Rush order"

New Economy Slogan

Our economy slogan, "30% More Speed, 30% More Power, 40% More Mileage," has been spread wherever automobiles are used.

And the majority of users are writing to us telling us that our figures are not high enough—that they are getting greater economy than this.

But we base our claims upon the results of our own tests.

And we guarantee the Compensating Vapor Plug by the results of these tests.

Here Is What Users of the Compensating Vapor Plug Say—Read Their Letters:

You can attach it in five minutes—without making adjustments—without rigging up connections—by simply tapping a hole in manifold and screwing the plug in.

Enough Said

Green Lake, Wis.
Automatic Carburetor Co.
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Your statements for the Compensating Vapor Plug as to economy, speed, power and flexibility are true.
B. F. DuBOSSON

Results Exceed Claims

Chicago
I find that the results exceed what was claimed for it. It has given me 30% more power and 40% more mileage per gallon of gasoline and speed.
H. M. POWER

Will Benefit Any Car

Barre, Mass.
I can conscientiously say that the Vapor Plug is a great benefit to any motor car. D. A. BRIEN

42 Per Cent More Mileage

I personally tested this plug for fourteen days and I would say the plug, and it shows about 42 per cent more mileage.
J. J. BUCKER

Saves $4.65 per Month

In two months' time I bought gasoline for my car and all driving, for seven months we did this spring, a saving on gasoline each month, $4.65

Besides, my motor has more power and a better get away, and can throttle down to a much lower speed.

The truck runs 15 hours a day, and I have no trouble of any kind, so you see it works under all conditions.
JANSZEN PHARMACY
Olive St. & Newstead Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

Detroit, Mich.
On a straightaway drive over country road I started 32 miles on three quarters of a gallon of gasoline. But my biggest surprise comes me most is the increased flexibility—slowing down to 3 miles an hour and picking up without any jolt, and I feel a smoothness that itself makes the device worth while.
LEN G. SHAW

Here's Real Economy

St. Johns, Portland, Ore.
It increased our mileage nine and one-half miles per gallon gasoline. WHITNEY ROSE

Gasoline Consumption Cut in Half

Kansas City, Mo.
I must tell you that the little device you sent me immediately after receiving my order has cut the consumption of gasoline in my car from 25 miles to 12 miles since putting on the Compensating Vapor Plug, the engine runs really better than it did when the car was new. My gasoline consumption has been cut half in two on the same mileage as I was getting before using your plug.
UNION BANK NOTE CO.
Leo B. Stubbs, Treas.

La Porte, Ind.
I tested out your carburetor yesterday on my Overland car [illegible] for your thing now [illegible] gasoline, and will top up and ride tomorrow 50, 37 miles.
I attached the plug, made the same run using six quarts of gasoline, and made 37 miles.
C. C. WEBB

Does More Than Promised

Elgin, Ill.
I have given thorough try out to your Compensating Vapor Plug under the most severe weather and find that it does more than promised.
GEO. H. ANDERSEN

Up Pike's Peak Road

Manitou, Colo.
Without plug I got 11.3 miles on two quarts of gasoline, then under the same conditions with the plug I got 15 miles on two quarts of gasoline. I took witness along with me each time and started from our garage on Main St. I will say that I am more than satisfied with it.
I went up Pike's Peak Auto Road with a steady grade of about 15 per cent and the longest single stretch of grade is one half mile of low gear work and I [illegible] were stopped to [illegible].
I had no trouble of any kind, so you see it works under all conditions.
S. R. FRANCISCO

Twice the Mileage

Coffeyville, Kans.
In a run of 16 miles today, used one half gallon of gasoline, which is about one half as much as I generally use. Find my car starts much easier than it did before.
G. W. GETGENDANER

Results Beyond Expectations

Ashland, Ohio
I am pleased to say that it gives results beyond anything I expected. Three or four car owners have already asked for [illegible] that they are ready to purchase.
R. T. SCANTLEBURY

Better Car Every Way

Fort Collins, Colo.
Automatic Carburetor Co.
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: I have tried the vapor plug out on 1917 Studebaker Four and I get a better power [illegible] first trial in mud, but I am more than pleased as the car had a better pickup and better ide in general. R. O SINNARD

Had It On Old—Puts It On New Car

Woodstock, Vt.
March 7, 1916
I have a Compensating Vapor Plug [illegible] put on in December and I cannot tell about the amount of gasoline that it saves nor of the speed increase, but I do know that it gives me more power. I have, however, one of the original plugs that are put on after to this one on my Cadillac Eight and that gave [illegible] of gasoline. I have no doubt but the new Plug will equal or increase that record. I shall have a new Plug on my Cadillac this year and would not think of being without one.
Truly yours,
F. THOMAS KIDDER

Gets 11 Miles More Per Gallon

Sacramento, Calif.
The Compensating Vapor Plug arrived Saturday. From the test that I [illegible] 1912 Cadillac car I [illegible] 11 miles per gallon more than [illegible] got. It seems to me as though it was going to rob the first few miles of running of the annoyance due to the awful missing, popping, buzzing, etc., that the hellish gasoline that we have been getting [illegible] the country.
Now I would like a [illegible] for $5.00 for another Vapor Plug [illegible] on my car. I [illegible] that it does not suit me on my car I can return it and get my money back.
Yours very truly,
THEODORE STARRETT

Looks to Be a Wonder

St. Louis, Mo., March 2, 1916
That Plug for [illegible] to me a wonder. I [illegible] 1912 Cadillac car and [illegible] It seems to me as though it was going to rob the first few miles of running of the annoyance due to the awful missing, popping, buzzing, etc., that the hellish gasoline that we have been getting [illegible] the country.
Now I would like a [illegible] for $5.00 for another Vapor Plug [illegible] on my car. I [illegible] that it does not suit me on my car I can return it and get my money back.
Yours very truly,
THEODORE STARRETT

WANTED—Exclusive Dealers

The Compensating Vapor Plug will sell like wildfire to every car owner. Exclusive contracts for counties. As soon as you get your contract we will prove results on cars in your territory—ready for you to start sales. We will back you with big national and local advertising. Prove to us that you are the best equipped and responsible. Write, wire, phone or jump the first train for Chicago—get this fastest selling accessory—a money-saver for any car owner and a money-maker for you.

You Want This Money-Saver For Your Car

We don't have to devote any space to prove to you that you want this wonderful money-saver for your car—especially when we offer it to you *at our risk.*

Accept this money-back-if-not-satisfied offer here and now—you simply can't afford to pass it by.

The price is $5 to you and to everybody—and all we ask is that you send us the coupon with a $5 check, P. O. or express order attached—as a *deposit*—until you are more than satisfied. $7.00 in Canada.

If after a 30-day trial you decide you can do without the **Compensating Vapor Plug** simply send it back and we will refund your full deposit.

Without the **Compensating Vapor Plug** you are losing money every day—it can be attached to any car in five minutes—full directions will be sent you—so why delay?

Tear or cut off the coupon—mail it now—today.

Automatic Carburetor Co., 2021 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Makers of famous Automatic Carburetors *Specialists in Gasoline Devices for Motors*
Canadian Distributing Co., 125 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba

S. E. P. 5-6

Cut this out—mail today

AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CO.
Dept. M, 2021 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $5 ($7.00 in Canada) in full payment for one **Compensating Vapor Plug**—with the understanding that you guarantee it for life and will refund my full deposit in full if I return your device to you collect within 30 days.

I use a _____ sized carburetor; name of car _____

model _____ year _____

Name _____

Address _____

I recommend as a good dealer _____

_____ of _____

"I open all doors!"

Of course, the traveling salesman credits the merchant's hearty handshake to his own cheerful personality. When he gets back to the home office he'll be just as doubtful as ever about the need of an advertising department.

If he could only read the thoughts of his customer:—

"Here comes that Standard Products man," says the customer to himself. "That is certainly a great line of goods—and well advertised. Just what I need to put snap into the department." No wonder he smiles and extends the hand that is itching to sign the dotted line.

But Who Built This Good Will?

On the second floor back of the home office works a young man with a quiet manner and dynamic brain. He thinks and plans while others talk. His hand grips the throttle of the greatest force in selling—*the printed word*. Week after week, with fine booklets, broadside circulars, ginger letters, he paves the way for a hundred salesmen. In the minds of twenty thousand merchants he builds faith in the goods. He puts selling phrases into the mouths of retail clerks which clinch thousands of sales each day.

A sales campaign which lacks the support of printed matter is like an army without artillery.

A good printer and a brainy advertising manager would have saved many an ill-fated campaign.

Advertising brains are beyond price, but good printers and good printing are to be had for the asking—at a fair price. Isn't it strange that so many people think the only way to handle a printer is to hold him up on the price?

Be sensible. If you limit a printer to a price which does not permit the use of good paper, fine engravings and adequate press work, can't you see that you will get poor paper, smudgy cuts and foggy printing?

Talk this way to your printer:

"We want a catalog which truly represents the prestige of this concern and the high quality of our product. Use paper and engravings which idealize the goods. Show skill on the make-ready so none of the brilliancy of cuts and type is lost. Don't hurry the press work. We are relying on this catalog to influence the sale of a million dollars' worth of goods and it can't be too good."

The shock might kill your printer, but how he would exert himself—what ceaseless attention he would give to every detail—what artistry he would expend on make-up and typography!

The booklets you admire are achieved in that way. Bullying and tight-fistedness never produced the best printing.

But what we are really driving at is that you must use good paper—and the *right paper*. When you get into the subject, you'll be surprised at how much difference there is in papers.

For example. Compare Warren's Cameo and Warren's Lustro. Both wonderful papers.

But Cameo has a dull, lusterless surface like old ivory, warm, deep toned, velvety, while Lustro is a polished paper, brilliant and glowing.

An engraving on Cameo attains the soft beauty of a platinum photograph, while the same engraving on Lustro becomes brilliant, sharply defined, perfect in detail. Before you select a paper, have your engravings proved up on Cameo and Lustro you will soon know which paper you prefer.

Then we come to Warren's Cumberland, a glossy paper of splendid quality and moderate cost; and to Warren's Silkote, made to supply at a low price part of the demand for dull finished paper created by the effectiveness of Cameo.

Printone is a low-priced, semi-coated paper of merit, which takes halftones perfectly and is suited for large edition booklets or folders.

We want you to know these papers intimately. To this end, we have prepared an elaborate Suggestion Book of specimen sheets printed in one and more colors—also a series of supplementary books. These books are winning strong commendations from those who know most about printing. We will gladly send you a copy if you will write for it on your business stationery.

Warren's STANDARD

Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY *Manufacturers of STANDARDS in Coated and Uncoated Printing Papers* **162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.**

(Continued from Page 86)

and schoolhouses, and make for better tenancy and less of it, and give some of us a chance to sell some acre lots.

Tom Whelpley used to moon about at night in the unfinished schoolhouse. None of us then knew that he had ever been a school-teacher; but the directors were impressed with certain suggestions he made as to the plans of the building. On Sundays he used to get a gang of boys together and scout the country over, hunting for insect pests in the grain and fruit and making lists of the birds they saw. I went with him one day, and they identified fifty-four different kinds of birds observed on that trip. The only weapons were an opera glass and a little camera which Tom carried. One day he laid off work and showed some girls how to can corn—it seems that he had made some sort of study of the trick of home canning, and knew some things which the women hadn't learned. He and Frank and Daisy were as thick as thieves; and if they hadn't been a new sort of bird to the rest of us, we should have understood at once that they were up to something. As it was, we thought it was only their eccentricities, and peacefully went to sleep at the switch.

I own I thought it looked like politics when Tom Whelpley hooked up with Adolph Tulp, brother of Henry Tulp, a member of the board of directors from over in Pleasant Valley, at the other end of the new consolidated district. Six months before Adolph had drifted into the neighborhood, drunk and sick, and down and out; and was now the chief problem of Henry's folks. He was a sort of universal genius, but specialized in booze. He spoke broken German-American and when he was sober was a fellow one liked to talk with. He had been a sailor, a soldier, a carpenter, and was a good horseshoer learned that in the German Army, but his chief amusement was the making of pretty little things of iron, with either a lathe or a hammer. The minister's people took him in one night when he was wallowing round in the churchyard; and I understand he was that bad with the horrors that he tried to kill himself. He was a poor, miserable creature, and just the sort of case Daisy was prone to take on for practice in the art of nursing, which she studied before she married Frank. And Frank himself, in spite of the fact that he devoted himself to practical farming more than to theology, had great faith in the power of kindness and prayer and religious exaltation to set the broken bones of the spirit and to reduce dislocations of the human intellect. We all supposed that all Adolph could possibly be was a case in their spiritual hospital, and we met the situation by adding a litt.e to the preacher's salary to cover these expenses, and the increased family budget, and one thing and another. He was earning the increase all right. Nobody gets anything out of us except on a business basis.

Tom Whelpley's Victory

But when Tom Whelpley began using the new schoolhouse, before it was finished, as a meeting place for the boys of the neighborhood, and had this Adolph Tulp teaching them how to tie and splice ropes, and other useful tricks, I saw that he was getting pretty solid with Henry Tulp—another member of the board. Tom and the minister and Adolph set up a forge and anvil in a shed which the contractors had put up for construction work on the school grounds. And Adolph began teaching the boys to make clevises, sharpen plowshares, temper steel, set tires on the farm wagons, set shoes on horses, repair machinery generally, and make things of wrought iron that were as pretty as if they had been stamped out by machinery. They are said by some to be even more artistic. Young John Whipple, the son of the other school director, Eph Whipple, of Indian Ridge, made a wrought-iron lantern for the Whipple porch that was highly spoken of at the county fair where it was exhibited—and Tom Whelpley was solid with Whipple, of course, the third member of the board.

Do you see where all this led? When Frank Wiggins came to me and suggested that Tom Whelpley was the man to be at the head of our new consolidated school, I said, to give myself time to think:

"I wonder if he could get a certificate."

"He's got a state certificate in Tennessee," said he, "and the county superintendent says he will give him a certificate on his credentials."

I'm far better than a green hand at a political situation, and our public-school matters are and always must be political—in the best sense, or the worst sense, or at any rate some sense of the word. I thought of Eph Whipple, and I knew he was stuck on Tom Whelpley because of Johnnie's wrought-iron lantern and the fact that Tom was making a whole lot better boy of Johnnie. I thought of Henry Tulp, the second member of the board, and I knew he'd bet on Tom's ability to do anything under the sun after what he had accomplished in making Adolph Tulp over into what seemed to be a man. Then I thought of myself, and I wondered why I was not strong for Tom as our schoolmaster, because I liked the fellow even then. I looked at the Reverend Frank Wiggins—and I knew.

"Frank," said I, "you've got me surrounded; and I'm going to surrender. I'll vote for Whelpley, but I think it's a mistake."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," said I, "it will put a man in the school who will just completely blanket, and eclipse, and lay over the work of the church. I'm opposed to him because I'm for you."

He looked at me in a kind of wonder, with some tenderness mixed in.

"Why, Uncle Abner," said he, "I'm surprised at you!"

The Right Kind of Country Church

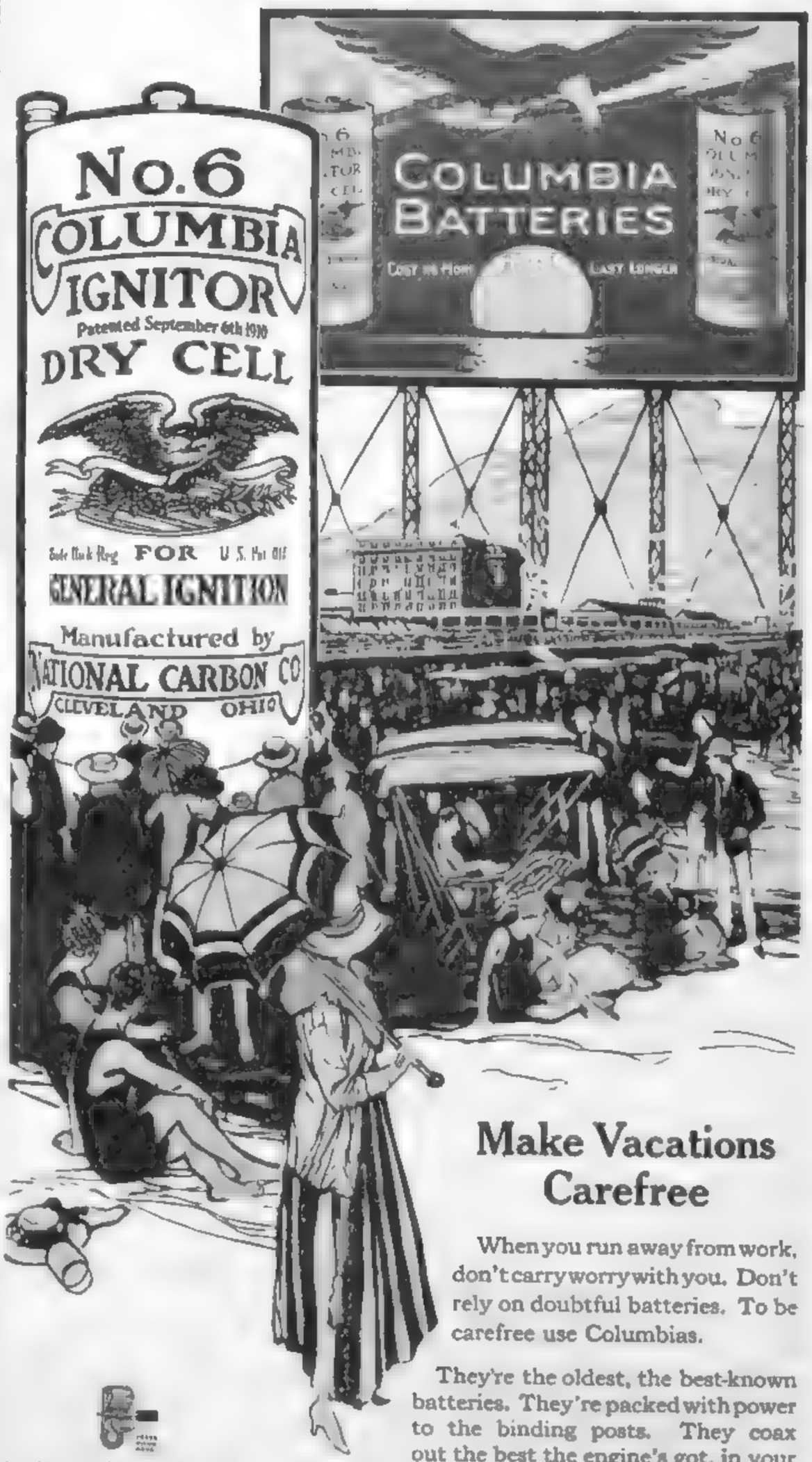
"I don't care if you are!" said I. "Tom Whelpley is the same sort of person that you are—only he's a darned sight smarter, I believe; and he knows all you have learned about the life of the people and a good deal that you never will know. He's a natural rube, and you have acquired only the rube surface. He'll beat you at your own game and make the school the whole thing. There ain't room in this community for two men like you to work on the same job. I'm proud of our meeting house and the work you and Daisy have been doing. It's given the neighborhood a good name, not only hereabout but all over the country. I don't want to see you undermined—so there!"

Well, he just sat down and made me ashamed of myself. The school, he said, was the thing which was at the bottom of everything. We had built up our church first, but that was a local accident. We had really begun with the second thing first. In any neighborhood, he urged, in which there is a full and abounding rural life there will be a chance for the right kind of church so long as religion is the common heritage of all human souls.

"And," said he, "if that isn't true I have made a mistake in my profession. Do you think," he went on, "that I regard the agricultural work we have been doing in the church as the best thing we might have done? Not for a minute. We have done it because it needed to be done. We shall always make this a rural church, run by farmers, ministered unto by a farmer, smelling of the soil; because it can never be a success unless it is tied to the life of every member by the chords of everyday association. But if I can get Tom Whelpley into the schools, he will take off my hands many things that I have done rather badly and he will do them well. I need to do other things. Adolph Tulp is not the only person in this community who needs help in matters of the mind and soul.

"The school is in its nature inclusive. The church is in its nature exclusive. It cannot take in all the people. Think of the many who have conscientious scruples against fellowship with the Fairview Meeting House—and there is no possible religious organization which could be broader than we are! Any church organization is likely to follow the way taken by the old Winebrennerian congregation that laid the cornerstone of our building sixty years ago. But the school is a part of the republic. As long as the nation lasts it will exist. Our church must be supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the people. But the school is supported by taxes. If this mania for moving to town keeps up, and many more farms drift into the hands of year-by-year tenants, our church must before many years go the way of thousands of other rural churches. But the school will be supported by taxes on the very farms our Fairview landowners have deserted; and out of the school may be built up a democracy which will decree that no man may own land unless he works it!"

Columbia Batteries



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The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
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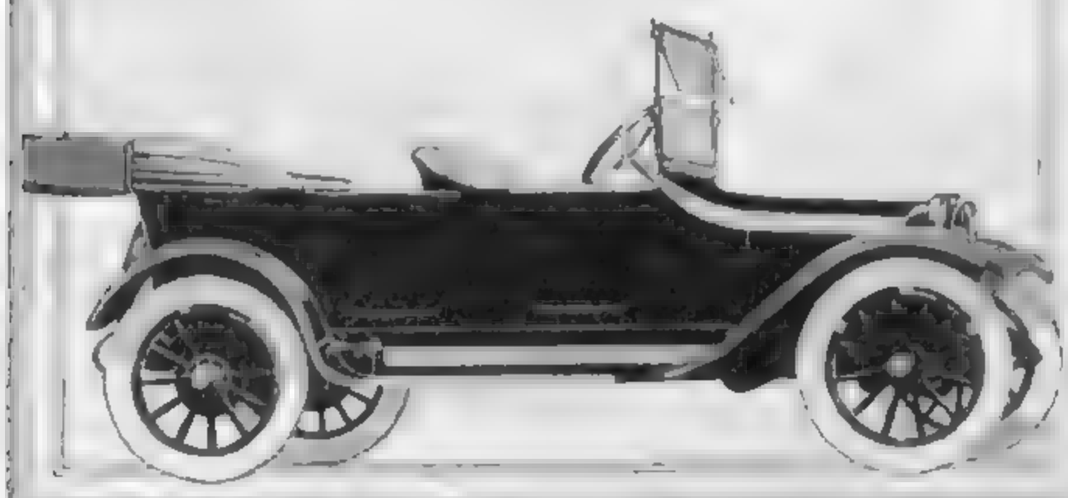

This, of course, was rot; but I didn't think at that moment of the arguments against it. I was confronted by a condition, anyhow, and not a theory; and we elected Tom Whelpley principal of the Fairview Consolidated School—and that's how he came to be the neighborhood hired man.

To anyone who wants to know what Tom Whelpley has done by ruralizing the Fairview school system and giving life to the society of our countryside, which that Eastern saphead calls socialization, we are now able to assume high-and-mighty airs. We may say grandly, "Search the Scriptures!" Or we may adopt the policy of old Colonel Asprey of our county town, who was a real colonel in the Civil War and did great service on the stricken field on many a hot occasion. Now he follows the humble if noisy vocation of the auctioneer. One day a bystander asked, "How did you get your title, colonel? On the governor's staff?" The colonel bayoneted him with a long, cold glare, and said calmly, "You supremely ignorant scum of the earth! Read the history of your country!"

So if we desire to be mean when anyone asks us what Tom Whelpley has done, we refer to magazine articles and to bulletins issued by our state government and by the Federal Government at Washington, if you please! The time will come, I suppose, when such work will attract no more attention than a good twine binder in operation. But now the spectacle of anything like the successful application of common sense and constructive ability in rural life in America is nothing less than a marvel. I often tell Tom that he started in at the right time. Ten years from now it will take an all-fired smart man to get as much limelight in the same line of business as he is getting.

The Professor of Metal Work

In view of the fact that everything printable about it is available to anyone who will send to the Government for it, I shall only shadow forth as well as I can the things that aren't in print, and tell the beginnings of it. Tom had the school pretty well organized before he was elected. All he had to do was to perfect and—as the war dispatches say—"consolidate the ground already occupied." He had Adolph Tulp on his hands, and to have abandoned him would have incited a riot among the boys, who to the last kid liked Adolph, and would probably have driven him back to drink and despair. So Tom and Adolph organized the manual-training class into a construction brigade and built a blacksmith shop on the corner of the lot, with lumber bought with money made at a series of entertainments in the auditorium of the schoolhouse. Here Adolph was installed as teacher of the metal-working end of the manual-training course. Most of the blacksmithing of the district is done there now; and of this work the boys perform the lion's share of the labor and get credits in their course of study.

Adolph is allowed to take pay for what he does aside from the instructional work, and is making a nice living out of it and his small salary; but he insists on regarding himself as a professional man and not as an artisan. He is a teacher and proud of it—which shows that the Germans have the advantage of us, looking upon teaching as a man's work. Adolph is also Tom's assistant in the wood-working department, which is accommodated in the basement of the schoolhouse. There isn't much that Adolph can't do now. He learns faster than any boy; and he carries his acquirements from school year to school year. He plays the French horn and is the head of the school orchestra. He drills a company of Boy Scouts. He and the boys plan about every building that goes up in the district. They make architectural and mechanical drawings. They construct models. And all this is done in such ways that the boys get a whole lot of arithmetic and also what we used to call natural philosophy. Everything is educational first and useful afterward though Tom says there is no valid distinction between the useful and the educational.

Something happened yesterday which shows how things are going here. My little granddaughter brought me her Field and Garden Book and insisted on my looking at it. It is a pretty little book, covered in red and bound with a silk cord. On the first page is a notice "To the Club Members," which reads thus: "This book when complete will be the record of your garden-club work. Write in it only with ink and keep it

(Continued on Page 93)

Comfort and "Class" in Motoring Gloves

Motoring gloves are a necessity—and they need not be a nuisance. We solved the problem of comfort with "class" when we perfected our "*Limp-Kuff*" and "*V-4400*" gloves for the man or woman at the wheel.

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[illegible] of the soft loose lamb [illegible] protect the sleeves. Can be folded or crushed and put in the pocket

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MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE [illegible] attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain [illegible] FREE BOOK describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second hand, $35 and up.

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PANAMA $6.00

GENUINE Panama hat prepaid to you for only $6.00. Several styles for men and women. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. We remodel old hats for $1.50

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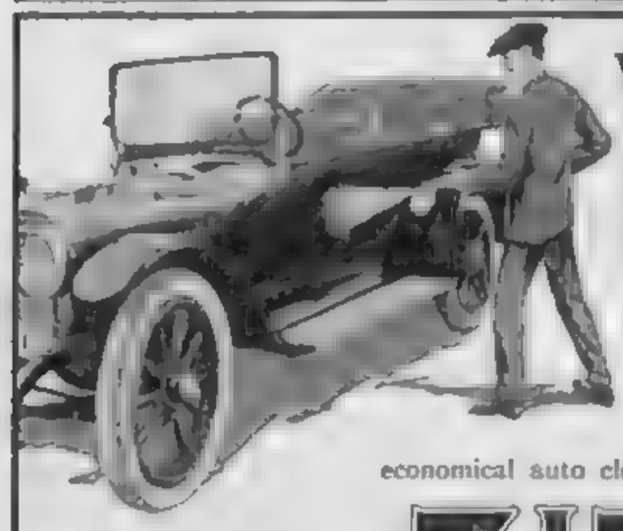

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ZIT AN AUTOMOBILE DRY WASH

gives a bright, lustrous and durable polish in a jiffy. Simply spray a little ZIT on your car with our Westfield Junior Sprayer and polish with a soft cheese-cloth. Try it—the results will actually surprise you. ZIT will positively not harm the original gloss of the most expensive car.

If your dealer doesn't sell ZIT, send us his name and $1.25 and we will send the complete outfit by parcel post. Guaranteed satisfactory.

WESTFIELD CHEMICAL COMPANY, Westfield, Mass.

Borrow it and use it 30 Days

YOUR dealer will *loan* you an AutoStrop Safety Razor for 30 days. He will require no payment, no deposit and no promise, except that at the end of 30 days you either pay $5.00 for it or return it.

With several razors on your hands you might hesitate to buy another, no matter how good it looked to you. That's natural.

But you need not hesitate on the AutoStrop Razor. *Borrow it*, shave with it, and let it prove its own superiority.

No razor has ever before been sold in this way. The AutoStrop Razor can afford to be. Thousands of men are taking advantage of the offer. Why don't you—now?

The AutoStrop Safety Razor

A complete shaving outfit; mechanically perfect.

Automatically sharpens its own blades.

Renews the cutting edge each morning.

It strops, shaves and is cleaned without removing a part.

500 cool, perfect shaves guaranteed from each package of 12 blades.

To Dealers

Do you know about our plan of *loaning* razors through you to your customers for trial and the success it is making? Write us today, we'll answer by return mail and the benefit to you and to your customers will start without delay.

TEAR OFF—FILL IN—MAIL TO US

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345 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please authorize the dealer mentioned below to loan me the AutoStrop Safety Razor for 30 days' trial without any liability whatever or obligation to purchase.

The dealer's name is

His address is _____

My name is _____

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AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

Velie Six

A Mile of Velie Factory Trebles its Output

In spite of the general shortage of materials and adverse shipping conditions, we have trebled the delivery of Velie Sixes over that of a year ago.

April recorded our largest volume of sales for any like period—with still greater gains in prospect. Velie dealers enjoy this prosperity everywhere.

The reasons for this tremendous increase in sales are found in the exceptional quality of the car itself, and in a broadening knowledge of the stability and integrity of the Velie Organization, with half a century of manufacturing experience, and reputation untarnished through all these years.

Read the brief list of Velie features. Everything for Convenience, Comfort, Beauty. Economy proved by every test in the hands of owners.

Up to the present time we have made no raise in prices. The immediate opportunity is yours to purchase at these low figures.

Touring car, $1065. With Sedan top, $1240. Roadster, $1045. Four-passenger Coupé, $1750. French Brougham, exclusively designed, $2250. Wire wheels on any model, $70 extra.

Write for catalog and make your own comparisons.

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A Few Velie Features

Six-cylinder Velie-Continental Motor.
Removable Cylinder Head for inspection.
Helical Gears in Motor—no chains.
Enclosed Multiple Dry Disc Clutch.
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Remy Automatic Ignition—Push Button Starter.
Double Bulb Headlights—Dash Light.
All Wires Enclosed in Metal Conduits.
Rear Gasoline Tank—Vacuum Feed.
Simple Rocking Gear Shift Lever.
High Grade Leather Upholstery.
Cushions Deep Tufted—Real Curled Hair.
Long, Flexible Underslung Springs.
Expanding Tire Holder—no Straps.
Mirror Body Finish—20 Operations Deep.
Everything in and on—ready for the road.

$1065

(Continued from Page 90)

clean and correct. You will be asked to show it every time you are visited. Next fall when you have completed your garden-club work and this record, you will be asked to turn it in as proof of your work. No credit will be granted unless the record is complete.—Tom Whelpley, Principal."

On the next page was a photograph of little Marion, my grandchild, standing in her garden. On the next was a series of ten items to be filled out "as you get the information required." From this I was delighted to learn that (1) her name is Marion Dunham, (2) she belongs to the Fairview Consolidated School, (3) it was the season of 1915, (4) the size of the plot was sixteen square yards, (5) the crops were radishes, sweet corn, lettuce and celery—by which I knew she had rented the ground of Frank Wiggins so as to be near Daisy's baby, (6) her total income was $15.34—which I didn't believe until I looked over her accounts, (7) the total cost of rent, fertilizer, seed, hired labor, and so forth, was $2.25, leaving her a total profit of (8) $13.09; signed and certified to by (9) Maude Ackerman, Teacher. Maude is one of the Ackerman girls who thought they had to teach in the city in order to be doing really respectable school work, but she was tempted out into the new schoolhouse by Tom Whelpley's Tennessee drawl. This accounts for John Ackerman's buying those lots of me. He's going to build there next spring and move back.

Item (10) in Marion's book is under the head of Disposal of Net Proceeds. Under this I was informed that she had paid out $3.09 for various frivolities, a large part of which was for materials for a hat. The rest of her money, $10, was in bank. The hat itself was designed and made in Miss Falk's domestic-economy class, and Marion received credits on her school work for making the hat. Following this are two pages for Itemized Expenses and Itemized Receipts, and then a note, which is a sort of preface to The Story of My Garden Plot. This note enjoins upon Marion the propriety of writing the story in diary form, giving first the date and then the event. This utilizes the deep and abiding instinctive passion of girls to keep diaries. The instruction is given to use ink and keep the story neat.

Studies in Flies and Seeds

"This story must include how and from whom you obtained your land, date of measuring the plot, dimensions, and who helped you to measure it; fertilization, plowing and harrowing, planting, progress of crops and incidentals; to whom, when and in what amounts the crop was disposed of, and the sums received for it; and again Disposal of Proceeds. Marion was also required to keep a record of visits, on pages provided for that purpose, with the visitors' signatures; and this interesting little volume closed with a certificate as to the correctness of the record, signed by Marion's mother as parent, and by Frank Wiggins as country-life director. We had to add him to the faculty because Tom had too much to do. There is also a recommendation of achievement, authorizing the powers that be to grant Marion a certain number of units of achievement on the merits of the report.

Now, this may not be very thrilling to you, but to Marion it was. Bear in mind that Marion is only one of a large number of girls and boys organized in this Field and Garden Club, under the supervision of teachers and helpers as country-life directors. Remember, too, that other children were in poultry clubs, others in corn clubs, others in pig clubs, others in canning clubs; and that we have connected with the school one society composed of other people, regardless of age, called the Fairview Society for the Study of Insect Life, which specialized last year in chinch bugs, white grubs and the Hessian fly; and a similar society for the study of economic botany, which has taken up pedigreed seeds.

Each member of these school clubs has a signboard, made by the boys of the school, according to a standard design produced by Adolph Tulp. Credits were given in the manual-training course for making the signs. Marion's sign reads, "Member Fairview School and Garden Club," and is carefully placed so as to be visible from the road.

Now, when I went to school it took a boy like Wilford Raymond to be really crazy about school work. The rest of us hated it. We really had to be clubbed into going and coerced into staying. Any self-respecting boy admired the fellow who had the nerve to play hooky and take a licking for it; but in Tom Whelpley's school the reading, writing, arithmetic, history—and all the rest of it—are just by-products of projects in which the children are so interested that they dream of them nights. The garden-club work and the other things I have mentioned are only a small part of it. There is a whole list of school-home projects. They have achievement emblems which take the place of the Greek-letter pins worn in colleges. They have credit-awarding exercises held in the auditorium. And once in a while we have a moving-picture show or a concert; and twice in a while we have feeds cooked by the domestic-economy classes—credits given of course—and served by another squad, also receiving credits. The children are given school credits for washing dishes, taking care of the baby, making beds, feeding livestock, working in the garden, and other things which they do for their parents.

Hans Larsen's Aphorism

Hans Larsen objected to his children's going into club work, because, he said, he needed their work himself. Now he says they have not only carried on their own work and made enough money so that they put on the air of business men and are learning what money in the bank means, but they have done more helpful work for their parents and done it more cheerfully than ever before. Hans has coined an aphorism which I think is worth preserving. It is: "Cheerfulness bane better for work dan stoutness."

We have a lot of what Tom calls school-home projects. One of these relates to business; and a young person must make a net profit of at least fifty dollars a year to get credit in this. There are cooking and sewing school-home projects, poultry school-home projects, music school-home projects, and probably more by this time; for when a craze like this strikes a neighborhood, they almost always overdo it.

After looking this over, my wife insists that it gives a wholly wrong impression of the change in our neighborhood life brought about by the ruralized rural school and the truly rural country church.

"It sounds sordid," says she. "It sounds as if all we were working for is the almighty dollar. It doesn't say a word about the newer and sweeter spirit in the air, and the new sense of neighborship, and the ties which have been woven between the older settlers' families and the new people, and especially the tenant farmers. It doesn't say anything about the better leases the landlords are giving their tenants and the better practices that the tenants have begun to adopt on their side. And it never hints at our growing culture."

Well, I can't tell everything at once, can I? And then there are those bulletins which you haven't read yet, if you are interested. Moreover, I believe the first duty of man is to make a living; and the practical things of life are what appeal to me most. It's different with the women. As a matter of fact, though, I suppose Adolph Tulp is the most typical transcendentalist in our community, and he was certainly not an ornament to society when Tom and Frank Wiggins took him up and made him a member of the faculty of the school. Adolph made a speech the other evening when we staged a little play, written by Wilson Beebe's second boy, called An American Peasant and portraying the evils of farm tenantry in the Fairview neighborhood.

"When I came to America," said Adolph, "I thought that the polling place and the election was where the soul of America would be found. And soon I made up my mind that America had no soul and that democracy, and liberty, and equality were just words. But here in these social-center activities of the Fairview School I have found the soul of American democracy. This will be to America what the Greek Church is to Russia, what the empire is to Germany, what the race is to Japan, what the family is to China, what the old gods are to the Hindu.

"We are here building the temple in which America shall house the Ark of her Covenant—the whole people going to school to each other!"

This seems a good deal like sentimentalism to me. There's enough in the study of good farming, and all it implies, to make up

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A New Gas Range at a Reduced Price

Enormous factory output and the unlimited facilities of the largest stove plant in the world make it possible to offer this new style, labor saving gas range at a price which we believe is lower than has ever been asked for a gas range of such high quality, superb equipment and genuine features of merit. See this range. Learn the reduced price before you buy.

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Ovens are placed at right height, no more tiresome stooping when baking, broiling or cooking—an advantage that appeals to every housewife. The extra large cooking top allows plenty of room for cooking utensils. The five top burners—one a giant burner for quick action—a simmering burner for slow boiling—and three burners for ordinary cooking, furnish a flame for every need and keep gas bills low. The handy high shelf—the compartment under top burners—the high legs that are easy to sweep under, are more features that save many steps. The baked Ebonite finish—that requires no stove blacking, is a labor saving advantage you cannot afford to overlook. The snowy white porcelain parts including dirt tray and broiling pan, make this range sanitary and beautiful—and the Detroit Jewel patented oven bakes to perfection.

You must see this range to appreciate its entrancing beauty, its clean, sanitary finish and its *many* labor saving features. Over 2,000 gas companies and dealers have this Detroit Jewel Special on exhibit. Watch for their announcement and window display, then go and see this range.

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We want to tell you more about this Special Gas Range—its many advantages and measurements. Write today for free literature which includes Detroit Jewel Recipe Book that shows the leading styles of the more than 100 models of Detroit Jewels.

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The Largest Stove Plant in the World

Found—a Watch!

It looks like it belongs to a substantial citizen. It *feels* that way, too; it's smooth and solid and thin. It slips into your pocket like a silver dollar and lies there snug and flat.

It keeps good time. It's the kind of watch your friends check their time by—that always gets you to your train while it is still in the station.

I've been looking for this watch for years. I know my customers *want* a thin, accurate, 7-jeweled, bridge-model watch like this; but until now the price of such a watch has been more than many of them cared to pay. That's why this new one is such a *find*. The name is "Ingersoll-Reliance." And the price is just about a third what you *think* it would be. It's THREE DOLLARS.

The Man Behind the Counter

an education good enough for anybody's children. In fact, four boys and two girls are driving out from town every day this very year to attend the Fairview School, because the folks in the city are finding out that we give a better schooling for any child anywhere than they can give in town—and they are paying tuition to the district for the privilege. After all, money is what talks.

There are a few things which tell of what our school gives in the way of intellectual inspiration, which may be convincing to those who cannot see that we have acquired more abundant life; and when you get life, it will grow in every direction and express itself in every way in spite of you. Take that play written by young Morton Beebe. We liked it, because it deals with our own life. Of course we never had the nerve to think that there was anything in it worth the attention of college people; but Tom Whelpley has had invitations to speak on the Western Movement in Rural Drama before college societies in Pittsburgh, Chicago and New York, provided that he would read parts of this farm-boy's play. Other schools which happen to be filled with their own proper life are doing similar things—a lot of farmers in North Dakota and Minnesota are crazy about farm plays. One fellow in New York wrote Tom that he greeted these productions as possible beginnings of a real drama; "as significant," said he, "as Ralph Roister Doister or Gammer Gurton's Needle"—whatever they may be.

A Budding Astronomer

And then there is the case of Sylvia Wheeler, of Wheeler's Cross Roads. On three days' notice at any time she'll write a versified sort of ritual for one of our little pageants or processions which we have at a colt fair or flower jamboree. But the most extreme case is that of Eddie Blair, a fifteen-year-old boy, who never was worth much until Tom came among us. I went to visit the school one day to give the animal husbandry class a talk on maintenance rations for brood sows—half the teaching in that blamed school is done by the men and women of the district—and I saw on Eddie's desk a lot of funny-looking diagrams with angles and curves, more of which he was drawing.

"What's this?" said I.

He blushed and squirmed, as a kid will; but Tom explained that Eddie was calculating some astronomical phenomenon.

"I can't explain it fully," said Tom, "because it runs too deep into mathematics for me. That boy will one of these days be a great mathematician or scientist or engineer."

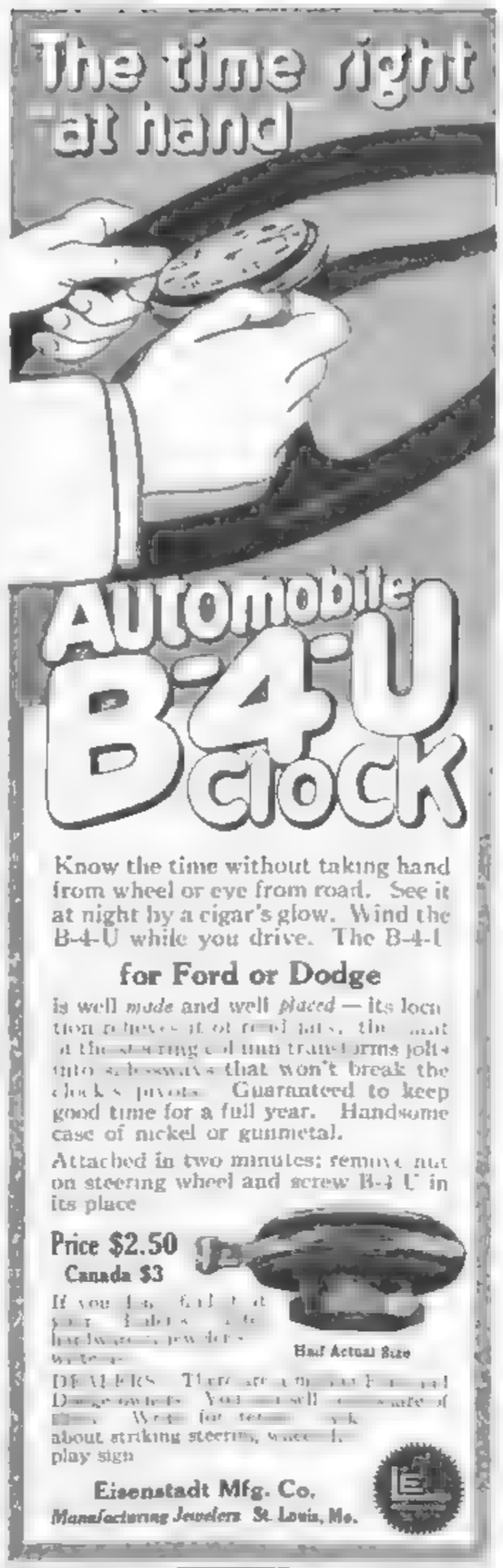
Now I've looked back over the history of the district for forty years, and under our old system of culture—when we were raising our boys to be dentists and doctors and lawyers and Presidents of the United States and our girls to be the wives of professional men and merchants—I could think of only one pupil who had shown much ability in things generally thought to be cultural. That one was Doctor Raymond, Daisy Wiggins' father. And he wasn't half so smart as Eddie Blair, or Sylvia Wheeler, or Morton Beebe.

"Undoubtedly," says the Reverend Frank Wiggins, "the new zest of life which our vocational teaching is giving our people is making them better acquainted with Shakspere and Emerson than they would have been if we had included Emerson and Shakspere in the course of study. Probably we shall develop poets, painters, dramatists, scientists, engineers, chemists and novelists from our school in time, of whom the world would never have known if we hadn't begun to correlate our school and neighborhood life with the vocation we all have to follow."

"Sculptors too," said Adolph Tulp, who has one or two engaged in modeling in clay and making iron flowers.

Personally, though, I'm satisfied if we can do better farming and not be grouchy about it all the time.

That's what I see in the thing—the abolition of the rural grouch. It's about cured me, I confess; and I had it in a malignant form only as far back as when they tried to put Tom Whelpley in as county agent. We're all glad now that they failed. He is worth more where he is.



Know the time without taking hand from wheel or eye from road. See it at night by a cigar's glow. Wind the B-4-U while you drive. The B-4-U

for Ford or Dodge

is well *made* and well *placed*—its location relieves it of road jars, the [illegible] of the steering column transforms jolts into sideways that won't break the clock's pivots. Guaranteed to keep good time for a full year. Handsome case of nickel or gunmetal.

Attached in two minutes; remove nut on steering wheel and screw B-4-U in its place

Price $2.50
Canada $3

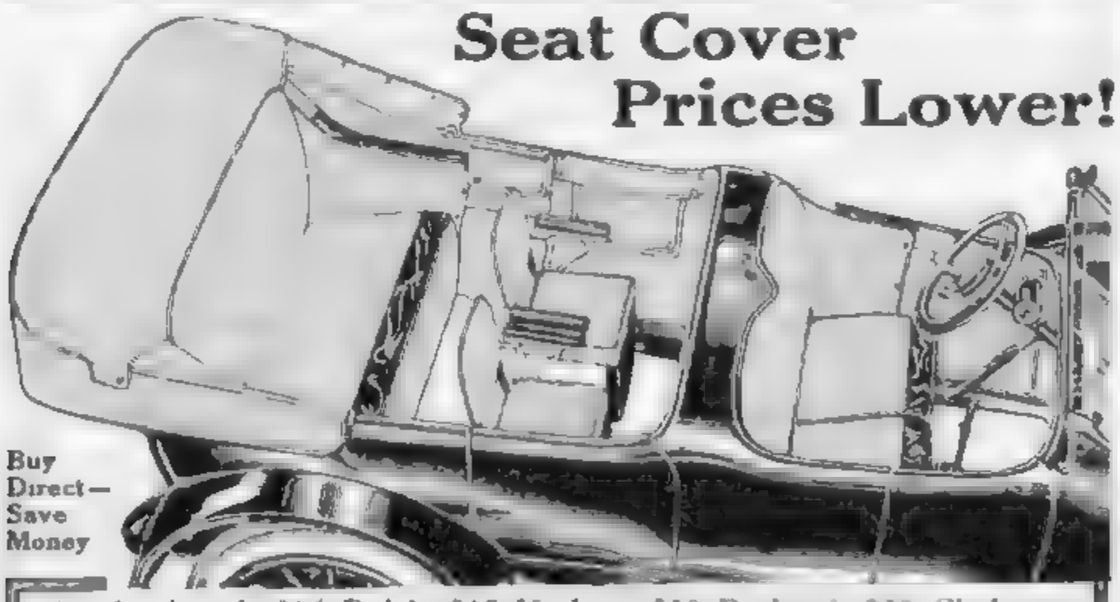
Half Actual Size

If you [illegible] at your [illegible] send us [illegible] hardware or jewelers [illegible] write us

DEALERS: There are a million Ford Dodge owners. You can sell some of them. Write for terms and talk about striking steering wheel display sign

Eisenstadt Mfg. Co.
Manufacturing Jewelers St. Louis, Mo.

Seat Cover Prices Lower!



Buy Direct—Save Money

Overlands only $16, Buicks $15, Hudsons $20, Packards $30, Chalmers $20, Cadillacs $20—all other cars proportionately low—the lowest prices ever asked for seat covers. Equal to the high-priced kind in smartness—beauty—workmanship—finish—materials—and perfect fit.

Add Beauty to Your Car Now every car **can** and **should** have seat covers! It is no longer necessary to pay high prices. Equip your car with Globes now—give it real smartness, comfort, luxury. Protect the leather against wear—hide it if already worn. Save your clothes from dirt and stains—give your passengers genuine comfort [illegible] increase the cash value of your car.

Sent on Approval Let us send you a set for [illegible] car on approval. Pay only [illegible] made for every model of every car and guaranteed to fit like [illegible] your car up for several days to fit it. Anyone [illegible] remove them quickly for cleaning. Thousands [illegible] thousands of cars will be equipped [illegible] Covers. Don't deprive your [illegible] beauty. Mail coupon now for low prices and 15 free [illegible]

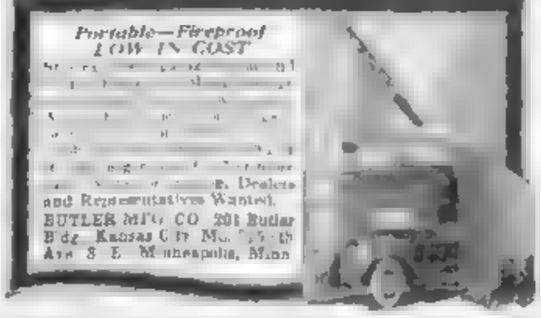
GLOBE SEAT COVER CO., 40 Hamilton Ave., Racine, Wis.

GLOBE Seat Cover Co. 40 Hamilton Ave. Racine, Wis.

Send me [illegible] Name [illegible] Address [illegible] City [illegible] State [illegible] Name of Car [illegible] Model [illegible] Year

Don't [illegible] Faultless Pajamas [illegible] Night Shirts Since [illegible]

—the one spot of comfort

THE BUTLER ROUND RUF METAL GARAGE

Portable—Fireproof
LOW IN COST
and Representatives Wanted.
BUTLER MFG. CO. 201 Butler Bldg. Kansas City Mo. 715-15 Ave. S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

Your Time; Our Money

If you will give us the former we will pay you the latter.

We should like to have you look after local subscription renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, and will pay you liberally in commission and salary for so doing.

If you are sufficiently interested to want to know about it, send us a line of inquiry. Address

Box 366, Agency Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Why Right Smoking Pays

"How shall we get the most from life?"

Millions are asking today! The answer?

Through *moderation!*

"Don't over-eat or over-play or over-work or over-smoke"—those are the rules!

The man who moves with the modern trend obeys them. He "passes up" heavy cigars. He chooses the goodly tasting, milder kind that *soothes.*

He smokes increasingly the ROBERT BURNS.

Now why—particularly—ROBERT BURNS?

Because though splendidly flavor-satisfying, it is *mild* and therefore best for you. Because it never fuddles us or dulls our edge as many stronger-than-moderate cigars will do.

And because it stands for moderate smoking and wiser living—*for the things that pay!*

* * * * *

There is no mystery about this satisfying quality of ROBERT BURNS that leaves only fragrant memories behind.

The blend and the curing explain it. Its Havana filler gives it fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness. The result? Ripe, delicious flavor and yet a *soothing,* restful smoke.

The ROBERT BURNS is moving forward with the modern times. It is today a better cigar than it has ever been.

Have you tried one lately?

Have you tried one lately?

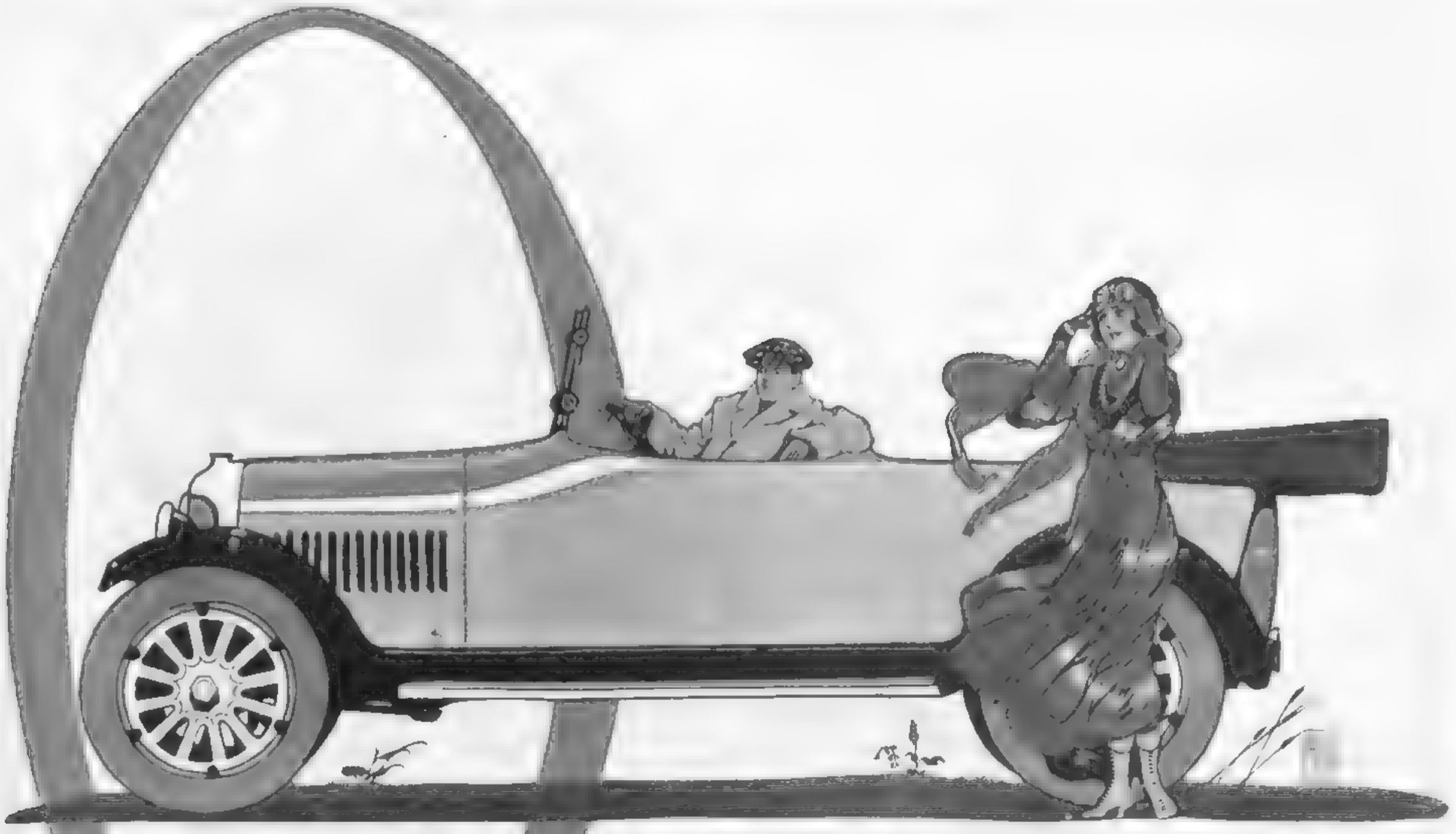
Sold by thousands of dealers in the U. S. and particularly by those who display this sign.

Rob't Burns Cigar 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c.

STRAITON & STORM, *Manufacturers,* 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



Oakland

An Eight of Matchless Value

eights

sixes

fours

Sturdy as the Oak

Oakland Eight, $1585, is a car for the man who demands the utmost — giant power, excess speed, super-luxury. Its eight-cylinder motor develops full 73 horsepower; we know of no other "eight" so powerful. Built to carry seven, it has room enough for more. Discriminating taste cannot demand greater luxury than is afforded by its long double-cowled French type body. A ride will convince you.

Oakland Six, $795, combines six-cylinder smoothness, light-weight economy, comfort, style and durability — and all at an astonishingly low figure.

Oakland Four, $1050, a family car of exceptional economy and simplicity.

Oakland Motor Company, Pontiac, Mich.

LITTLE JOHNNY WANT-TO-KNOW

Testing the Psychological Raw Material of Industry

By JAMES H. COLLINS

UP IN the Northwest there are two towns so close together geographically that, in everything else, they have always been as far apart as the poles. From pioneer days a deadly rivalry has been maintained between them. Time and time again, with a chance to land a new factory or secure some advantage in transportation or trade, they have worked against each other. Occasionally the rivalry has led to hairpulling. Once, when census figures were being gathered, each town padded its returns to beat the other; and then both tattled, so that Uncle Sam had to step in and make the count with Federal impartiality. But probably competition has done more good than harm in both places, for it keeps public spirit alive.

Pottville had a union station, where all its railroad lines met. Kettletown had as many railroads, but only a lot of scattered depots. That section of the country is a natural junction point for transcontinental travel. Pottville led in the transfer of through passengers from one road to another on account of its union station.

It led so vastly that Kettletown woke up and demanded a union station too. Building one there involved costly changes. The railroads did not want to do it. Business men of Kettletown maintained that it was necessary because their town was discriminated against. Railroad officials replied that there was no discrimination by them. Through passengers who bought tickets had their choice of either Pottville or Kettletown as a transfer point. Therefore, it was the public who discriminated.

What the Deaf Man Learned

Kettletown had no proof of discrimination to meet this argument; but it had a keen young investigator in its Board of Trade and turned over to him the job of getting proof. This investigator put on an old suit of clothes, took a pad and pencil and started out as a deaf-and-dumb man. He traveled over a dozen states, where transcontinental traffic originated, and in every important railroad station made inquiries about a through ticket to some point beyond his town. The ticket man would write down the price and the roads to be used, and the investigator would ask:

"Where do I change cars?"

"At Pottville," would be the answer invariably.

"Why can't I change at Kettletown?"

"No union station there."

"Do you sell all your tickets with change at Pottville?"

"Yes," was the reply.

Then the inquisitive deaf-and-dumb man volunteered some information about himself.

"My name is John Jones," he wrote. "What is your name?"

Whereupon the obliging ticket man wrote his name, and the investigator jotted down the place and date; and afterward this conversation sheet became documentary proof of discrimination against Kettletown. When some hundreds of these signed statements were laid before the railroad officials they said they would just look into that union-depot scheme again.

Not all the raw material of business is physical. Much of it is psychological.

Little Johnny Want-to-Know is very busy nowadays getting the real facts about physical raw materials—metal, wood, fabric, fuel, and so on. He applies the engineer's question habit to everything in that line, testing and experimenting to acquire exact knowledge, abolish guesswork, clear up trouble, simplify processes, improve products, cut costs.

It is just as profitable to have the facts about the psychological raw materials, but these have to be sought in different ways. They are in the minds and actions of people. They cannot be brought into the testing laboratory and torn apart, or submitted to a chemical reagent. Yet Little Johnny Want-to-Know can apply his question habit to them just as definitely. They can be estimated, and sometimes measured or weighed; and when one stops taking them for granted, and goes after facts, there may be surprising and profitable results.

During the depression that for several months followed the beginning of the European war American business sat down in its gloom and refused to be comforted. The manufacturer cut down production; the railroads cut down purchases; the banker cut down loans; the retail merchant cut down stocks. Everybody lived out of the safe and echoed the same cry of hard times, slow collections, scarce money and dismal outlook.

One of the first industries to feel depression is advertising. Some advertising men, whose customers were retrenching in the general gloom, got together to see what could be done to put a silver lining on the cloud. It seemed to them that, though business might be hampered by some truly bad conditions, it was hampered more by excuses based on assumptions. So they took three or four of the most prevalent excuses and started out to get the facts behind them.

"Sales have fallen off fifty per cent—people are not buying anything because they haven't the money," was one statement that met the salesman everywhere.

Through the national organization of advertising clubs the whole country was canvassed during November, 1914, the blackest month of the blackest year. Retail grocers, clothiers, druggists, hardware dealers, jewelers and department stores were visited, and actual trade figures secured. These proved that the average decrease over the whole country had been only a little more than two per cent; and that when certain sections, like the South, which had been hit hardest, were eliminated, there was a lot of very tempting potential business scattered round the map, well worth going after. That collections were slow was disproved, for returns showed them three points above normal over the whole country. In twenty-six cities there was some tardiness, but in thirty-eight others people were paying their bills as promptly as ever, and in most cases more promptly.

The Story the Figures Told

Most important of all, it was demonstrated that, though general business, measured by the consumer's demand on the retailer, had suffered but a trifling decrease, the stocks of merchandise everywhere were low—not at all equal to meeting demand should there be a sudden change for the better. That such a change for the better was but two or three months away is now history, of course; so every business man who dropped excuses and began to adjust his activities to the real facts put himself in position to profit by prosperity when it came.

This investigation of psychological raw material had such a good effect that the advertising men have undertaken to make the same sort of canvass every year. The second canvass, last November, brought out facts that were even more interesting and significant; for by that time business had risen from the depths and gone clean up into the heights. It was echoed and reëchoed that money had never been so plentiful, collections so prompt, or buying demand so great. Increase in trade was estimated anywhere from one to three hundred per cent. Feverish speculation had developed in merchandise.

However, the cold figures for November, 1915, told a different story. It was found that consumers were buying from retailers only fifteen per cent more than in the depression of twelve months before, and that collections were only five points above normal as against three points the previous year.

SOMEWHERE in your home, in your business, in your life, there is a big place for Corona—the unfailing friend of those who must or should write.

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

because of its sympathetic response to their thoughts, has endeared itself to more than 70,000 users.

Pen writing is doomed—everyone who can spell should own Corona. If you study, have club or other social duties or are literary—you particularly need the help and inspiration Corona gives.

Coronatyping is the new social accomplishment. It is simple, easy, pleasant and a joy to the recipient.

Corona weighs but six pounds, and a sturdy, sightly carrying case accompanies it, so that it may always accompany you.

Corona complete costs $50

Ask for catalogue No. 1 and we will send with it "Proof of the Pudding," telling of those who use Corona and what it does for them.

Corona Typewriter Company, Inc.
Groton, N. Y.

New York Chicago San Francisco

Agencies in all principal cities

THINK up all the things you think a razor ought to be and you'll find them in the Ever-Ready and Radio blades.

One single, solitary dollar brings you the complete Ever-Ready outfit with 12 Radio blades, five more blades than you get with any other $1.00 outfit and 12 better blades than you get with any other outfit at any price.

You must be satisfied with your Ever-Ready. If you are not, you'll get your dollar back.

Invest that dollar today. Charge it to labor-saving, time-saving and pleasure. All cutlery, hardware, drug and general stores can supply you.

Extra Radio blades 6 for *30c*, 10 for *50c*.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor
12 Radio Blades $1

The Sure Economical Way

to guard your costly clothes and furs against the deadly moth is with White Tar.

White Tar Moth Bags protect your clothes without fold or wrinkle—ready for instant use. Tar or Cedar Paper is best for wrapping clothes, furs or draperies. Insist on White Tar at your dealer's. Write for illustrated booklet on Moth Preventives.

THE WHITE TAR CO., Dept. C, 102 John St., N. Y. C.

10 NEW FEATURES in the 1916 Waterman Porto

Send for the Book today

Waterman Motor Company
220 Mt. Elliott Ave. Detroit, Mich.

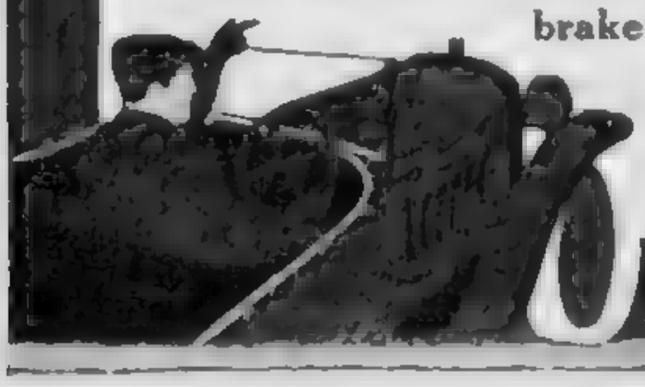
Purity Cross Creamed Chicken à la King

Even when the maid's away you can serve this great epicurean dish of the millionaire hotels and blue-blood clubs. It is made of fresh young spring chicken breasts, delicately flavored with a purely vegetable mushroom. Ready to heat and serve on toast or patty shells. Delight your family at luncheon, supper or dinner. It will surprise your guests. It is only 25c and 50c at the best grocers. If not yet at yours show this ad. and we will order it, or I will supply you direct at the special price of $1.40 a half dozen for the 25c size, or $2.25 for the 50c size express prepaid if you send best grocer's name.

PURITY CROSS, INC., Route 2 B, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LOOK FOR SILVER EDGING

Why not pay a few cents more for brake lining and get Raybestos? It WEARS



SOLD BY OVER 10,000 GARAGES

In other words, Little Johnny Want-to-Know found that trade was good; but there was no particular reason for getting excited about it.

The physical raw material of industry is becoming more diverse and complex every day. Where there was once one general product known as steel, used for nearly every purpose, now there are literally hundreds of special steels for special purposes; and the same specialization is going on with all the metals, textiles, chemicals, and so on. To get the right material for a given purpose calls for expert selection of that right thing, and then technical studies and tests to see that it yields its peculiar results in the highest degree.

Psychological raw materials are becoming complicated in the same way as products increase in diversity, organizations of workers expand beyond personal supervision, trade stretches across the continent, margins of profit shrink, and competition grows. These materials require just as careful study and testing as the others more careful in many cases, because they are more elusive.

The average work force is dealing with psychological materials all the time, building them into the product and the organization; and results depend pretty much on Little Johnny Want-to-Know. In every force of employees there are little happenings from day to day that make for harmony or discord, peace or war, according to how they are handled.

Here is one big company that has never had a strike in its history. Investigation will show skilful utilization of the psychological raw material. The small grievances, misunderstandings, stupidities and injustice that crop up from day to day are located and set right. Probably that concern has a competent staff of engineers to supervise physical materials, plant and processes, and they apply the engineer's question habit to the human factors of the business.

Worries and Explosions

Another company, on the contrary, will suddenly be paralyzed by a strike and, after the usual period of hostilities, damage, expense and public inconvenience, submits the difficulty to arbitration. To the man in the street such troubles appear as little preventable as an earthquake. When the arbitrators go into the causes, nine times in ten they find an accumulation of small blunders and grievances, precisely the same as those cropping up in the other business, but in this one never studied and adjusted. The strike is often the smallest factor of loss, because for years the company has been losing men, energy and loyalty. Finally the whole tangle of postponement and guesswork has led to trouble.

Industrial accidents have been found to rest as much on psychological causes as on dangerous equipment, and investigators now study these to cut down mishaps.

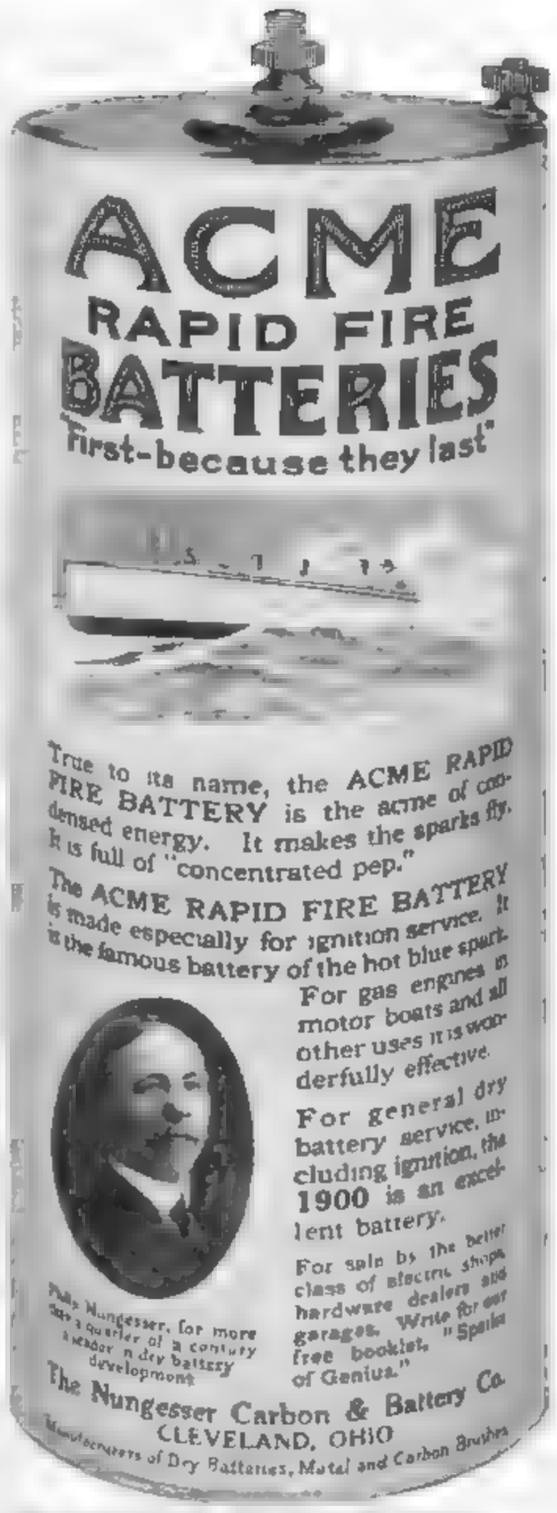
One of the big munitions companies mixes its high explosives in small huts. Each hut is the workshop for one man and is surrounded by earthworks that prevent damage outside in case of accident. Each man handles the minimum quantity of explosive with which it is practicable to work, and the safeguards and checks have been made so thorough that there is seldom an accident.

Still, the nature of the job is such that men employed in those huts are never pestered by life-insurance agents; and occasionally one of the huts is blown up, with its occupant. Yet after every mishap the company's engineers have been able to find some definite shortcoming in psychological material. The last accident disclosed hidden trouble in the operator's family. Worry at home is now recognized as an element of production in many large organizations—something so bound up with the metal, wood, fabric and other materials entering into the product that it is taken into account as far as possible and eliminated like any other defective material.

There are some lines of business in which, once you have provided machinery and brought together a work force, all the raw material needed is psychological.

The telephone business is one of that kind. All it has to sell the public is communication. Quality of product is governed by promptness, accuracy, courtesy, and other purely human factors. The human equation bulks so large in the product of a telephone company that ways of weighing and measuring it have been devised.

(Continued on Page 101)


ACME
RAPID FIRE
BATTERIES
First-because they last
True to its name, the ACME RAPID FIRE BATTERY is the acme of condensed energy. It makes the sparks fly. It is full of "concentrated pep."
The ACME RAPID FIRE BATTERY is made especially for ignition service. It is the famous battery of the hot blue spark.
For gas engines in motor boats and all other uses it is wonderfully effective.
For general dry battery service, including ignition, the 1900 is an excellent battery.
For sale by the better class of electric shops, hardware dealers and garages. Write for our free booklet, "Spark of Genius."
Philip Nungesser, for more than a quarter of a century a leader in dry battery development
The Nungesser Carbon & Battery Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Manufacturers of Dry Batteries, Metal and Carbon Brushes

Repair Parts for All R-C-H Models

During our temporary discontinuance of actual manufacture, we are giving extra attention to keeping up a complete stock of parts.

R-C-H Owners

desiring the immediate supply of *any* part for *any* R-C-H model will do well to get in touch with us. A quick response with just the parts needed is assured.

R-C-H Corporation
New Quarters:
31-33 Woodbridge St., E.
Detroit, Michigan

Any Spare Time This Summer

can be converted into money. Send us a postal and we will tell you how. There will be no expense to you.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Agency Division, Box 365 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Rieger's Flower Drops

Send Only 20¢ Silver or Stamps
For a Regular 25c Bottle of MON AMOUR

Flower Drops are the most exquisite of perfumes: other odors, Rose, Lilac, Lily of the Valley, Violet, Garden Queen, $1 [illegible]

PAUL RIEGER, 127 First Street, San Francisco

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRE ACCESSORIES
Easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers Everywhere

To Save Money— by Saving Tires

Listen, please, when the Goodyear Service Station Dealer talks to you about Goodyear Tire Accessories.

Tire Savers, we call them; because their function is to help you in case of accident.

When the Goodyear Dealer suggests the use of Goodyear Accessories, your natural thought is that he is chiefly concerned in making a sale.

In one sense, of course, that is true. But it is also true that he is trying to render you a real service.

If, for instance, your tires have not been properly inflated, he will inflate them for you; and he will supply at small cost, a Goodyear Tire Tester, so you can properly regulate inflation in the future.

If you have an old tire which has already given many thousand miles of service, he will suggest a Goodyear Inside Tire Protector, if such can prolong its usefulness.

Perhaps glass or a sharp stone has cut the tread of your tire. Then the Goodyear Dealer will furnish you, for a few cents, a can of Goodyear Tire Putty to fill up the cut and prevent sand and water from damaging the fabric.

And before you drive away let him show you the Goodyear Tire Saver Kit and explain why you should have in your car everything needed to make emergency repairs on the road in case of mishap.

You will see that the Goodyear Tire Saver Kit contains materials for repairing both tubes and casings on the road when accidents occur.

Thus the Goodyear Service Station Dealer sells tire satisfaction in addition to tires.

He is not content until you are fully and finally pleased.

In spite of extra profits he could make on other tires, he sells you Goodyears because he knows they are better.

And he sells you Goodyear Tubes because he knows they are better, too.

Then he sells you Goodyear Accessories because he knows they also are better; and he knows that by keeping them in your car and using them, you will complete your tire satisfaction.

Goodyear Service Station Dealers are within easy reach everywhere throughout the country.

Taking them all-in-all, we doubt if there is a finer body of merchants in America—and they really want to help you.

They are equipped to save you many and many a dollar in the course of a year.

Through direct contact, we know them all—and you'll find the average of courtesy and accommodation pretty high.

There is probably a Goodyear Service Station Dealer right around the corner from you.

Will you tell him you have read this advertisement—that you are going to give him a chance to live up to it—and that you'll be glad to have him point out the value of Goodyear Tire Savers?

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

PRINCE ALBERT
TOBACCO IS PREPARED FOR SMOKERS UNDER THE PROCESS DISCOVERED IN MAKING EXPERIMENTS TO PRODUCE THE MOST DE-
IGHTFUL AND WHOLE-
OME TOBACCO FOR PIPE SMOKERS.
PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30TH 1907
R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON SALEM, N.C. U.S.A.
DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE
TOBACCO

Reverse side of the tidy red tin.

Your supply of Prince Albert awaits your cheery nod at the nearest store that sells tobacco. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound tin humidors and that fine crystal-glass pound humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such excellent condition.

P. A. puts a new slant on the sport of smoking!

Proves to tenderest tongues that its own patented process cuts out bite and parch and lets you go far as you like.

Prince Albert tobacco makes it possible for all men to fire-away on a jimmy pipe to their heart's content without a comeback!

YOU may live to be 110 and never feel you are old enough to vote, but it's a cinch you'll not know the joy and contentment of a friendly old jimmy pipe *unless* you get on talking-terms with Prince Albert tobacco!

P. A. comes to you with a *real reason* for all the goodness and satisfaction it offers! It is made by a patented process that *removes bite and parch!* You can smoke it long and hard without a comeback! It affords the keenest tobacco enjoyment! And that P. A. flavor and fragrance and coolness is as good as that listens!

That's why Prince Albert has won universal favor; why men of *all* tastes all over the world today stand-pat on the national joy smoke! *It answers the universal demand* for tobacco—it does not bite, parch or kick-back!

Flash-it-hot-off-the-reel, Prince Albert will let you cut loose on that old jimmy pipe, like a hungry fox after a chicken! And, you can beat it up and down the path-of-smoke-pleasure so hard, so often, with so much enjoyment you'll feel sorry for pipesters who haven't yet nailed a pew on the P. A. band-wagon where jimmyjoy reigns supreme!

Quickaction introduction to Prince Albert isn't any harder than just to walk into the nearest place that sells tobacco and ask for "a supply of P. A." You part company with a little change, to be sure, but it's the cheerfullest investment you ever made! For dividends-of-delight, Prince Albert backs clipping coupons square off the map!

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright 1916 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 98)

In one large city a chart has been devised to visualize the favorable and unfavorable factors in service. On one side are listed such things as warmth, light, health, contentment, friendliness and reward; while on the other side are their opposites—cold, darkness, sickness, discontent, enmity, punishment, and so on. At first sight this chart looks like a sunshine wall motto; but it is really an engineering specification of the psychological raw materials that are used in the workshop where telephone service is manufactured. It indicates pure materials and warns against adulterations. Employees refer to it constantly in analyzing service and keeping up to standard.

In another city quality of product in telephone service is kept up to standard by a barometer arrangement. To gauge the promptness with which calls are being answered along a busy switchboard, an inspector cuts in on the service every hour, timing operators by a stop watch in seconds and fractions, and striking an average. This service barometer is in plain sight. It shows the last hour's average—3.6 seconds; 3.9 seconds; 4.1 seconds; or whatever it may be. It also shows the cumulative average for that day and the record for yesterday, so operators can tell whether they are gaining or losing. During the last two or three hours of the day, with the barometer showing less speed than yesterday, there will be brisk work all along the switchboard to pull the service up.

A telephone traffic superintendent found it hard to get employees to carry out instructions alike. He stated them simply and clearly, and called his assistants in, one by one, to explain matters. Yet in a sudden press of traffic—sure as shooting!—some employees would misunderstand and tie knots in the routine.

He thought the fault lay in his organization until, one day, he read Alexander Graham Bell's account of how he came to invent the telephone. It all came about through a mistake, according to Bell. In studying the mechanism of speech, which was his specialty, he was told that Helmholtz had reproduced vowel sounds mechanically by exciting tuning forks with an electric current. Helmholtz's results were published in German. Bell could not read German. He got a friend to explain the method. His friend understood German, but didn't clearly understand the experiment; and after several hours' talk Bell went away with the idea that Helmholtz had transmitted vowel sounds over a wire electrically, which was not what the German investigator had done at all. Bell believed that he could do this, and also transmit consonant sounds. So, with his misunderstanding of another man's misunderstanding, he started out and invented the telephone, which has been very useful ever since, but is still, from that standpoint, a blunder.

Telephone Studies

This story gave the traffic superintendent some light. If a man as keen as Alexander Graham Bell could misunderstand an explanation like that, there might be some excuse for a force of several thousand employees. So he made a study of the mechanism of instructions.

First, classifying operators by the kind of work they were doing, he found that there were a dozen different groups, each handling calls in a particular way, so different from other groups that there were almost a dozen separate trades in the organization.

Second, he found half a dozen different kinds of calls, each a specialty in itself

Third, the average length of service of an operator was only three years; so new employees were constantly coming in and the routine was constantly being changed.

Finally he saw that new instructions were a raw material; and that, because they had not been sufficiently standardized, each group of operators was taking that material and working it up according to a specific routine, with some personal equation added.

He called all his assistants together, the next time there were new instructions, to discuss ways of arriving at a standard, and found that simply stating the case brought out surprising differences of viewpoint. One would understand in one way and another in some other way. Some did not understand at all; and still others asked for explanations which showed that his instructions, which he thought so definite, were capable of being understood in two ways. Before they got through, however, everybody understood and was capable of passing the new instructions along; and the latter were as near standard as they could be. Since then he has always given out instructions in conference, a method that can be widely recommended.

Some years ago telephone men had an interesting theoretical discussion. Anything that reduces delay in handling calls soon runs into important economies. It has been figured that the custom of telling subscribers the time costs one big company a hundred thousand dollars a year. In the effort to speed up service it was proposed that, instead of asking "Number, please?" of subscribers, which was standard practice, the operators should use simply the word "Number?"

Some engineers believed that the time-saving would be great; while others maintained that the longer form was best on account of its courtesy, even if it did cost more. A stop-watch test was devised to measure this subtle difference. And it proved that both groups of theorists were wrong; for when operators asked "Number?" there was an abruptness about the query that caused subscribers to hesitate and momentarily forget what number was wanted. With the use of "Number, please?" there was no such pause. So the courteous form was the economical one, and measurements indicated that the company where the test was made could save thirty thousand dollars a year by using it.

Testing Out a Novelty

Little Johnny Want-to-Know carries his investigations out among customers, for sales and other purposes, and to the public to forestall complaints and maintain good will. As soon as he leaves the factory a reasonable distance behind, most of the materials of business are apt to be psychological.

An Eastern company had a new product about ready for the market. It was a pet product of the president, who predicted that it would be a big seller, and also the pet aversion of the sales manager, who could see no merit in it whatever and predicted that it would be a failure.

The president told the sales manager that he was sure about this new thing because he had made a private test of the matter. His wife was given samples, and distributed them among all her women friends for opinions; and all the reports were enthusiastically favorable. So he was going ahead, and after that all the sales manager had to do was push the stuff through his organization and let the boss do the worrying.

But the sales manager did not like the president's idea of investigation either. He reasoned thus:

"The Old Man is an egotist. In his home he is the Great I Am. His wife thinks him the most wonderful man in the world. She never disagrees with him. She would not tolerate women friends who criticized him. So his investigation was among his friends, decided in the affirmative before he started it. By golly! I'll just conduct a little investigation of my own."

The sales manager sent samples to his men, and had these submitted to merchants and buyers in several states. A blank form, on which to estimate the probable demand for the new product, was sent along. A dozen points of merit were listed—such as novelty, attractiveness, value for money, and so on; and most of these were given a value of ten. A point like novelty would be taken up, for instance, and a merchant or buyer would say whether it had ten points or eight—or maybe only five—on that element of value.

All the other points were estimated in the same way, just as trade opinion, an interesting study; and then about a hundred of these estimates were reduced to averages. The sales manager said his test was based on the old horseman's way of arriving at the weight of a horse. One man would hardly be right in his estimate, even though thoroughly familiar with horses; but an average of the estimates of a dozen men of experience would give the real weight of the horse. On that principle he struck his average. The average indicated that the new product had very little chance in the market. Subsequent experience bore out this estimate—it lasted only a few weeks.

An electric-light company had a crew of salesmen working in a certain city, and discovered that there was a decided difference in results secured by men of fairly

BLUE STREAKS

The Tires That Cut Bicycle Costs

Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires reduce the cost of bicycle maintenance in two ways:

First, their price is $2.50 each non-skid, instead of the $3 to $5 prices you must pay for other brands marketed in the old way.

Second, Blue Streaks carry the same guarantee as these extra price tires.

We make but one single tube bicyle tire—the Blue Streak, Non-Skid.

We put into it the best we know. In it we give you all we have learned in years of tire-making.

We guarantee it to the dealer and to you.

Thousands of riders are now using Blue Streaks; and the number is being increased as fast as word of the Blue Streak goodness can spread from rider to rider and town to town.

More than 8,000 dealers have already seen the advantage of selling bicycle tires that make satisfied customers.

One of these is doubtless near you; but if not, any reliable bicycle or hardware dealer in your locality can get Goodyear Blue Streaks and sell them to you at the standard price of $2.50.

Accept no other tire than this Goodyear Blue Streak. You can tell it by the distinctive Blue Streak on each side of the beautiful Non-Skid tread.

And remember that this $2.50 tire is the best tire value the world offers today.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

You may be a Republican or a Democrat or a Bull Moose, but I'll bet thar's one sort of democracy you believe in. That's the true democracy of the Pipe Smoke.

Velvet Joe

AND the truly democratic pipe smoke is VELVET. Its price puts it in *everybody's* reach.

That dime you pay for a tin of VELVET buys the best leaf from Kentucky's world-famous tobacco section.

It buys VELVET'S wonderful smoking qualities *naturally* brought to full, mellow maturity.

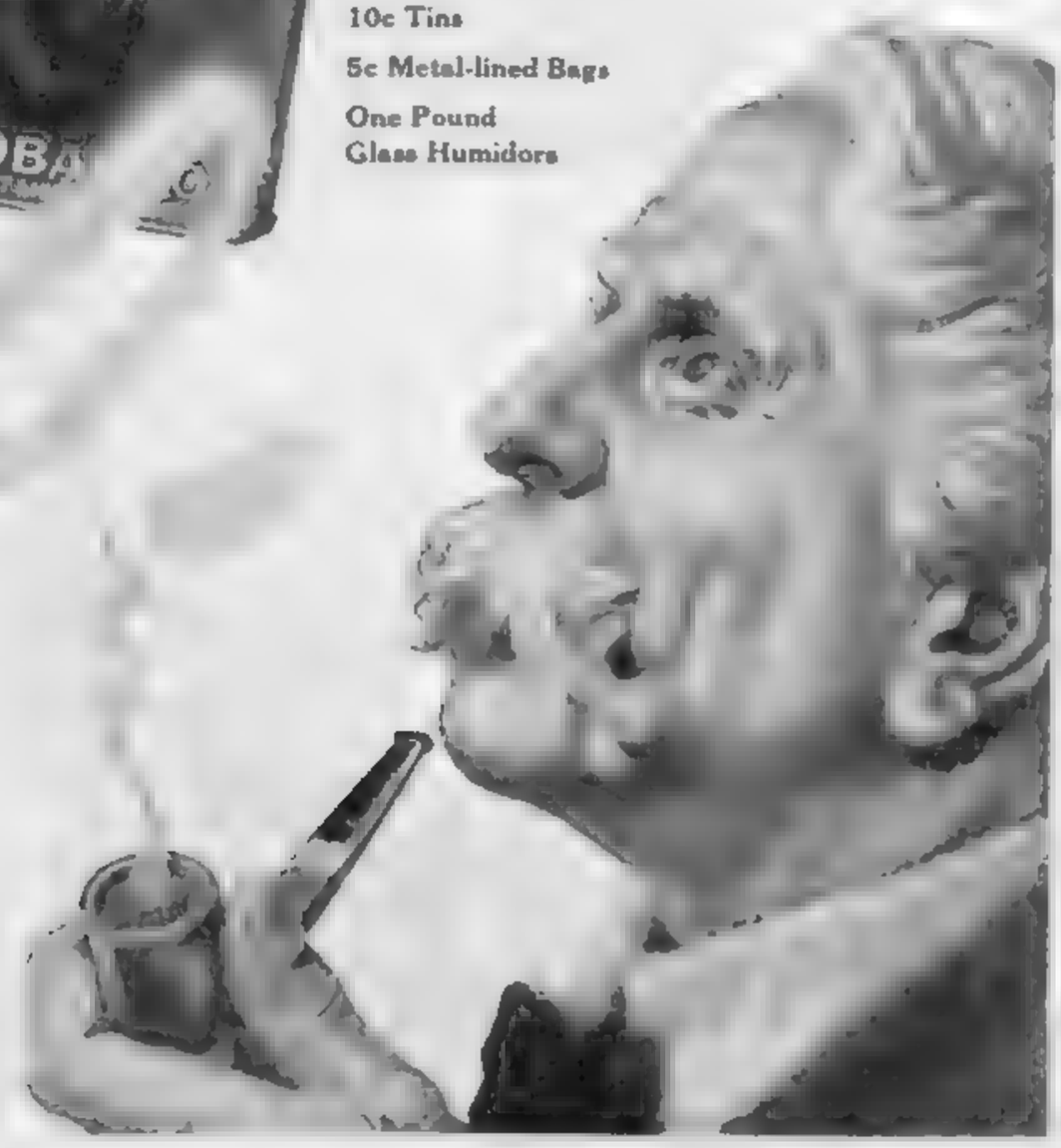
It buys dozens of generous pipefuls that are mild, fragrant and smooth as only a *naturally* matured tobacco *can* be.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

10c Tins

5c Metal-lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors



equal ability. Investigation disclosed some typical sales which were much easier to make than others, and suggested that better ways of measuring salesmen's results should be found. This was done through a system of "points"—so many for a new customer; so many for an increase in current consumption by an old customer; so many for placing an electric iron, a motor, a fan.

This method of standardizing differences between prospective customers, reducing them to actual figures, not only put the men on an even footing but increased their sales.

Psychological materials are being figured more closely every day. Business men see that public opinion, good will, organization spirit, and the like, are definite values, existing in the minds and actions of the man on the street, the customer, the employee. They can be measured, or weighed, or tabulated, or at least estimated, and business brought in line with them. What at first sight looks like an elusive, negligible factor, not to be measured or controlled, will often prove to be a very definite quantity when Little Johnny Want-to-Know gets on its trail with his foot rule and his question mark.

One of the big textile associations in the East employs a secretary to look after general trade interests—gather statistics, dig up information, prepare statements needed in legislation, and so on. In their hearts business men are apt to regard such officials as theorists and nonproducers, even though they contribute to their salaries. When the war broke out and the dye situation began to grow acute, the manufacturers flocked to the secretary with the same demand:

"If you want to do something to earn your salary," they said, "get busy and find us some dyes. In a few weeks we shall have to close the mills unless we can get hold of some dyestuffs."

Day after day this suggestion was repeated, with variations. Some thought the dye crisis should be agitated at Washington; others were for encouraging dye factories in the United States; and a few of the manufacturers seemed to think that, because the problem was growing worse every day, the secretary himself might produce dyes by magic. The theme was kept up so persistently that he could think of little else.

Old Subconscious to the Rescue

One night, just as he was dropping off to sleep with his mind full of this worry, Old Subconscious threw out a live suggestion. The secretary got to thinking of the vast population in the Orient and the brilliant colors in silk and cotton he had seen there a few years ago. Where did the Orientals get their dyes?

Next morning he visited the public library and began to trace out the world sales of German coal-tar colors. It took four days to run down all the facts, for they were scattered through obscure volumes and reports. But they were astonishing; for it appeared that China bought ten times as much German color as the United States and laid in stocks for several years ahead. If that was so there must be a reserve of dyes in China which might be purchased.

He went to some of the manufacturers with his information, but they thought the idea far-fetched—theoretical—book knowledge. His idea was to raise money and send a man over to the Orient to buy dyes. Nobody wanted to contribute. He had difficulty in securing fifty dollars or so with which to cable for further information; but that sum was raised and a long message sent to a broker in Shanghai.

After looking round the market there the broker answered that there were considerable quantities of synthetic indigo, the coal-tar blue color of the Chinaman's workaday clothes.

Then a fund was raised and a man sent over to purchase. He got large quantities of blue and eventually unearthed a wide range of other colors. All told, something like two million dollars' worth of dyes was brought to this country from China; and some of the very manufacturers who refused to contribute to the enterprise when Little Johnny Want-to-Know started out on his clew were later obliged to pay several hundred per cent increase in the prices of dyes brought in by others' capital.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by James H. Collins.

No. 20 of a series

WHY BAKER-VAWTER VALUES CANNOT BE "DUPLICATED" BY OTHERS

The FROG was *sure* that *he* could easily duplicate the size and ability of the OX. He started to swell up—then exploded from *over-inflation.*

And there are concerns who say, "Certainly, we can *duplicate* Baker-Vawter work at a lower price!"—yet have neither equal equipment nor like experience.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

has over $1,500,000 invested. Three modern factories, producing in great volume *at lowest cost*, enable us to buy and sell likewise. How could *small* concerns afford to "duplicate" Baker-Vawter goods for less money?

Baker-Vawter quality results from over 22 years of specialization. This experience is *vitally* necessary. It is *not* "duplicated" elsewhere.

Baker-Vawter customers are kept posted regarding the newest and *best* methods for handling accounting and record work. A nation-wide sales corps, calling upon over 200,000 leading firms, learns of such improvements. Small concerns can't possibly "duplicate" this vast storehouse of up-to-date time and money saving methods which Baker-Vawter Company offers, *free of charge.*

Baker-Vawter *values* cannot, therefore, be elsewhere "duplicated."

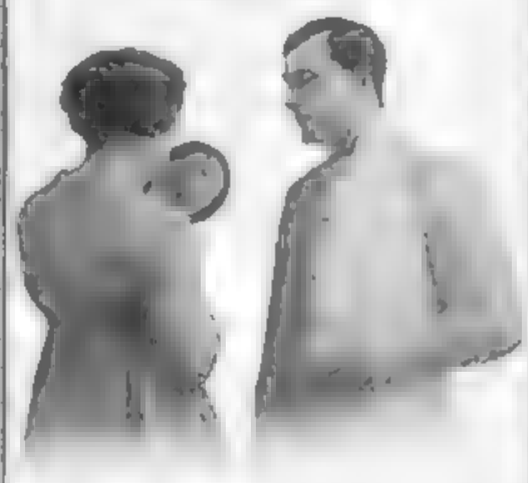
Tear out this ad, pin to letterhead, and mail

Interested in ( ) Accounting forms, ( ) Business [illegible] Ledgers, [illegible] ( ) Steel files, ( ) Improved accounting methods (Symptom blank

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers 56
Loose-Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment
Benton Harbor, Mich. (Address either) Holyoke, Mass.
Sales offices in 42 cities—salesmen everywhere

"Now I'll Keep Them Like That"



WHEN the dentist has cleaned your teeth so that they are wonderfully smooth and white, you make up your mind that you will always keep them in that perfect condition of refreshing cleanliness.

And it's comforting to know that you can do it, if three times a day you use either—

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Your twice-a-year visit to the dentist holds no misgivings, if you've used these safe dentifrices that bear the signature of a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

L. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
522 West 27th St.
New York City

JIM HENRY CORRESPONDS

I asked to be checked up on my statement if I appeared to run wild in my enthusiasm. A man out West thought he had me—sent in a hot shot and started something; and incidentally found out something new about shaving. Like other public men, I print the letters.

Jim Henry

The Hot Shot

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Your Jim, who wrote that blithe page in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is all wrong. He says: "My English may not be there, but the facts are straight." Which I wish to remark that his English is not only "there" but way out "here." It's direct action English with a regular Kipling kick.

But slip this to Jim, along with my kindest regards. Lather doesn't soften the beard. It hardens it. (I drew blood that time—what?) The soap takes the oil out of the hair, and makes it stiffer, the idea being to resist the razor and be easier to cut! Now if the beard were real soft, the razor wouldn't cut it at all. But the stiffer the lather makes it, the better it is. The lather props it up for the big killing. You know you couldn't cut a chicken's head off with the sharpest axe unless you rested the head on a block. Get me?

Also—just to make Jim feel good—my beard is one of the *other* kind—I've *always* had to rub the lather in, and past experience makes me mighty dubious about that "only-half-an-inch-of-cream" stuff.

Merrily yours,
WILL DAVIS.

The Come-Back

MR. WILL DAVIS,
The Thinkograph, Lick Bldg.,
35 Montgomery St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Dear Bill:

Your Bret Harte broadside from the Golden Gate is what we like because it gives us a chance to lay some more facts before you.

Now listen. We *might* counter by saying that if the function of lather were to harden instead of soften the hair, then the stiffer and more barb-wiry beards wouldn't need any lather at all.

Mennen's Shaving Cream hasn't made good by accident. The Mennen chemists have produced a real performer because they have overlooked no facts whatever in their careful study of this whole job of shaving—its mechanics, its chemistry, and the real inwardness of soaps. They know more about these things than any one else in the business.

It *is* true that the lather removes oil and dust from the surface of the hair—which gives the razor a clean surface to bite into. But this is only a part of its job. It is also true—as all dermatologists agree—that the human hair is *pervious to moisture*, and that the more moist a lather is, the greater its effect on the human hair, and consequently the more it softens the hair.

Some soaps will not fully dissolve within the ordinary time of a shave. Mennen's is in a state of ready solubility in the tube, so makes *quickly* a fully dissolved lather. It will also absorb nearly four times the average amount of water. This assures that moist, *softening* lather—in either hot or cold, hard or soft water.

We believe it is made more carefully than any other soap—our tests run to 1-100 of one per cent and we *know* there is no free caustic. It contains a high percentage of soothing ingredients. When we urge you to follow our directions to the letter, we do so because it is really different. It's best to believe the painter when you see the "Wet Paint" sign.

The best thing we do is to solve the shaving problem for the man with the "other kind" of beard, like yours.

Yours sincerely,
"JIM HENRY."

Guess You're Right

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, 1915.

JIM HENRY,
Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:

Well, I had it coming. I guess you've got the right slant on soap. Every time I shave—I now use Mennen's—I think of how these scientists can puncture a theory until it looks like a sieve. A barber once explained to me with a fine air of probability that soap took out the natural oil and left the hair stiff, etc., like I wrote you. Then came your ad, and I figured I'd just slip this Jimmy boy a little info. I did, and then and there got mine.

Now listen, yourself. I read your circular through twice. Then I forgot everything I ever knew about shaving and went at it exactly according to directions. It was hard to forget the old rubbing-in habit, and the half-inch looked kinda small until the lather came up rich and creamy just as you predicted. It's there, Jim, it's there. I'll take it all back. A little more lather, James. Yes, you can also shave my neck. And while you're at it, give me a shampoo. Hair cut? No, I've just been singed.

Sincerely,
WILL DAVIS.

If you are skeptical, too, let's hear from you. The typewriter is still responding to the well-known touch system. But first send in the coupon, and test my proposition at first hand. And just to meet me half-way, read that little circular and believe me when I say that you will get results.

This Coupon brings you two samples for 10 cents

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
Laboratories:
1415 Orange Street,
Newark, N. J.

Enclosed is 10c for which please send me a medium-sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream and, free, a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Packard TWIN-SIX

DISTANCE has no frontier for the five thousand owners of *PACKARD* Twin-Six motor cars. Their playground is a continent. For *them*, the superior smoothness and greater ability of the twelve-cylinder engine are linked with the deliberate elegance of the patrician carriage. They travel first class everywhere, all the time.

THIRTEEN STYLES OF OPEN AND ENCLOSED BODIES

Prices, with any open body, f. o. b. Detroit

The 1-35—Wheelbase 135 inches, $3150
The 1-25—Wheelbase 125 inches, $2750

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one

Welch's

The National Drink

SHE'S all business—this little miss. She knows what she likes. And at home or at the fountain she sees that she *gets* Welch's.

Of course, mother always keeps Welch's in the refrigerator and serves it at breakfast as a fruit-juice appetizer to *all* the family. Even baby brother gets his portion of Welch's, because mother knows Welch's is Nature's own product.

Besides, Welch's is mighty handy to serve when callers drop in. Welch's, you know, is just the pure, undiluted, unsweetened juice of the finest Concords. A bonus is paid the growers for Welch quality grapes.

Be sure you get Welch's. Buy it by the bottle, 10c and up.

If for any reason you cannot obtain Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3 (express prepaid east of Omaha). Sample Junior, 10c by mail.

Write for free booklet,
"Welch's Ways." Ninety-nine ways to serve Welch's.

"Going to Market" is a new home game for little folks or grown-ups. Send 10c in stamps for your set.

Welch's won the *Gold Medal* at the Panama-Pacific Exposition—highest award. How could it have been otherwise!

Canadian Plant,
St. Catharines, Ontario

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Eventually

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

This is the Genuine
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

Do not be misled by other brands bearing somewhat similar names, or by parties claiming to have our Gold Medal Flour under their own brand. Every barrel or sack of the Genuine Washburn-Crosby Co's Gold Medal Flour bears our firm name in full.

DAILY CAPACITY 50,000 BARRELS

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. GENERAL OFFICES MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE